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***FORTY YEARS  
OF AMERICAN LIFE***

*1821 - 1861*

BY *Thomas Low Nichols, M.D.*



NEW YORK Stackpole Sons PUBLISHERS

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*The Telegraph Press*

## PUBLISHERS' NOTE

The vigorous, endlessly hopeful America before the Civil War is a constant challenge to our writers. Some of the best of them have worked to recreate the age. It seemed, therefore, almost like magic to stumble upon *Forty Years of American Life*—not a recreation, but the real thing, written on the spot. Dr. Nichols' book arises, not to bring history to us, but to bring us almost bodily face to face with history.

Dr. Thomas Low Nichols himself was not the least interesting figure in the age he depicts. Good New Hampshire man that he was, he entered Dartmouth in 1834 as a medical student, but soon became converted to the food-reform ideas of Sylvester Graham (the inventor of graham bread). In 1835 he dropped college for journalism. After a turn with Bennett on the *New York Herald*, he advanced to the brawling frontier town of Buffalo. Here, for attacking the political ring in power, he served a four months' term in jail. A benefit at the local theatre celebrated his release.

The next few years were filled with journalistic and literary enterprises. As a Democrat (despite his New Hampshire origin) Nichols campaigned for Polk in 1844. From then on, however, he turned more and more to the social-reform theories of Fourier, John Humphrey Noyes of Oneida, and Josiah Warren, "the first American anarchist." Nichols believed in perfectibility, and to perfection belonged food reform; he had not abandoned Graham.

In 1847 he met his future wife, Mrs. Mary Neal Gove—a person as remarkable as himself. She too was a New-Hampshire-born reformer; her specialties were the water cure (hydropathy) and women's hygiene. Her writing, furthermore, commanded the approval of Poe, who remarked editorially on her interest in

mesmerism and spiritualism. To Nichols, who believed in the "individual sovereignty" of women and the iniquity of Christian marriage, she was a true soul mate.

After their marriage the two joined in promoting hydropathy, mesmerism, vegetarianism, and women's rights. Nichols in 1850 took from New York University the M.D. he had neglected to get from Dartmouth. The couple published magazines, wrote novels, and finally in 1856 were able to give shape to their ideals in the Memnonia Institute.

This community they established at Yellow Springs, Ohio, the home of Antioch College. Horace Mann, Antioch's greatest president, was horrified that a "free-love colony" should pollute the town, and he almost succeeded in preventing the Nichols' establishment there. When at last they began, the "free love" proved to be a rule of asceticism, fasting, and spiritual penance. The group grew less and less Fourierite, more and more religious.

In 1857 eight members of the Memnonia Institute, including Dr. and Mrs. Nichols, joined the Roman Catholic Church. Mrs. Nichols continued to be both a devout Catholic and Spiritualist to the end of her days. After two years spent promoting hygiene among the Western convents, the Nicholases were about to start another reform periodical when the Civil War brought their world about their ears.

Brotherhood by force of arms they abhorred; Nichols' days in Buffalo had left a sore feeling toward Seward; in 1861 they stole out of New York harbor, never to return.

London received them willingly, and with the help of their Catholic connections they were soon established journalists. But by 1867 they found their way back to health reform, and to this they stuck until they died—Mrs. Nichols in 1884, Dr. Nichols in 1901. Thus closed the career of an American libertarian who (luckily for the readers of this, his book) went everywhere, remembered everything, and dipped his pen in electric fluid.

## PREFACE

The first edition of *FOURTY YEARS OF AMERICAN LIFE* was published in 1864, in two octavo volumes. The civil war began in the Spring of 1861, and in the Autumn of the same year I came to England. I did not like the war; and having abandoned the practice of my profession for the more congenial pursuits of literature, I took refuge in England, like so many others in like circumstances. It was useless then, in America, to write about anything but the war; and somewhat dangerous for a Northern man to write what did not suit the Government. The freedom of the press was, for the time, suspended. If a newspaper doubted that the South could be conquered in ninety days, it was excluded from the mails. If it questioned the right or the policy of invading the South and restoring amity and unity by ravage and plunder, it was seized by the police. If the editor persisted in his delusion that the press was free, he was sent down to Fort Lafayette, on an island in New York Bay, lodged in a casemate and fed on the rations of a common soldier, until the Government forgot who he was and for what he had been imprisoned. The liberty of speech even was precarious. A German in East New York, who expressed in gutturals his disgust of coercive fraternity—this was before Prince Bismarck—found himself with a rope round his neck suddenly elevated to the limb of a tree. A Democrat, pleading in a public house for peace, was shot by a Republican who held that powder and lead were the only means of settling differences of opinion, and restoring amicable relations between individuals or States. The Government became a military despotism; and when Mr. Seward ordered that no citizen should leave the country without a passport, I came to England. America was a prison, with Mr. Seward for jailor.

And so one day in a small sailing ship, avoiding the large packets and steamers which were watched by the police, we glided down the bay, past Fort Lafayette, the Federal Bastille—past the watch-dog war steamer in the Narrows, and saw the spires of New York, the beautiful hills of Staten Island, and the blue Highlands of Neversink disappear below the horizon. And our curious little company of refugees all breathed, I think, more freely when we saw only the bright heavens above and the blue waters around us.

Landing at the London docks utter strangers, with only two pens to win our daily bread, we found unexpected hospitality and kindness. The war had awakened some interest in American affairs, and several chapters of this book were written for English periodicals. An enterprising publisher brought out the two completed volumes in a small edition, I presume, for I do not know how many copies were printed, at a high price. This book was reviewed with generous appreciation, even by writers who did not sympathise with my political opinions. I do not think it would be fair to forestall the reader's judgment by quoting my reviewers, but I may, perhaps, be allowed, under the circumstances, to copy a few sentences from a, perhaps, too friendly critic in *The Index*, May 19, 1864, who says:—“We can scarcely recall a case since Washington Irving in which an American author has received a warmer or more unanimous welcome in England. When an author has satisfied the *Quarterly*, the *Examiner*, and the *Saturday Review*, he may well be content;” but the writer does me no more than justice, I believe, when he says that “in winning this English welcome Dr. Nichols has yielded nothing to English prejudice,” and I have certainly meant to be, what a writer in the *Dublin University Magazine* gives me the credit of being—“temperate, frank, impartial and trustworthy.”

The edition, whatever it may have been, was soon sold, and the book went out of print, and, as I was obliged to answer to many kind enquiries, was only to be found in public or private libraries, or, possibly, at old book shops. The publisher, busy with more important works, did not see his way to a second edition, and it was only within a few months that, aided by the success of my works on sanitary and social science, I have been able to repurchase the copy-right, revise, re-write, and stereotype. I have

cut out many paragraphs, several pages, and two whole chapters of merely temporary interest. I have made corrections and additions, and written a few entirely new chapters, putting the whole in a more compact and convenient form, as well as at a more reasonable price.

The gentle and conscientious reader who never skips a preface, nor finds fault with its permitted egotisms, will allow me, in justice to my countrymen, to say that it is not always easy for English tourists or English readers to do justice to American character and manners. Accustomed to the differences of caste, position, and rank in England, they are shocked with American equality and freedom. They miss the refinement and insolence—it is not quite the word—of the upper classes, and the servility and—brutality, shall I say?—of the lower. They do not understand how men, guiding the plough, tilling their own acres, working like English agricultural labourers, can be gentlemen of education, statesmen, legislators. They do not understand how a man engaged in what they consider the humblest occupation may hold himself, and others recognise him, as fit for the best society—how it is possible that men and women should be regarded and valued for what they are, and what they can do, or have done, rather than on account of the social stratum in which birth or accident has placed them. Just as no American can ever have the least comprehension of the feelings of an average Englishman when he comes into the presence of a Royal or Noble Personage, so no Englishman can be expected to comprehend the status of the free and independent citizen who, as Governor of his native State, may stay at a hotel in which he had been the bootblack, and the country in which an uncouth rail-splitter, born in a Western log cabin, may become the President of forty millions. I remember the cold winter's night when the captain of a burning steamer on Long Island Sound was washed ashore on a bale of cotton, when all others, save one poor negro, perished, passengers and crew. His wealth is now estimated at four hundred millions of dollars, £80,000,000, and his enterprises are more stupendous than his fortune.

The reader will bear me witness that I have not spread the faults of my native land; but he will not therefore question the fervour of my patriotism. A judicious critic in the *Spectator*—I cannot help saying judicious, since he praised my book—says

pertinently of the present writer:—“His narrative has that greatest of charms that he entirely sympathises in his heart even with the weaknesses which his intellect confesses. Indeed, the early chapters of the first volume, in which he describes the State of New Hampshire during his boyhood, are perfectly idyllic. In conclusion, we heartily recommend Dr. Nichols’s book. It is thoroughly amusing, instructive, and everywhere racy of the soil of which it treats.” \*

Hoping I may find readers as appreciative, and critics as kind, for my next and future books, as for the present and the past, and intending to be as just to England as I have tried to be to America, I pray that both may have no end of peace and honour, prosperity and glory.

Malvern, November, 1874.

\* *The Spectator*, March 9, 1864.

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*Forty Years of American Life*



## CHAPTER ONE

### *NEW ENGLAND FORTY YEARS AGO*

I was born in 1815, in Orford, Grafton County, State of New Hampshire.

My father was born on the seacoast of Massachusetts, and my mother was a native of Boston. Both were, I believe—for few Americans take the trouble to trace back their ancestry—descendants of the early English settlers of the colony of Massachusetts Bay. My maternal grandfather was an active Whig, or rebel, in the Revolution. He attended the patriotic meetings in Faneuil Hall, which was named the “Cradle of Liberty”; was one of the party that threw the tea, loaded by the British Government with a duty of threepence a pound, into Boston Harbour; and he fought, as I was told in my childhood, in the battle of Bunker Hill—that famous action, which, though an actual defeat of the rebel colonists, cost the British troops so much, that it has always been celebrated by Americans as a victory. Full of patriotism, my grandfather invested his savings in Continental paper-money, and, by its depreciation to utter worthlessness, lost all he possessed.

I was born in the beautiful valley of the river Connecticut, which separates New Hampshire from Vermont, and, after running southward through Massachusetts and Connecticut, empties into Long Island Sound.

New Hampshire is a little wedge-shaped State, lying between Vermont and Maine, with its broad end resting on Massachusetts,

and its point sticking into Canada, towards Quebec. Besides the Connecticut on its western border, it has another clear and rapid river, the Merrimack, running through the centre of the State, and passing into Massachusetts, where it gives water-power to the cotton-mills of Lowell and Lawrence, before emptying into the Atlantic, on which New Hampshire has a few miles of coast and one excellent harbour, Portsmouth. The State is about two hundred miles long, and nearly one hundred broad in its widest part, with a triangular area of a little more than eight thousand square miles.

Nearly half of this area is covered by mountains and lakes. New Hampshire has been called the "Granite State," and the "Switzerland of America." The mountains are craggy and grand, with peaks glittering with quartz or mica, and the highest are covered with snow three-quarters of the year. The lakes are of transparent water, nestled among the mountains; and the larger ones are full of picturesque islands, from a rock a few yards across to those of several acres, but all covered with the finest evergreens. It is a wonderfully rough, picturesque little State, full of sublimity and beauty.

The Icelander loves his treeless northern isle; the Arab his sandy desert; the Swiss his mountains, the Hollander his flat plains, dykes, and canals. All men love the land of their birth—it may be that all men think the scenes they first looked upon beautiful. It is forty years since I have seen the Upper Connecticut valley, and the more mountainous regions of the Old Granite State. We speak of Old Virginia, Old Massachusetts, &c., to distinguish those early settled States upon the Atlantic from the mighty brood of New States which have sprung up in the West. Even Kentucky, which began to be settled at the period of the Revolution, is called "Old Kaintuck" by the settlers of the newer States beyond the Mississippi.

Forty years! but my native State glows in my memory,—a land of craggy mountains, whose summits glisten in the sun, or fade in the blue distance; of silvery lakes cradled in the forests and among the hills; of crystal springs, singing brooks, roaring waterfalls, and clear arrowy rivers, swollen in the spring-time to magnificent torrents; of the loveliest of green valleys, walled by the grandest of precipitous mountain ranges, with villages of white cottages and mansions with green blinds, shaded by broad-

spreading elms and shining sugar-maples. The forests are pine, hemlock, spruce, odorous balsam-fir, the great white birch (of whose bark the Indians made canoes, and which I rolled into torches for night-fishing), beech, maple, oak, and more trees than I can remember. The ground was fragrant with pine-leaves, mosses, and the winter-green, with its bright red berries, alive with playful squirrels and musical with singing birds. The ponds are full of fish; the mountains and pasture lands are covered with berries. A glowing landscape in summer; in winter a robe of glittering snow.

True, the winters are long and cold, and the summers are very hot. In the mild and equable climate of the British Islands, though in a higher latitude, people have little idea of the extremes of heat and cold that exist in the Northern States of America. Men die of sun-stroke in summer, are frozen—sometimes frozen to death—in winter. In New York coachmen have sometimes been frozen to death on their boxes, and scarcely a summer passes that men do not fall down dead with the intense heat. General Hooker was reported to have lost a thousand men by sun-stroke in a single forced march, when he was hastening to the defence of Washington, threatened by the advance of General Lee.

The climate is a combination of tropical summers and polar winters,—Madras and Nova Zembla. In England and Ireland the grass is forever green; in America it is frozen dead in winter, and sometimes parched to death in summer. There are years of drought, when streams and wells are dry; when the pastures are brown, and meadows like fields of ashes; when cattle are driven miles to water, and browse in the woods, or starve. It was from such a drought that the people of Kansas nearly perished a few years ago, and would have starved had not supplies of corn and other provisions been sent them from more favoured regions.

My birthplace is about the same latitude as Lyons, in France, yet the snows fall three or four feet deep, and lie on the ground three months at a time. The ice froze twenty inches in thickness; the thermometer went down at times to twenty, thirty, and in some mountain regions forty degrees below the absurd zero of Fahrenheit. Then the trees would burst with the frost with a sound like a cannon, and the ground, frozen a yard deep, would crack open with a noise like thunder, shaking the house like an earthquake. These cracks go across the fields in straight lines for

a long distance, and are as deep as the frost extends, and nearly an inch wide; still, such weather is not as bad as it may seem. After reaching a certain point of cold, ten or twenty degrees make little difference with the feelings. Protect the hands and feet, and prevent the ears and nose from freezing, and the cold stimulates the system to resist it, and is less uncomfortable than a drizzling chill above the freezing point. Steady intense cold makes the blood circulate briskly, and the system put forth its energies. The cold, condensed air is rich in oxygen, and the frost exhilarating. Then the sleigh-rides! The snow is four feet deep, but trodden in the roadway hard as rock. All the landscape is glistening white in the dazzling sunshine. The trees are cased all in diamonds with glittering prismatic light. You glide along swiftly to the music of the jingling bells, just feeling the motion, and wrapped in buffalo robes, bearskins, or softer furs. Fancy a line of twenty sleighs, loaded with as many loving couples, gliding through the frozen landscape by moonlight, with the silvery ringing of a thousand bells and shouts of merry laughter, the gay frolic ending with a supper and a dance, and then home again before the day breaks.

Skating, too. It is hardly worth buying skates, or learning the beautiful exercise, for the chance one has of enjoying it in England; but in the Northern States of America you can calculate on two or three months of skating when the snow is not too deep upon the ice. Sometimes the snow falls before the large ponds and rivers freeze over; sometimes it is blown from the ice. I used to skate miles up and down the Connecticut River, and when thirsty would creep carefully to the edges of the air-holes, or "glades," in the ice, and drink. The water, clear as crystal, ten or twelve feet deep, ran in a strong current under me. It seems very absurd now that I should have run such a risk for a drink of water; but every boy runs many such, and shudders at the danger in after years.

The broad intervals on the rivers are fertile. The hills are excellent pasturage, where the stones allow grass to grow between them; and these rough uplands, when at all tillable, produce good crops of wheat, rye, Indian corn, and potatoes. Orchards of apples, pears, cherries, and plums also flourish with great vigour; so would hardy grapes, for there are wild ones in abundance along the borders of every stream. In my boyhood the population of this State was about 250,000, mostly agricultural. All the best

lands were occupied, and a surplus population was already emigrating to the richer country of Western New York and Ohio. A farmer-proprietor, having from one hundred to three hundred acres of land, "suitably divided into arable, pasture, and woodland," might have half a dozen sons and as many daughters. Such a farm does not divide to advantage. One son, not always the eldest, takes the homestead, assuming the support of his parents in their old age, and any unmarried aunts or sisters; the rest go out to make their way in the world. One becomes a lawyer, another a doctor, another a merchant, an editor, a politician, member of Congress, cabinet minister, president perhaps; who knows? Daniel Webster was the son of a New Hampshire farmer; so was General Cass, and Horace Greeley, and Long John Wentworth. In a group of distinguished men of various professions in a western town I have recognised four or five as sons of New Hampshire farmers, who, as boys, had held the plough, hoed corn, dug potatoes, chopped wood, and hardened their bodies with useful toil, while they picked up their education at the common school, or by the light of pine-knots blazing in the kitchen fireplace.

The State is divided into townships of six miles square. The township in which I was born had about 1000 inhabitants. There was a pretty village, with a Congregational meeting-house, post-office, tavern, two or three shops called stores, each with its assortment of draperies, ironmongery, groceries, wines, liquors, tobacco, crockery, glass—almost everything, in fact. There were also two or three lawyers, and a blacksmith, hatter, shoemaker, wheelwright, cabinet-maker, tailor. A small village, two or three miles back among the hills, supplied its own neighbourhood. Grist-mills which ground our corn, and saw-mills which supplied our timber, were upon a mill brook which brawled down from the hills and wound through the loveliest of meadows into the Connecticut.

There were no landlords in this country. Almost every man owned the land he cultivated. And they believed in the motto of Poor Richard:—

*"He that by the plough would thrive,  
Must either hold himself, or drive."*

The proprietor of hundreds of acres worked harder than any man he could hire. And whom could he hire? That was the great

difficulty. There were very few men to go out at "day's works." The sons of small farmers, wishing to raise a little money for themselves, would sometimes hire out at about fifteen dollars a month and found. They lived with their employer, fared as he did, ate at the same table, worked by his side; and when the young man put on his Sunday suit, he offered his arm to the prettiest of the farmer's daughters and escorted her gallantly to meeting. The term servant, and the idea of service, were unknown. He was a "hand," or a "hired man." And the young lady who in rare cases assisted a neighbour in doing the housework associated on terms of perfect equality with her employer's family, and considered that she was conferring an obligation, as indeed she was, and was entitled to gratitude and very respectful treatment, as well as what were then considered good wages.

Farms were sometimes taken on shares, the owner and tenant dividing the produce equally; but this was rare. Any man could buy the best Government land in the new States for \$1.25 an acre, and from that extreme price down to fifteen cents an acre, at which price millions of acres might have been bought a few years ago. Moreover, by squatting on unsurveyed land, he could have five or ten years' time to pay for a farm, when, perhaps, a single crop would bring money enough for that purpose.

The two or three richest men in our parts were wildly reputed to be worth forty or fifty thousand dollars. But the possessor of property worth two thousand pounds was called rich. No one ever spoke of incomes; they were not much reckoned. The farmer who made both ends meet, with a little increase of his stock, thought himself doing well enough.

Let me give an idea of such a farmer's home, as I remember it, forty years ago. The farm was about a hundred acres of land, running back from the river in a series of three level terraces, and then up a steep, rocky hill. These alluvial terraces or levels appeared to me to have been at some period the successive bottoms either of a much broader river, or, more probably, of a great lake, bounded by the chain of precipitous mountains that girt our valley, excepting where they were broken through at the north and south. This farm was fenced with the stumps of the great pine-trees that had once covered the meadows, which had been cut down at an earlier period and sawn into boards, or made into shingles, or rafted down the river to become

*"Fit masts for some tall admiral."*

The fences were made by placing these stumps—extracted from the ground with great labour and the aid of machinery—on their sides, with their gnarled roots stretching into the air, and forming a *chevaux de frise* which few animals would venture to jump over, but which, with an occasional tear of trousers, I managed to climb with great facility. There were no hedges. In the rocky uplands there were stone walls, elsewhere board fences and palings.

The stage road passed along the second terrace, and here were the farm buildings—a storey-and-a-half wooden house, with a steep shingled roof, having ten rooms, and close by a wash-house, dairy, wood-house, where the year's firewood was stored, and hog-house. At a little distance was the barn-yard, with two large barns for hay, unthreshed grain, and stables for horses and cattle, and a corn-barn for storing Indian corn and the threshed and winnowed grain. Back of the buildings was an orchard of ten or fifteen acres; and back of this, by a rich bank of blue clay, a brick-yard.

Our neighbour was an industrious man. He raised large crops of wheat, rye, maize, potatoes, and flax. He kept horses, cattle, sheep, and swine. The women carded, spun, and wove the wool and flax, making the blankets, fulled cloth, woollen stuffs, stockings, and mittens, and linen of the family. They also made plenty of butter and cheese. The farmer and his stout boys chopped their wood, shaved pine-shingles, converted the apples into cider, made bricks, washed and sheared the sheep, prepared the flax, and had plenty of work for every week in the year. They raised their food, made their clothing, and a large surplus of everything to exchange for what they could not manufacture or produce—tea, coffee, tobacco, and all the goods furnished by the stores. In those days the buzz of the spinning-wheel and the clang of the loom were heard, and the odour of the dye-pot smelt, in every farmer's dwelling. Now, these instruments of domestic manufacture are stowed away in the garret, and the young ladies, dressed in the produce of the looms of Manchester, Lyons, or Lowell, “spin street yarn,” exercise at the pianoforte, and are learned in the mysteries of crochet. They are educated at Female Seminaries, they graduate at female or mixed colleges, but I doubt if they are the better for all these modern improvements.

## CHAPTER TWO

### *LIFE IN A NEW COUNTRY*

The settlers of new countries are forced to be more gregarious and social in their habits and customs than the people of older communities. They associate for mutual defence and assistance. When the American settlements were surrounded by hostile Indians, the colonists were bound together by a common danger. When no such danger existed, they joined together to perform many operations that could be done more easily or more pleasantly by associated effort.

For example, when a new settler took possession of his hundred and sixty acres of land, covered with its dense forest, he had, first of all, to make a log cabin for his family. They might camp in the woods, in a shanty of hemlock-boughs, until the timber house was ready. The stout settler would chop down trees enough of a suitable size to build his house. For this purpose he would require twenty lengths of thirty feet, and as many of fifteen. These, notched at the ends, and built up one upon another, would make the four walls of a house. A ridge-pole, laid upon two crotched sticks fifteen feet high, would support a roof of slabs. The door and windows are cut out, a chimney of stone and clay built in one corner or at the side, and the family can move in.

But all this would be heavy work for one man, and some of it nearly impossible. He has no money to hire help, and there are none who need wages. But any man within five or six miles' distance is willing to take his axe or his yoke of oxen, and give his neighbour a day's work. Not exactly *give*, either, for the favour can be repaid at some future time. Many hands make light

work. A dozen or twenty men assemble to give their new neighbour a welcome. They bring their own provisions, and make a sort of pic-nic in the forest. The trees are felled, shaped, hauled to their places, and when all is ready the house goes up with a will, and the roof is covered. The interstices in the logs can be filled in with clay or strips of wood, or the walls clapboarded, when the settler gets time, or the weather makes it needful.

But there is more work to be done. The trees must be got rid of, and the soil opened up to the sunshine. It is slow and hard work. Sometimes the largest timber is deadened—cut round so as to stop the ascent of sap. Having no more foliage, it casts but little shadow, and the branches and then the trunk gradually decay. There is no market for fire-wood or timber. Everybody has more than he wants. So the trees are cut down and their tops trimmed off; then comes the log-rolling. The neighbours are invited, and come, men and cattle, and in a few hours roll the logs into great heaps. The dry brush is piled upon them, the fires lighted, and for days and nights the “burnt piece” presents a grand spectacle. The smoke rolls up into the sky, and clouds are formed, ending often in a heavy rain. By night the field of fire is a lake of flame. When the wood is consumed, the scattered ashes enrich the ground; but that which lies in heaps is gathered into great cylinders, cut from hollow logs, which are set on end. Water is poured upon the ashes, and a strong lye runs out at the bottom. This lye is evaporated in large iron kettles until it crystallises and becomes the potash of commerce. So the burnt wood of the forest is not lost. In fact, this potash, for which there is always a steady price and a large demand, goes far to pay for the land.

The settler sows his wheat and rye, and plants his Indian corn and potatoes. When the crops are gathered there is another job to do, best done in company. At least, it is an excuse for an evening gathering, and the settler is able by this time to give a little treat to those who help him. So all the neighbours, and especially the young men and girls, are invited to a “husking.” The Indian corn has been gathered into one end of the house, if there is no barn. It is still upon the stalk, and the long yellow ears, or white they may be, with sometimes a red one, are still enclosed in their tough, fibrous husks, or shucks, from which latter name this pleasant gathering is sometimes called a “corn-shucking.” This is the western and southern term; and as these shucks have little

value, it is said of an idle, good-for-nothing fellow, that he "aint worth shucks."

The husking takes place in the evening, by the light of a good fire of pine-knots, or candles, where civilisation has advanced so far. Both sexes join in the pleasant labour, with songs, stories, chaffing, and the pleasant excitement arising from the rule that the fellow who husks a red ear of maize has the privilege of kissing the girl next him. The baskets are filled, the pile diminishes, the stalks and husks are cleared away. Then comes a supper of pork and beans, pumpkin-pie, dough-nuts, apples and cider, if the orchards have grown, or other and perhaps stronger beverages. Then, if the Puritanism is not too strong, a fiddle and a dance; if it is, games of romps and forfeits, supposed to be less objectionable, and a walk home of happy couples in the moonlight.

When the orchards have grown—and they grow very rapidly in America, where the finest fruit costs the farmer less than three-halfpence a bushel, less than a single good apple often costs in London, and where delicious peaches sometimes rot on the ground by the thousand bushels, more than even the hogs can eat—then come the "apple-paring bees." They did come, at least, before ingenious Yankees invented paring machines. The apples were pared with sharp knives and rapid hands, quartered, cored, strung on twine, and hung up to dry in festoons over the kitchen ceiling. The paring bee was a milder kind of evening party than the husking, and ended with the same festivities.

The quilting is mostly a feminine arrangement. Its ostensible object is the manufacture of a bed-quilt. This involves a social gathering—talk, tea, probably a little gossip and scandal, and in the evening the accession of masculinity, with more or less of fun and frolic. The upper surface of the quilt is that marvellous result of feminine industry—patchwork; the lower stratum is more modest calico; the interior cotton or wool; and the whole is united by quiltings in elaborate figures, composed of a vast number of stitches, made by as many old and young ladies as can sit around the frame, beginning on the borders, and, as the frame is rolled up, gradually working towards the centre. The reasons for making this a social undertaking are obvious. When the quilt is in the frame it occupies a large space. It would take a long time for one or two persons to do it, and would be a long time in the way. Finally, it is an excuse for a social gathering.

The sugar-maple, if tapped early in the spring, even while the ground in the forest is covered with two or three feet of snow, yields a sweet sap in large quantities. This is caught in troughs, brought to a central camp, and boiled down to a delicious syrup and sugar. Great kettles are swung over a log-fire in the forest. Hemlock-boughs make a couch on the snow. Young men and maidens gather round the fire at night, when the sap has been boiled down to the sugaring-off point, when it will harden into candy on the snow, or crystallise into sugar.

I have spoken of winter sleigh-rides. In summer, parties are made to pick whortle-berries and blue-berries on the mountains or in the plains, and the raspberries and blackberries, which grow large and delicious on the hill-sides and rough pasture-lands. On the sea-shore parties gather for clam-bakes. A hole is dug in the sand and a fire built to heat it; it is raked out, the hole filled with the delicious bivalves, and a fire made over them; or they are boiled into a chowder. While the clams are cooking, the party bathes; then comes the sea-side feast in the open air. Food never seems so good as when cooked and eaten thus savagely.

The men have shooting-matches all to themselves. These come off in the autumn, when turkeys are fat and thanksgiving is coming. Turkeys are put up to be shot at so many rods' distance, at so much a shot, and the poor shots pay for the turkeys which the good ones carry home. In my memory good shots were very common. Every man and every boy could shoot. Guns and rifles were in every house; and when I was eight or nine years old, a light fowling-piece, with which I shot at birds or squirrels, or at a mark, was my favourite plaything. I shot with a rifle resting over a rail in the fence, or across the stump of a tree, long before I could hold one out at arm's length. Crack shots did what were considered very handsome feats in those days, before arms of precision and long ranges were invented. These riflemen, who killed their game without injuring their skins, barked squirrels off the trees, and shot wild turkeys in the head, would hold candles in the night for each other to snuff with a bullet without extinguishing the light, drive a nail into a tree without bending it, or split a bullet into two equal halves on a knife-blade.

The fathers or grandfathers of these men had fought with the Indians, and carried their rifles into the field to their work, and to church on Sundays, that the war-whoop might never surprise

them unarmed. Marksmanship always seemed to me an instinct, and hereditary. Why should not the skill of a hunter be hereditary, as well as that of his dog? The pup of a trained pointer, setter, or retriever scarcely needs to be taught, it takes so readily to the practices of its parents.

I knew Colonel Scott, of the American army, about whom the 'coon story was told. He was out shooting one day in the west, the story said, and took aim at an old 'coon, or, as the ring-tailed quadruped is more properly called, raccoon, in a tall tree:—

"Hillo!" said the 'coon, "who are *you*?"

"My name is Scott," said the hunter, taking the opportunity to inspect his priming.

"Scott? Scott?" said the 'coon—"what Scott?"

"Martin Scott."

"*Captain* Martin Scott?" asked the 'coon, with some trepidation.

"Yes, Captain Martin Scott," said the mighty hunter, raising his rifle to take aim and end the colloquy.

"Well, then, you needn't shoot," said the varmint; "I'll come down. I'm a gone 'coon."

This was the origin of the saying.

Colonel Scott used to throw two apples into the air, one after the other, and pierce both with a pistol ball. I believe that he rose from the ranks. If so, the officers educated at Westpoint probably treated him with courtesy.

There was a captain in the Florida war who had been a private, and received a commission for his gallantry. One day a Westpoint officer said that some observation made by Captain D—— in the mess-room smelt of the ranks. A challenge passed instanter, and as the Government had been severe about duelling, the two officers went out early in the morning, and fought without seconds. The first that was known of the affair was when Captain D—— came into the camp, bearing on his shoulders the dead body of his antagonist. The commandant took no notice of the matter, and Captain D—— was not again insulted.

The period of which I write was before the era of railways, and steamboats had not come into general use. The electro-magnetic telegraph, except as a philosophical toy, had not been thought of. Lavoisier, long before, communicated from his study to his wife's boudoir by an electric conductor, but no one thought of covering the world by land and sea with a network of thought-conveying wires.

We traversed our rough New England roads with mail-coaches, drawn by four or six horses, at the rate of six or eight miles an hour. But when I mounted to the driver's seat on a fine autumnal morning, and drove off twenty miles up the romantic valley, to the academy where I was expected to acquire the rudiments of a classical education, there was more joy and triumph in that high seat, and the progress of those well-matched steeds, than I have ever found in the express train at sixty miles an hour.

The roads, never very good, were very bad in the spring, when the melting snows and the upheaving of the frost made mud a foot or more in depth. In swampy places logs and poles were laid across, to form a roadway called corduroy, over which vehicles bumped and jolted at the slowest pace. These roads were mended every year, but only by hauling the loam from the gutters at the side towards the centre, and it is a proverb that "no road is so rough as one that has just been mended." There were a few turnpike roads, made and kept in repair by companies, who gathered tolls for their use; but these were never properly made. Nothing in England strikes an American with more surprise than the smooth, solid, admirable roads over the whole island, and also in Ireland in such parts as I have visited.

Before the railways, most of the traffic was carried on in winter, when the snow made good roads. Then the farmers harnessed up their teams, loaded their large double sleighs with their surplus produce—hogs frozen stiff and packed down in snow, tallow, butter, cheese, dried apples, apple sauce, honey, home-made cloth, woollen socks and mittens—and, with the jingle of merry bells, drove off one or two hundred miles to Boston, to sell their loads, and bring home salt, sugar, molasses, rum—before the days of temperance—tea, and other foreign luxuries, salt cod-fish, and generally a stock of fresh ones, frozen hard as stones, which, packed in snow, would keep in the same condition till the warm weather.

These prudent New England farmers, who took their own produce to the best market, and bought their supply of goods at wholesale prices, were of very little profit to the tavern-keepers on the way, or to those in town. They carried their provisions ready cooked, in the shape of bean-porridge frozen into large cakes, ready to be warmed by the tavern fire, doughnuts and cheese, cooked sausages, &c. They also carried oats for their

horses, and as much hay as they could stow. The tavern-keeper could only charge for a baiting of hay and a lodging, and their traveling expenses could be scarcely more than a shilling a day.

The snow-road had its difficulties. It was liable to be blown into drifts ten or fifteen feet deep, and the teamsters carried shovels to dig through them. On the other hand, a sudden thaw might carry off all the snow and leave them in the mud. Still, the old fashion of going to the winter market was a jolly one; and a train of twenty teams driving along, with all their bells cheerily jingling, and their drivers at night gathering round the tavern fire, telling stories, cracking homely jokes, and drinking hot cider, or something stronger, when stronger liquors were in fashion, had more life and variety than the railway trains of the present day.

## CHAPTER THREE

### *“THE SPIRIT OF SEVENTY-SIX”*

My father had been drafted as a militia-man during the war of 1812, and might have fought in the famous battle of Plattsburg had not his business engagements made it necessary for him to hire a substitute, by which he lost not only much glory, but the bounty-money and a hundred and sixty acres of land, which was afterwards given to every surviving soldier whose name could be found upon the rolls of the army. But, though compelled by circumstances to forego the honours and profits of serving his country during the war, he was full of martial spirit, and rose in the militia from the ranks to be corporal, sergeant, ensign, lieutenant, captain, major, and finally the colonel of a regiment. We had drills, trainings, officers' drills, and once a year that glorious military spectacle of the muster of a whole regiment, and every few years the general muster of an entire brigade.

Even the company trainings on the green before the meeting house were great days. The spectators gathered in crowds, drank sweet cider and New England rum, and ate molasses-gingerbread. Emulous pedlars sold tin-ware and Yankee notions at auction with stentorian lungs. Our citizen soldiers were dressed in every kind of homespun fashion, and as variously armed, with old Queen's arms which had come down from the colony days of Queen Anne, or been captured with the army of Burgoyne; with fowling-pieces, ducking guns, or rifles. When they were tired of manoeuvring, firing by platoons, and burning powder in a shamfight, full of shouts of command, rattle, and smoke, the

captain, if oratorically gifted, made a speech, and the company was dismissed, satisfied that there was glory enough for one day, and that they had served their country.

At the muster of a regiment there was, of course, a larger gathering. People came ten or fifteen miles, in waggons and on horseback. The collection of pretty girls was larger; there were more sellers of cider and gingerbread; and the pedlar auctioneers were more vociferous. Besides the "drift-wood" militia, there were companies in uniform. There was a company of cavalry, and one of artillery, with a four or six-pounder, iron or brass, which had to burn a great many blank cartridges, and was used not only on training-days, but also to fire the salutes on the Fourth of July, and for political victories, and on other joyful occasions.

After the morning evolutions came the grand review, and the most interesting ceremony of the day. The regiment formed a hollow square; the chaplain made a prayer, sitting on horseback. I do not exactly see why, but the military prayer on horseback, under the blue sky, with cavalry, infantry, and artillery standing motionless in regular lines, and the crowd of spectators devoutly uncovered, seemed more solemn to me than one made in a pulpit. Then the colonel, if gifted in that line—and there are few Americans who are not more or less so—made a speech to the soldiers, in which he recited the glories won by a citizen soldiery in the past two wars, alluded touchingly to the grey-headed revolutionary heroes there present, and told them they were the pride and strength of their country, the pillars of the State, and defenders of their homes and firesides. Then he wound up with a magnificent spread-eagle flourish about the greatness and glory of the country, which reached from ocean to ocean, and from the great lakes to the Gulf of Mexico; with an intimation, perhaps, that they might be called upon to extend its boundaries in either of these practicable directions. The programme was sometimes slightly varied, and I have known a pious colonel, in the absence of a chaplain, to make the prayer, or the speech to be assigned to an oratorical regimental surgeon.

If my father rose rapidly to the post of colonel, he did not hold it long. There was no pay, and no perquisites but the glory, and the expense increased with the elevation; so he prudently declined to be made a general, and resigned to make way for others. Many

resign on being made captains; others, with a shade more of ambition, attain the title of major; while those who can afford the expense become generals; and these titles they always retain. This is the reason why every American of any account has a military title. They pass through some of the grades, and then resign and are clear of military duty. It is a mode of exemption. In a year or two a man gets the title of captain, and is for ever free from service. Then hundreds of young men are appointed on the military staffs of governors or generals, and all these, after a nominal service of one or two years, retain their titles. In America it is safe to call any decent man—a stage-driver or ostler—captain; and any gentlemanly person—a railway-conductor or tavern-keeper—major or colonel. Republicans visiting monarchical countries, naturally wish to be presented at Court, and as naturally carry with them their militia uniforms, which they display to the admiration of benighted foreigners on such occasions. No American can be made to understand why he should not be eligible for presentation to queen or emperor. He is the political equal to the President, and, probably enough, his social superior. If he belong to the highest rank of his own country, why should he not associate on equal terms with the highest rank of any other? Every American who visits Washington calls to see the President, shakes hands with him, and asks him how he does, and how his family is; and sees no reason why he should not do the same by the Queen of England or the Russian Czar. As Halleck, the Connecticut poet, says of his fellow Yankees, they

"Would shake hands with a king upon his throne,  
And think it kindness to his majesty."

The military spirit and the spirit of patriotism, in my early days were universal. We had no doubt that ours was the freest, most enlightened, and happiest country, in the world; and, in spite of the envy of tyrants, we felt sure that all the rest of mankind would soon be of the same opinion, and only too glad to follow our example. We entertained these sentiments at all times, but devoted one day in the year in an especial manner to their expression. This was the Fourth of July.

The first celebration of the anniversary of the Declaration of American Independence I can recollect, was on the brow of the plateau which overlooked the beautiful valley where I was born.

I remember the shining river winding off into the distance, the cliffs of grey rock more than perpendicular, the blue mountain-peaks far away on the horizon, the meadows with broad elms, butternuts, sugar-maples, the village with its white houses embowered in trees, the sky intensely blue, and the glorious July sunshine.

The music was a fife and drum. The militia company of our district was posted on the field, and later in the day fired off a rattling *feu-de-joie*. I cannot say much for the appearance of the company, as each man wore his ordinary costume, and not much time had ever been given to drill. In the large towns, there are well-drilled regiments of citizen soldiery. In the country the men are generally satisfied with knowing how to use their weapons, and care little for discipline, evolutions, tactics, or strategy.

There was a salute, to open the ceremonies of the celebration. The hills and mountains were filled with the echoes and reverberations. I have heard the report of a cannon distinctly repeated seven times, besides the roaring thunders of continuous echoes. But we had no cannon. Our company was infantry, not artillery, and not a four-pounder could be procured. All were noisily engaged elsewhere on the great occasion, when gunpowder enough is wasted every year to fight a hundred battles. We had a grand salute, notwithstanding, fired from a fifty-six; not a fifty-six pounder cannon—there was scarcely so large a piece of field-artillery in those days—but a fifty-six pound weight. These weights of cast iron have a hole about an inch in diameter through the centre, into which melted lead is poured until they are of the standard weight. Into this hole a charge of gunpowder was poured, and upon it driven a wooden plug, with a crease cut in its side for priming. It made all the noise that was necessary, and each discharge was accompanied by the screams of the fife, the roll of the drum, and the shouts of all the boys in the neighborhood.

In America, almost every important public manifestation is opened with prayer. I do not think the people care much about it; but it is a custom. Each day's sitting in Congress and the State legislatures opens with prayer. Political meetings are sometimes opened with prayer. So the captain of the militia company, who happened to be the most pious man about, made a prayer, which, being unpremeditated, earnest, and patriotic, may be presumed to have been suitable to the occasion.

It is wonderful what a deal of work is done in America with these extempore prayers. The chaplain of Congress every day can put a speech into his prayer. A timid clergyman can say things to the Almighty that he would not dare tell his people. He begins with, “O Lord, thou knowest—” and then goes on with his complaints or reproofs. I cannot, of course, remember, but have no doubt that our good captain made the best use of his opportunities.

The prayer was followed by the inevitable reading of the Declaration of Independence, in which Jefferson proclaimed the rights of man, and indicted George the Third for numerous violations of those rights, and declared that the thirteen colonies “are, and of right ought to be, free, sovereign, and independent States;” to which declaration the signers nobly pledged “our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honour.”

After the reading came the oration. It was given by an intelligent farmer, militia colonel, and deputy sheriff. It recounted the labours, sacrifices, and perils of the past, the freedom and prosperity of the present, and the glories of the coming future; for America, being in her childhood, was more prone to look forward to the future than back upon the past. She had but little in the past to look back upon, and the less she had of memory the more her sanguine orators indulged in hope. The history of the future was as glorious as we chose to make it.

After the oration came another national salute—thirteen guns, one for each of the original States, from the fifty-six, a *feu-de-joie* from the old flint-lock muskets of the militia, and then an attack upon the bread and cheese and rum-punch provided by the committee. I sat on the breezy brow of the hill, in the shade of the singing pine-trees, looking down the beautiful valley of my world, thinking of all I had heard of our glorious country and its great destiny, and wondering what share I—a boy then eight or nine years old—was to have in its future—that future which I have lived to see drenched in blood and tears.

In those days, no military training, patriotic celebration, or political meeting was complete without the presence of revolutionary soldiers, who were to be found in every neighborhood. Naturally, as the old soldiers of the revolution diminished in numbers, their honours increased. They had pensions from the Government, sufficient to make their latter days comfortable,

and on every public occasion were treated with peculiar respect. If a man had but served a few months as a common soldier in the War of Independence, he was a veteran, patriot, and hero, to be apostrophised in Fourth of July orations and political speeches. The party that could get the largest number of these heroes of Seventy-six to attend its gatherings was pretty sure to carry an election. They went for General Jackson, but they also went for General Harrison. They naturally preferred a soldier to a civilian. I think even General Scott might have been elected if the Democrats had not had the good fortune to nominate General Pierce.

During the Harrison Hard-Cider campaign, there was a great "Tippecanoe and Tyler too" mass-meeting at Saratoga, the fashionable summer resort in the northern part of New York. The meeting was very large; several counties assembled. Conspicuous on the platform was a group of white-headed revolutionary soldiers, whom the orators duly celebrated, and who were giving their support to the hero of sundry Indian battlefields. One of the orators, not content with the customary allusions, determined to have something more effective, and, addressing one of the venerable patriots, said—

"You fought in the glorious War of Independence?"

"Yaas," said the old man, with a German accent; "yaas, I vas in te var."

"This white-haired veteran was in that glorious contest for our liberties, fellow-citizens; and here he is, ready to fight or to vote for them once more. And now, my venerable friend, who was your commander?—what general did you serve under in that great struggle for freedom and independence?"

"General Burgoyne!" was the honest reply; which, after a moment of consternation, was greeted with a shout of laughter. General Burgoyne was the unfortunate British commander who, cut off from supplies, harassed and surrounded, was compelled to surrender his whole army at Saratoga, and this "Hero of Seventy-six" was one of his Hessians, a prisoner of war, who had settled in the country. There were thousands of such heroes of the revolution, who fought under British commanders—soldiers hired from Germany, sent from England, or colonists who adhered to the loyal cause; but, when not too closely questioned, they answered every purpose.

## CHAPTER FOUR

### *EDUCATION, LECTURERS, AND REFORMERS*

The founders of the New England Republics held that the safety of Democratic institutions depended upon the intelligence and virtue of the people. In the early days of the colonies, no one was allowed to vote who did not belong to the Church Puritanic by law established. In Connecticut, to-day, every voter must be able to read the State Constitution he is bound to support. From the first settlement of the colonies legal provision was made for preaching and teaching.

In my native State, and in all the New England States, there was a school-house every three miles, an academy in every considerable village, and colleges enough to supply the demand for classical education. We went first of all to the common, or free school. There were very few private, or pay schools; and boarding schools, except in the largest towns, were unknown.

As none were very rich, and none had any need to be very poor; as all were equal in theory, and not very far from it in practice, we all went to the same schools, and were taught by the same schoolmasters in winter and the same "schoolma'ams" in summer. At the age of four years I trudged off a mile and a quarter to the district school-house, at the foot of a sandy hill, near the bank of the beautiful river, with fields to play in shaded by spreading pine-trees, with winter-green, strawberries, raspberries, blackberries, wild cherries, and grapes in their season, all free to us. *Trespass!* we never knew the meaning of the word. In the winter we had the deep snow to wallow through and play

in, sliding down hill on our sleds, and skating when the ice was not too deeply covered.

We had no professional teachers in those days for our common schools. Some bright, well-taught girl, who loved books better than spinning, taught our school in summer. In winter we generally had a student from the nearest college, who paid his fees and expenses by keeping school three months in the year, and graduated none the worse for his pedagogic experience. If a young man had the ambition to get a collegiate education, poverty was no obstacle, and only a slight inconvenience. He had only to teach school three or four months a year to get his degree and finish his course in law or medicine. In divinity there were foundations to help him. Hundreds of the most eminent men in America have educated themselves in this manner. Such teachers gave us boys who wished to get on a better chance with our studies. The college-student did not object to our learning Latin or Greek. To the ordinary English studies of the common schools many added natural philosophy, chemistry, algebra, geometry, and surveying. After the regular branches we could add as many as we liked.

The expenses of the schools are raised partly by a direct tax, voted in each district, and partly from a general educational fund. In some States, especially the newer ones, where lands were reserved for the purpose, this fund is very large, and ample for all educational purposes. In New Hampshire the people taxed themselves generously, and to make the money raised in or coming to the district go as far as possible, the teacher was either put up at auction and boarded with the lowest bidder, or boarded round.

Every year, at town-meeting, the paupers of the town were sold at auction to those who would keep them cheapest, taking into account the work they were capable of doing. The pauper was a slave, sold for a year at a time, but sold yearly as long as he lived. The schoolmaster was treated in the same inglorious fashion. The cheaper he could be boarded, the longer the money would last, and the longer the school-term continue. A well-to-do farmer, with an abundance of food, and children who might have some extra assistance in their lessons, would be glad to board the master for a very trifling consideration. I have known one to be sumptuously entertained for less than seventy-five cents a-week.

But even this amount was often saved to the district by the master or mistress boarding round—taking turns of a week or two at the houses of his or her pupils. This gave a pleasing variety to the life of the teacher, and enabled the people of the district to vie with each other in their hospitalities. I think that this was the most popular system. It gave all the young misses a fair chance at a possible admirer, and though the teacher might have long walks when boarding at the extremities of the district, he was treated everywhere with the attentions due to a transient and honoured guest. The best room in the house and the best fare that could be provided were ready for the schoolmaster.

The one perpetual incentive to hard study in our schools was ambition. Every boy knew that he might be the governor of the State, or a member of Congress. There was nothing to hinder him from being President; all he had to do was to learn. No position was beyond his reach if he chose to work for it. Franklin was a printer's boy; General Putnam was a farmer, and left his plough in the furrow to take command of the troops that were so gloriously beaten at Bunker Hill; Roger Sherman\* was a shoemaker, and Andrew Jackson a poor boy who worked his way up from the humblest position. What was Patrick Henry, whose eloquence thrilled us as we spouted his famous speech in the Virginia Assembly? A country tavern-keeper. Our history was full of men who had risen from the ranks, and what in other countries would be called the lowest ranks, of life. We knew that where there was a will there was a way, and our teachers constantly stimulated us by the glittering prizes of wealth, honours, offices, and distinctions which were certainly within our reach.

This constant stimulation of hope, emulation, and ambition, often produced its natural result of feverish effort and discontent. Few were content to live at home and cultivate the niggard soil of New Hampshire. If we wished to be farmers, there were the fertile bottom lands and broad prairies of the West. But we could be doctors, lawyers, preachers, merchants; there were a hundred avenues to wealth and fame opening fair before us, if we only chose to learn our lessons. Of course we learnt them.

The education we got was solid enough in some respects, and superficial in others. In arithmetic, geometry, surveying, me-

\* The great Connecticut lawyer.

chanics, and such solid and practical matters, we were earnest students; but our geography was chiefly American, and the United States was larger than all the universe beside. In the same way our history was American history, brief but glorious. We despised monarchical countries and governments too thoroughly to care much about their histories; and if we studied them, it was that we might contrast their despotisms with our own free and happy institutions. We were taught every day and in every way that ours was the freest, the happiest, and soon to be the greatest and most powerful country in the world. This is the religious faith of every American. He learns it in his infancy, and he can never forget it. For all other countries he entertains sentiments varying from pity to hatred; they are the down-trodden despotisms of the old world. There is a certain admiration for France, and that respect for Russia which one great and growing power gives to another. But a genuine American does not think much of Europe anyhow.

How should we? Great Britain was the most powerful country of Europe, and had we not beaten her twice? One of our great lakes would drown the whole United Kingdom. And what could we think of a people who submitted to be governed by a hereditary aristocracy,—who did not own the land they worked on, and were not allowed to vote,—who had not even guns, a great many of them? Ours was the model Government of the world; our institutions were the model institutions, our country the model Republic. We read it in our books and newspapers, heard it in sermons, speeches, and orations, thanked God for it in our prayers, and devoutly believed it always.

We thanked God, when we remembered to be thankful for anything, that we were not as other men, and especially that we were not like the ignorant down-trodden victims of European despotisms. It has sometimes appeared to me that American self-glorification in these matters is an intensification of a similar feeling which may be sometimes detected in English books, newspapers, and speeches, only that Americans habitually place themselves as far in advance of England as England considers herself in advance of all other nations.

Some influence led the American people, beginning in New England about forty years ago, to form lyceums, debating clubs, library associations, and societies for mutual improvement. Every

town, every village, had its literary society. In the larger towns, handsome halls were built, and large libraries collected. The New York Mercantile Library Association has a fine building, a library of a hundred and fifty thousand volumes, and a large reading-room and lecture-room. A thousand miles westward, in St. Louis, a similar society has a noble edifice, a splendid lecture-room that seats twelve hundred persons, a large library, and works of art. Courses of lectures in the winter became a national and pervading institution. Never had the lecturing system such a development; nowhere has the platform such a powerful influence.

Many circumstances contributed to favour the growth of this institution. In America, nearly every town of five or six thousand people has five or six religious societies, called churches. The distinction of church and chapel is unknown. Formerly, those who are called Dissenters in England, talked of their meeting-houses. Now, every place of worship, except those of the Friends, or Quakers, is called a church. A village of five thousand inhabitants may have an Episcopal church, using the liturgy of the Church of England, a Roman Catholic church, and Presbyterian, Baptist, Methodist, Unitarian, and Universalist churches. All the so-called Evangelical denominations discourage balls and theatres; and the one amusement of the people, in which they can all join, is the course of public lectures. A literary society, or a committee raised for the purpose, makes the necessary arrangements. A public hall, or one of the churches, is engaged; tickets are issued for twelve lectures—one a-week, during the winter.

There are no distinctions of prices or places, no *fauteuils*, no stalls, no reserved seats. "First come, first served." The one who comes earliest takes the best seat. The only exception to this is, that according to the universal American rule, the front seats are reserved for ladies. They pay the same price, or often a less price, but, being ladies, they are entitled to the first and best place. This rule prevails on the steamboat, in the railroad-cars, at the theatres—everywhere. An American habitually yields his seat to a lady when only one can sit, and gives her the best seat when there is any preference.

Next to the sale of the tickets in importance is the engagement of the lecturers. There are in America two or three hundred

persons who are ready to be engaged every winter—clergymen, lawyers, physicians, editors, men of letters, scientific professors, philanthropists, reformers, politicians. Of course, some of these are more popular, more attractive, draw larger audiences, and command higher prices than others. There are stars in this profession as in every other. A political, or religious, or literary notoriety is always a star. Mr. Thackeray drew well. Mr. Dickens, in spite of his *American Notes* and *Martin Chuzzlewit*, had overflowing houses. Henry Ward Beecher, Horace Greeley, Wendell Phillips, Oliver Wendell Holmes, James Russell Lowell, Bayard Taylor, Ralph Waldo Emerson, have been among the most attractive of lecturers. Many English celebrities have had more or less profitable engagements, and of later years ladies have entered the lecturing field, and carried off some of its highest honours.

The ordinary price paid to a lecturer for his hour's discourse is fifty dollars, and his expenses. He may have to travel a thousand miles to give the lecture, but lecturers seldom make single engagements. They arrange with lecture-committees so as to fill up nearly every night for a month or more. The most attractive or popular lecturers command from one to two hundred dollars for a lecture, and can easily clear five or ten thousand dollars during the season of three or four months. Mr. Beecher, one of the most popular of public lecturers, has a salary of some six thousand dollars as a preacher, and probably receives twice as much as lecturer and writer. The character of the lecturers and lectures depends, of course, upon that of the community. It is determined by the law of supply and demand. In literature, in preaching, and in lecturing, people get, not what they need, but what they wish for. They exercise the right of private judgment, not only in religion, but in politics, literature, and philosophy, under the modifying influences of general opinion and the government of majorities.

Besides the regular courses of lectures in hundreds of cities and villages, there are professional lecturers, who go from place to place, giving courses of lectures on scientific or reformatory subjects; as on Temperance, and formerly on the slavery question. Mesmerism had its experimenters and expounders, and the whimsically self-styled Electro-biologists gave their weird and inexplicable exhibitions.

Many years ago, Robert Owen lectured in America on his

System of Communism. He had a more eloquent and attractive advocate of his doctrines, social and religious, in Fanny Wright, who gave courses of lectures in all the principal cities of the Northern States. Then came the disciples of Charles Fourier, and set the excitable and novelty-loving Americans to building phylansteries, into which the crotchety, idle, and restless gathered, and soon came to grief. A scheme that required the best of human discipline, character, ability, and conditions to succeed, if success were possible, was very sure to fail when it only found the worst. How could one expect to build a new and improved social edifice from the most disorderly materials of the old?

Freedom from prejudice, disregard of precedents, a lack of that instinctive conservatism—that “prehensility of tail” which Mr. Emerson considers a striking characteristic of Englishmen, a love of novelty, a striving after progress, make the Americans ready listeners to every new doctrine, pretended science, or would-be philosophy, so that it promises the reformation of society and the increase of human happiness.

The country itself is a new world, newly peopled by its present inhabitants. Its political institutions are novel and experimental. The fusion of various nationalities is making a new race. The people of the different states every few years revise their constitutions, and new laws are continually made by more than forty legislatures. New sects in religion are springing up, new systems of ethics and metaphysics, new ideas of society.

In England, an old house, an old business firm, an old sign, almost everything old, is held in high esteem. A business established a century ago is on a very firm foundation. In America, on the contrary, it is newness that gives success. People believe in progress and improvement; why should they not prefer the new hotel, steamboat, machine, or establishment of whatever kind, to the old? It is not to be wondered at that they should imagine that morals and religion may be subject to the law of progress, and that the last-invented creed may be an improvement upon the one promulgated two centuries or two decades of centuries ago.

When Dr. Spurzheim, the associate of Gall in the elaboration of the system of phrenology, came to America, about 1834, he was received with enthusiasm. Phrenology became the rage. Plaster casts of heads, and lithographs marked with the organs,

were sold by thousands. There was a universal feeling of heads. Lecturers went from town to town, explaining the new science, and giving public and private examinations. Periodicals were published to promulgate the new philosophy, and a library of Phrenological books was rapidly published. I have no doubt that in five years after the advent of Dr. Spurzheim, there were more believers of phrenology in the United States than in all the world beside.

Mesmerism trod closely on the heels of phrenology. Monsieur Poyen, a French Creole, from one of the West India Islands, came to Boston, and introduced the new science to the American public. His lectures were succeeded by experiments. At one of the hospitals, a patient selected for the experiment was so thoroughly mesmerised that she remained asleep forty-eight hours, though suffering from an acute disease of the heart that usually deprived her of rest. During the trance, she appeared placid and free from pain, but it was impossible to awaken her. At the end of the forty-eight hours, she awoke of herself, much refreshed, and said she felt better than she had for months. The publication of this and a few similar cases, of course set a great many people to mesmerising each other. There were medical mesmerists and clairvoyants everywhere. Distinguished surgeons performed operations on patients who were insensible to pain during the magnetic sleep. Clairvoyants professed to inspect the internal organs of patients, describe their diseases, and prescribe remedies, which were not more varied or dangerous than those given by the regular and irregular faculty.

There were psychometrists, who could tell the lives, characters, fortunes, and diseases of people they had never seen, by holding a sealed letter, scrap of writing, lock of hair, or other connecting relic in their hands. There was one who, when a fossil of some remote geological era was placed in contact with her forehead, would give an animated description of the appearance of the planet at that period. This lady, I believe, is still living, and might throw some light upon the flint hatchets and other supposed relics of the pre-Adamite man, and settle the Huxleyan and Darwinian controversies.

Mesmerism vulgarly culminated in an exhibition of what was called, absurdly enough, "psychology," or "biology," a process of hallucination by which a number of susceptible persons

selected by a lecturer from his audience, were made to believe and do the most ridiculous things—to fancy they were swimming, or flying, or drinking, at the will of the operator, and to dance, sing, declaim, and do many things they never thought of doing in their normal condition.

The vegetarian system of dietetics was not original in America, but it was taken up there with great zeal, and promulgated with singular ability by Sylvester Graham, Dr. Alcott, Prof. Muzzy, and other sanitary reformers. The English talk a good deal about roast beef, but there are ten persons in England who do not taste flesh meat of any kind oftener than once a-week, to one in America. Irish emigrants, who, perhaps, never ate meat a dozen times a-year at home, think they must eat it three times a-day in America. No doubt a great deal too much animal food is eaten by all classes in America, and more by the poor than the rich. The vegetarian reform was, therefore, to a certain extent, a reaction against excesses and abuses. But some thousands of Americans abandoned the use of flesh entirely, and many never returned to it. These believe that most of the diseases and evils of life are caused by eating flesh, and that with its disuse would come health, purity, and happiness.

The spread of hydropathy was another example of the readiness of Americans to accept anything new. The system of Priessnitz had scarcely been heard of before several large water-cure establishments were opened in America, and in a few years five or six water-cure journals were published, medical schools of hydropathy opened, and numerous practitioners, male and female, were dispensing packs and douches, with much desirable cleanliness, and much sanitary improvement also, to the American public.

The advocacy of women's rights did not begin in America. Mary Wollstonecraft was an Englishwoman, and so was Frances Wright, who lectured thirty years ago in America, on politics, socialism, and deism, with considerable success, which, however, did not outlast the novelty of an accomplished woman giving public addresses on such subjects. She died a few years ago, in Cincinnati, Ohio, almost alone, and quite forgotten by the thousands who had once admired her. Mrs. Rose, an eloquent advocate of woman's rights and the philosophy of Thomas Paine, whom I have heard speak in St. George's Hall, London, is a

native of Poland. Miss Dr. Blackwell, of New York, who studied medicine in the hospitals and schools of Paris, is an English-woman. But many American women have aspired to places in the learned professions of law, physic, and divinity. Women have practised law; been settled as preachers: but this is scarcely a novelty, since female preachers have long been common among the Friends or Quakers, and women have founded several denominations.

There is less to hinder women from finding their proper work and doing it in America than in most countries. They have the right of suffrage in some of the new states, and take an active part in politics. It seems probable that educated women will rightfully assume certain departments of medicine; and they may properly claim the charge of female hospitals, reformatories, and prisons. They have a large work as educators. Nothing hinders them from becoming artists, painters, sculptors, musicians, actors, and singers. They are prolific and delightful authors, successfully competing with men in several departments of literature.

The attempt on the part of certain American women to assume masculine or semi-masculine habiliments—a movement which received the name of Bloomerism from one of its prominent American advocates—was a bold and energetic one, but not successful. Some thousands of American women adopted what they thought a convenient and healthful costume, and were brave to heroism, and persevering to fanaticism; but the attempted reform was a failure. America could rebel against a foreign Government; she may revolutionise her own; but America is not strong enough to war upon the fashions of civilisation. A woman in New York may make a political speech to three or four thousand people, but to wear a Bloomer dress down Broadway is another affair, and a far greater difficulty would be to get others to follow her example.

The Land Reformers were at one period a pretty formidable organisation, and had some influence on local and even on national politics. That the earth is the property of its inhabitants; that the land of every country belongs to the people of that country; that no individual can have a right to monopolise great tracts of country, and compel others to pay him rent or starve, many Americans believe. Land, said the land reformers, should be free as air or water. Land is a necessary of life, and

all men have an equal right to life and what is necessary to preserve it. A man cannot bottle up the atmosphere. Why claim exclusive possession of square leagues of territory? Who gives any man an exclusive right to earth and sunshine, and the food they produce? "Land for the landless!" "No land monopoly!" "Vote yourself a farm."

Of course, in a state where there is universal suffrage, and the people make the laws, it would require only the votes of a majority to confiscate all the lands—to divide them equally among the people, or to hold them as common property. Unfortunately for this plan, a majority of the voters in every state, up to this time, are owners of land which they mean to keep. They also wish to buy more, and to hold it in secure possession. Several states went so far, however, as to secure to every man a homestead, consisting of a house, barn, and a few acres of land, which cannot be taken for debt. In the new states great tracts of land have been purchased as permanent investments by men who wish to leave something to their posterity. In all the states property accumulates. The thrifty swallow up the property of the thriftless; so the time may come when the land reformers will find a majority of landless men ready to vote for a new division. Then the great proprietors will need a strong government made by and for the rich, to give their property adequate protection. What would universal suffrage do with the great estates of England? How long would their title-deeds be worth the parchment on which they are written?

Another idea of American reformers was the abolition of all laws for the collection of debts and enforcement of contracts—a sort of universal bankrupt law, which would make every debt a "debt of honour," and leave men to deal entirely on the cash system, or trust to the consciences of their debtors. Credit, it was contended, would be of more value in the absence of law, as it would depend upon character, and not on a man's supposed property. An honourable man would have all the credit he required, while scamps would not be trusted. The abolition of imprisonment for debt, the exemption of homesteads, tools, professional libraries, and a certain amount of furniture, and liberal bankrupt laws, have been steps in legislation in this direction.

The abolition of money has had some earnest advocates,

and there were some who for a time carried the anti-money system into practical operation. Money, they said, was the root of all evil; it was an engine of oppression; it enabled the rich to accumulate riches by the robbery of the poor. It made men slaves in the payment of interest on capital. It was money that gave one idle man the power to absorb a large portion of the labour of hundreds or thousands of his industrious fellow-men, without the shadow of any right to do so—without rendering any real equivalent. What is money, gold or paper? Power; the power of making some one labour for my benefit. It is an instrument of slavery, an engine of despotism. Down with money! away with it, rather. Let men exchange things of real value. Let them give labour for that which labour produces; but away with this curse of curses, by means of which whole nations are bound under burthens of debt and taxation. Abolish money and all despotisms would cease. There could be no war, property would be equitably divided, and the reign of justice—the millennium—would dawn upon a liberated race!

The political institutions of America—liberty, equality, fraternity, the government of the people by universal suffrage—were supposed at first to be a panacea for all evils. Civil and religious liberty, however, did not quite remove the evils of life. Toil, poverty, vice, crime and misery exist even in a model republic. We bear with the inevitable when we have come to believe that it is so. “What *can’t* be cured must be endured;” but Americans are sanguine enough to believe that no evil is without a remedy, if they could only find it, and they see no good reason why they should not try to find remedies for all the evils of life.

## CHAPTER FIVE

### *RELIGION AND MORALITY*

The early settlers of the New England States were English Puritans—people said to have been given to godliness and gain, and equally determined to have religious freedom for themselves and to deny it to all others. Escaped from persecution in England, they nevertheless persecuted all who differed from themselves. They hanged Quakers, and whipped heterodox women at the cart's tail from town to town through Massachusetts—the women carted from village to village, and stripped and whipped in each, to the delight of pious crowds and Puritan ministers. Episcopalians, or members of the Church of England, were banished, and Roman Catholics would certainly have been hung had they ventured among them in search of that “freedom to worship God” which they so sturdily defended and fanatically denied.

While adopting the Bible as their code of laws; robbing and murdering the Indians on the plea that the earth was the heritage of the saints; compelling men to go to meeting on Sundays under pain of fine and imprisonment; permitting none but Church members to vote for magistrates; driving Baptists out of the colony; hanging witches by dozens, according to the laws of Moses; enslaving the Indians, or importing negroes from Jamaica, and doing very much as their brethren were doing on the opposite side of the Atlantic—the Yankee colonists were laying the foundations of that group of free, prosperous, and happy Republics which seemed destined to spread over the Western hemisphere.

Of the settlers of New England—those grim Pilgrim Fathers—Mrs. Hemans sings:—

“What sought they thus afar?  
 Bright jewels of the mine?  
 The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?  
 They sought a Faith’s pure shrine.

“Ay! call it holy ground—  
 The spot where first they trod.  
 They have left unstained what there they found—  
 Freedom to worship God.”

Really, I think they sought several things. They had a suitable regard to the “wealth of seas” in a productive and profitable cod-fishery. The “spoils of war” were vast and fertile provinces wrested from the Indians. “Freedom to worship God,” was their own freedom, resolutely and savagely denied to Episcopalians, Baptists, Quakers, and Roman Catholics.

They were Calvinists of the sternest and most uncompromising sort. Men revolt against the stern creed and become Unitarians, Universalists, Deists, Atheists. America is full of protestants against Calvinistic theology. The Protestant doctrine of the right of private judgment in matters of faith had little recognition in early New England theology; but this right, demanded by the reformers as against the Pope and Councils of the Church, came, after a time, to be claimed by the people against their own little popes and pulpits. Deism took the mild form of Unitarian Christianity, merging gradually into the Rationalism of Theodore Parker. The Unitarians became powerful enough to seize upon the oldest and best endowed of American colleges—Harvard College, of Cambridge.

This form of theology, Deism under the name and with the forms of Christianity, has not had much success in America out of New England. There are two churches called Unitarian in the great city of New York, to fifty, perhaps, in Boston. In the South they are scarcely known. The reason I take to be this. It was respectable and fashionable in New England for people to go to some church—to be members of some religious organisation. There Infidels or Deists called themselves Unitarians, and kept up the forms of religious worship. But in New York and the more southern States, there is more of social freedom, and people make less pretence. The southern people, moreover, are of a

more simple and religious character than the northern, and have adhered much more to what is called the orthodox theology. The great bulk of the southern people are Episcopalians, Presbyterians, Baptists, Methodists, and Roman Catholics. The majority of the northern people at this day are none of these. They are Rationalists or Spiritualists.

While the Puritans were governing New England in their own happy fashion, the Dutchmen planted their variety of Calvinism in New York, Quakers and Lutherans settled in Pennsylvania, English and Irish Catholics made a colony, under the leadership of Lord Baltimore, in Maryland, Church of England Cavaliers founded the State of Virginia, and some French Huguenots settled in South Carolina. Later, English Episcopalians settled in all the colonies, and especially in the large towns, where the American off-shoot of the Church of England flourished under the influence of the Royal governors and officers of the Crown, and became, as it remains to this day, the most aristocratic religious organisation. The Scotch introduced Presbyterianism, which has become one of the most extended denominations; the Baptists have increased from the days of Roger Williams, and are probably the most numerous of the existing sects, but closely pushed by the followers of Wesley and Whitefield. The Roman Catholics of Maryland spread westward through Kentucky and Missouri; the purchase of Louisiana brought in a large Catholic population of French creoles, while the great immigration from Germany and Ireland has spread Roman Catholic churches, convents, and colleges over the country. With so many denominations, religious liberty became a political necessity. No sect could command a majority when the others combined against it. It was necessary, therefore, to treat them all alike, and to sever them all from any connection with the Government.

When the colonies became independent States, and the Federal Union was formed, the leading men of the period were of no religion. Benjamin Franklin, John Adams, Thomas Jefferson, Thomas Paine, and many of the ruling spirits of the American Revolution were Free-thinkers in religion as well as in politics, and there were among them more disciples of Voltaire and Rousseau than of Luther or Calvin. Congress is prohibited by the Constitution of the United States from making any law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise

thereof. There is nothing in the Constitution or laws to prevent a Mormon being elected President, and there are Mormon delegates in Congress. The American State Constitutions either ignore religion, or provide for its entire freedom. All denominations are supported upon the voluntary principle. Still, there is a not altogether consistent recognition of religion in the appointment of chaplains in the army and navy, and in the Houses of Congress and the State Legislatures, whose daily sessions are regularly opened with prayer. But these chaplains may be of any religious faith that the members may choose. In the army and navy, most of the chaplains are of the American branch of the Church of England. In Congress and the State Legislatures, any popular minister, who has influential friends among the members, may be elected. Sometimes the several clergymen of the town officiate in turn, and the prayers are made successively by Episcopalian, Roman Catholic, Methodist, Baptist, and so on.

In my boyhood, New Hampshire was Puritan, or Congregational, with some Scotch Presbyterians, Baptists, and Methodists. In a few of the larger towns there were Episcopal Churches, but I think not a Roman Catholic Church in the State. Calvinism of a very blue order was the prevailing type, but not without a strong universalist and infidel reaction. The Calvinistic Congregationalists were called the orthodox, and had the best educated ministers, from Yale College or Andover. The Methodists were ardent, but illiterate, and adapted to the rough and exciting work of camp meetings, and the wilder country districts. The Baptists ranked between the two extremes. The community was divided into professors of religion and non-professors. The professors were communicants of some orthodox or evangelical church. All the rest, however moral their lives or regular their attendance upon religious services, were looked upon as unconverted. Here was plenty of ground for spiritual pride, and some for hypocrisy.

In the estimation of the pious, most of the pleasures amusements, and recreations of life were sinful. It was a sin to dance, or even to play a dancing tune, but quite proper to play marches. A quick-step would pass muster, but not a hornpipe or jig. It was wicked to play at cards, even where there was no gaming; but one might have a game of drafts or fox and geese, though not billiards nor nine-pins. Sunday was kept in the fashion of the Scottish Presbyterians. Travellers were stopped on the highways,

and attempts were made to stop the Government mails, on Sunday. No music but church music, no recreations of any kind. All was solemn and drear. Laughter was considered irreverent. There was a ban upon everything like mirth, pleasure, festivity on all days, but especially on Sunday. Life was too earnest and solemn a thing, and eternity too terrible, according to the Calvinistic theology, to allow of jollity, or any but the most serious happiness. All this was softened among the Methodists, and still more among Episcopalians, Unitarians, Universalists, and Catholics. These, and the more independent of the unconverted or non-professors, indulged in dancing and other profane amusements. I have not mentioned theatres, for there were none nearer than Boston, more than a hundred miles away, but the stage was looked upon with holy horror. Yet pious people, who would have thought it sinful to go to the theatre to see a play of Shakespeare, would crowd the circus; just as I saw, some years later, Puritanical people flocking to Niblo's to see vaudevilles and the ballet, because the theatre was called a garden. Even clergymen went with pious ladies to see the most objectionable performances of the modern stage, so long as the place where they were given was not called a theatre.

In the European Churches, Greek, Lutheran, Roman, or English, children, baptized in infancy, are afterwards confirmed, considered members of the church, and receive its sacraments. In America, among what are called the Evangelical denominations, there must be, at some period, what is called conversion, getting religion, a change of heart, followed by a public relation of religious experience, a profession of faith, and formal reception into the church. The non-professor becomes a professor, and a church member. This change is commonly the result of periodical and epidemic religious excitements, termed revivals. These sometimes appear to break out spontaneously, or, as supposed, by a special outpouring of the Divine Spirit, but they are more often the result of peculiarly earnest preaching, camp meetings, protracted meetings, and systematic efforts to excite the community to religious feeling. Certain energetic and magnetic preachers are called revival preachers, and are hired to preach day and night in a place until there is a revival, and then they go to another. Some of these rousing preachers receive considerable sums for their services, and cause revivals wherever they appear. The camp meet-

ings are mostly held by the Methodists. They gather from a wide district, with tents, provisions, and cooking utensils, and form a regular camp in some picturesque forest, by some lake or running stream; a preacher's stand is erected, seats are made of plank, straw is laid down in a space railed off in front of the preachers for those who are struck with conviction or who wish to be prayed for to kneel upon, and then operations commence.

A group of preachers is collected, under the leadership, perhaps, of a presiding elder or bishop, who directs the proceedings. Early in the morning the blowing of a horn wakes the camp to prayers, singing, and a bountiful breakfast: then the day's work begins. People flock in from the surrounding country. Stirring hymns, set to popular tunes, with resounding choruses, sung by the whole congregation, peal through the forest aisles. Sermon follows sermon, preached with the lungs of Stentors and the fervour of an earnest zeal; prayer follows prayer; and through prayer and exhortation the people respond aloud, "Amen!" "Bless the Lord!" "Glory to God!" "Glory! Hallelujah!" They clap their hands, and shout with the excitement. Women, and sometimes men, fall down senseless, and roll upon the ground. "Mourners" crowd to the anxious seats to be prayed for. Groaning, weeping, shouting, praying, singing are intermingled. Some are suddenly converted, and make the woods ring with joyful shouts of "Glory!" and these exhort others to come and get religion. After three or four hours of this exciting and exhausting work a benediction is given, and all hands go to work to get dinner. Fires are burning behind each tent, great pots are smoking with savoury food, and, while spiritual affairs are the main business, the physical interests are not neglected. After dinner comes a brief session of gossip and repose. Then there are prayer-meetings in the different tents, and the scenes of the morning are repeated at the same time in a dozen or twenty places, and the visitor who takes his post in the centre of the camp may hear exhortations, prayers, and singing going on all together and on every side, while at times half a dozen will be praying and exhorting at once in a single group, making "confusion worse confounded."

Then the horn is blown again, and all gather before the preacher's stand, where the morning exercises are repeated with increased fervour and effect. A dozen persons may be taken with

“the power”—falling into a trance, or state resembling catalepsy. More and more are brought into the sphere of the excitement. It is very difficult for the calmest and most reasonable person to avoid its influence.

At night, after an interval for supper, the camp is lighted up by lanterns upon the trees and blazing fires of pine-knots. The scene is now wild and beautiful. The lights shine in the tents and gleam in the forest; the rude but melodious Methodist hymns ring through the woods; the ground is glittering with the phosphoric gleam of certain roots which trampling feet have denuded of their bark; the moon shines in the blue vault above the tree tops, and the melancholy scream of the loon, a large waterfowl, comes across the lake on the sighing breeze. In this wild and solemn night-scene the voice of the preacher has a double power, and the harvest of converts is increased. A procession is formed of men and women, who march round the camp singing an invitation to the unconverted. They march and sing—

“Sinners, will you scorn the Saviour?  
Will you drive Him from your arms?  
Once He died for your behaviour,  
Now he calls you to his charms.”

Or they fill the dim primeval forest with the tumultuous chorus—

“I am bound for the Kingdom!  
Will you go to Glory with me?  
O Hallelujah! O Halle hallelujah!  
I am bound for the Kingdom!  
Will you go to Glory with me?  
O Hallelujah! O praise ye the Lord!”

Recruits fall in—the procession increases. When all are gathered up who can be induced to come they bring them to the anxious-seats, where they are exhorted and prayed for, with tears, groans, and shouts of “Glory!”

Then there are prayer-meetings in the tents again, with the accumulated excitement of the whole day and evening. At ten o’clock the long, wild note of the horn is heard from the preacher’s stand: the night watch is set. Each tent is divided into two compartments, one for men, the other for women; straw is littered down, and all lie down in close rows upon the ground to sleep, and silence reigns in the camp, broken only by the mournful note of the waterfowl and the neighing of horses, fastened,

with their forage, under the trees. These meetings last a week or longer.

In the protracted meetings of other denominations, and revivals accompanied by daily religious services held in the meeting-houses, the same phenomena, but of a milder type, are exhibited, and cases of trance, or the power, are less frequent. A revival begins with an increased seriousness; then there are one or two cases of hopeful conversion; from them it spreads rapidly to others. It is a spiritual epidemic, appearing with known or unknown exciting causes, spreading, reaching its height, and then subsiding and passing away. It is sometimes of a mild character, affecting only a few of the most susceptible; at others there is an excitement that seems to swallow up every one within its reach, and nearly every person yields, for the time at least, to its influence.

In a town where there are several churches of different denominations, a mild revival may be confined to one; but a powerful one takes in all. Sometimes the ministers work together, making as many converts as they can, and dividing them afterwards. After conversion comes dogmatic instruction; and each sect gathers what it can of the common crop. Some are sprinkled by the Presbyterians, some dipped by the Baptists. The Methodists are obliging enough to use either method, at the choice of the recipient. Most are gathered into some Church, where they can be watched over and kept in the right way. They are committed before the whole community. With the Calvinists they are hopefully reckoned among the elect: with the Methodists they are placed under watch and care.

In spite of all this there are many backsliders, who may be converted again. Among the Methodists, who believe in falling from grace, there are numerous re-awakenings — every camp-meeting gives the hard cases a new start: but among the Calvinists a man who falls, after an apparent conversion, is liable to be excommunicated as a reprobate, and driven into the world, or among Unitarians or Universalists, who have no faith in the phenomena of conversion.

It must be admitted that many of those who are converted in these revivals lead ever after sober, consistent, Christian lives, and give evidence that there was a real change in their feelings and conduct, and one of a permanent character. It may also be said

that they had been educated to believe in such a change, and to expect it at some time; and that, having become "professors," they naturally wished to live up to their professions.

A strong religious faith and an earnest zeal are not sure guarantees against dishonesty. There is a Yankee anecdote—possibly it is an English one—which runs something in this way: "John!" calls the shop-keeper to his assistant; "have you watered the rum?" "Yes, sir." "Have you sanded the sugar?" "Yes, sir." "Have you wet the codfish and tobacco?" "Yes, sir." "Then come to prayers!"

Most of the New England people whom I knew were religious but they made hard bargains. To cheat in swapping horses, or in trade generally, was considered a kind of game, not prohibited, at which the winner was merely a cute fellow. Barnum's autobiography was no severe shock to the conscience of New England; and Barnum himself is only a rather strong specimen of a speculating Yankee. It has never, perhaps, occurred to the average American, that getting the best end of a bargain had any relation to the Commandment, "Thou shalt not steal," or the golden rule of the gospel.

But it is also true that theft was so rare that I can scarcely remember an instance in my early knowledge. The axe was left in the log, and other tools, where they were used. Granaries were not locked, and not a house for miles was ever fastened at night. Orchards of fruit were safe; and if melon patches in the neighbourhood of some college or academy were liable to robbery, it was because the boys had established a custom of indulging in this kind of plunder, and considered it a sort of practical joke. The rule about orchards was that every one had a right to all the fruit he could eat or carry away in his pockets.

There was, in fact, no temptation to steal, for every one had, or might easily have, plenty. The price of potatoes was six pence a bushel; Indian corn, fifty cents; wheat, a dollar. It was very difficult to find an object of charity, or to give away provisions. I remember a family debate on the subject when we had more turkeys than we needed for one Thanksgiving day. The question was whether there was any one to whom we could send a turkey, who would not feel offended. The result was, that in a district of two or three miles around not a family could be thought of to whom it would probably be a welcome gift.

The greatest vice I knew was drunkenness. The hospitality of the people induced them to offer every neighbour who called something to drink. The rum-bottle stood upon the sideboard, and a cider-barrel was always on tap in the cellar. Whoever called, if only the next neighbour to borrow a hoe or a shovel, was offered a bowl of apples and a mug of cider, if not something stronger.

Then liquors were very cheap. There were duties on foreign wines and spirits, but no excise on those of native manufacture. Cider was free as water. As I have no remembrance of any being sold, except the new cider, at trainings or town meetings, at a penny a pint, I cannot tell the price; but the ordinary spirits, New England rum, whisky, and cider-brandy, cost from sixpence to a quarter a gallon. Every farmer who chose to do so could erect a still, and convert his potatoes, corn, rye, cider, or peaches into spirits for his own use, or to sell to his neighbours.

While the means of intoxication were so abundant, the gregarious and social habits of the people tended to foster drunkenness. Everybody asked everybody to drink. To drink alone was unsocial and a kind of meanness. The man who went up to a bar to drink, asked his acquaintance to drink with him: and he invited all present, whether he knew them or not, if he wished to be considered a good fellow, to be popular, or to run for an office.

The cheapness of the liquors prevented them from being measured. A decanter and tumbler were set before the customer, and he poured out a glass, a gill, or a tumblerfull, all at the same price. Davy Crockett said General Jackson was the politest man he ever saw, because, when he asked him to drink, he made some excuse to turn away, so as not to see how much he took.

Treating, drinking in company and in crowds, and this free dealing with cheap liquors, led great numbers of people into habits of drunkenness, many of them men of the highest ability and promise. There were drunken lawyers, drunken doctors, drunken members of Congress, drunken ministers, drunkards of all classes—if one may classify a people who claim to be “free and equal.” A reaction came; the good and pious were alarmed, and the temperance movement began. A drunkard of our own neighbourhood, a man of education and property, whom I had often seen staggering along the road, one night staggered into the river. My father went to his funeral, and from that day all

liquors were banished from his dwelling. He became a teetotaller, and remained one to the end of his life. A drunken lawyer became a prominent reformer. When people, in order to be temperate, refused to drink even a glass of cider, the farmers cut down their great, beautiful orchards, and ploughed them up for corn-fields.

Total abstinence became a fanaticism, and when moral suasion failed to make it universal, the teetotallers procured the passage of the Maine Law, which, while it banished drinking almost entirely from large districts, failed of its intended effect in others, and went, as many thought, beyond the bounds of constitutional legislation. In some cases it may have increased the evil of drinking and drunkenness. When the retailing of liquor was prohibited, men bought by wholesale; the express companies were loaded with kegs of liquor brought from other States. A thousand devices of smuggling were resorted to; people who had no respect for the law which they looked upon as an unconstitutional violation of personal rights, openly defied or secretly nullified it.

I shall have occasion in a later chapter to say something of the immorality and corruption which has gradually found its way into American politics; but this has not come alone. It was preceded, perhaps, and certainly aided, by a laxity in what may be called financial morality. In my boyhood, dishonesty in places of trust was very rare. For many years it has been very common; the store-keepers—shop-keepers—found all checks so ineffectual that they calculated on a certain percentage of losses from the dishonesty of their assistants, and discharged them only when they became too extravagant. The omnibus-drivers, who receive the fare of passengers, were expected to “knock down” a certain portion of the receipts, and could not be watched closely enough to prevent it. The railroad conductors, who formerly collected the fare of passengers who neglected to buy tickets, grew rich on the money they could not be made to account for, until the companies were forced to make the purchase of tickets at the offices compulsory on every passenger. A place under Government was said to be worth a certain amount, including “pickings and stealings.” The Government was plundered remorselessly in contracts, in smuggling, in every possible way. There was a lax notion that a man was only taking his own, or taking money out of one pocket to put it in the other. Cases of conscience, in which men returned money of which they had defrauded the revenue,

were very rare. Peculations were very common; sometimes there were immense defalcations, as that of Sam. Swartwout, the collector of New York, who robbed the Government of millions. There was no law to punish him, but a very stringent one was passed by Congress afterwards. A few years ago, the postmaster of New York, a leading politician and lawyer, was a defaulter to a large amount. His friends helped him away to Cuba, and he went to Mexico, where he found employment as financier of a mining company. He was "a good fellow," and more pitied than blamed.

It has been said that ninety per cent. of American merchants fail. A boundless credit system, active competition, and the frequent occurrence of financial crises, are sufficient causes for commercial failures; but dishonest bankruptcies—bankruptcies deliberately planned to make money, are far too common. Americans are sanguine, and hope to succeed in the wildest speculations; but if they do not, they have little scruple about repudiation. A man cares little for being ruined, and as little about ruining others. But then, ruin there is not like ruin in older countries. Where a man can fail a dozen times, and still go ahead and get credit again, ruin does not amount to much.

In regard to morality of another character at an early period, I can give only a good report. There was the greatest possible freedom in the social intercourse of young people; absolutely no espionage and no restraint. Manners were as free in America as in Scotland or Wales, without the bad consequences which sometimes result from such freedom. A young woman needed no protector, chaperon, or duenna; she could walk or ride with a gentleman, travel alone, keep whatever company she pleased, and was the guardian of her own honour. The instances of an abuse of this freedom were so exceedingly rare that I can scarcely recall one to memory. I believe the number of illegitimate children born in New England to have been as small as in any country in the world.

In later years, and in the larger towns, the "social evil" has had a large development. New York, Philadelphia, and Boston may not equal London, Liverpool and Dublin in this respect; I think they do not; still the number of the victims of civilisation of this kind is very large. The floating populations of American cities are larger than in those of Europe. In New York are gathered

many thousands of sailors, emigrants, travellers from all parts of the world, and merchants or traders from the interior within an area of more than a thousand miles. Such a congregation of men makes a demand which, as usual, does not fail of a corresponding supply. America, in her laws and municipal institutions, has copied England, and great vices are tolerated without being regulated. The occasional and spasmodic efforts made by the police of American cities to suppress certain vices common to all large towns in all civilised countries, have had no beneficial effect. The system pursued on the Continent of Europe gives to its towns at least a greater external decency.

America has also followed the English fashion of denouncing foundling hospitals, on the supposition that they encourage vice, while the lack of them produces an amount of infanticide utterly disgraceful and hideous to contemplate. It is my belief that the establishment of foundling hospitals, and the restoration of perverted foundations once piously made for such hospitals, would diminish murder to a far greater extent than it would increase licentiousness. Infanticide is probably less frequent in America than in England; but other means of limiting an unwelcome population are more largely resorted to. In New York, from the lack of foundling asylums, infants are exposed in the street, found and carried to the station-houses by policemen. They are then sent to the Nurseries on an island in the East River, well cared for, and educated until old enough to bind out as apprentices. This is one of the city institutions exhibited to strangers by the municipal authorities of New York with a justifiable pride. It answers, in an imperfect way, the purposes of a foundling hospital.

## CHAPTER SIX

### *AMERICAN INGENUITY AND VERSATILITY*

For two hundred years Americans have been like so many Robinson Crusoes, thrown upon their own resources and obliged to invert a thousand things which their peculiar circumstances required. With land unlimited, vast forests of timber, and minerals in the greatest abundance, their chief want was labour; and they were obliged to supply its lack with every kind of labour-saving machinery. Necessity was the mother of Invention, and the Yankee learned to turn his hand to anything, until it became the habit of his race. He is for ever contriving, planning, whittling, and using his head to save his muscles, or to enable one man to do the work of twenty. Every torrent rushing down from the mountains to the sea was valuable for its water-power. The Yankee's first thought of Niagara is the number of water-wheels it would turn, and the idea of its sublimity is lost in sorrow at the terrible waste of motive power. The brook by the side of the farmers' cottage is made to churn and turn the grind-stone. A large brook carries a saw-mill. The first steamboat ever built was, I believe, in the harbour of Barcelona, Spain; but the Spaniards had no use for it. It is not probable that the American inventor of the steamboat ever heard of the Spanish invention; but steamboats were needed on the American rivers, and it was not long after the first experiments on the Delaware and Hudson before all the rivers and lakes were traversed by steam. The railway and locomotive are English; but America has fifty thousand miles of railway — more than twice round the world.

"Jack of all trades and good at none," is a proverb that Americans have no belief in. The more things a man can do, the better. A few years ago, in a depressed condition of manufactures in England, some emigrants went to New York. A woman from Sheffield, being destitute, applied to the authorities for help. The Mayor of New York, to whose office in the City Hall she went, was willing to find her employment, and asked her if she could do this or that, naming various kinds of work commonly done by women. No, she knew nothing of any of them. What *could* she do? She could *pack files*. This was the one thing she had learnt to do—well, no doubt; but, unfortunately, the Mayor had no files to be packed.

The rivers of New England cannot fall ten feet at any point in their progress to the sea without being made to propel some kind of machinery. Cities cluster round the falls of every large river, with great manufactories, as those of Lowell, Lawrence, Manchester, Holyoke, &c. Many years ago I visited the village of Waterbury, in Connecticut, and spent a day among its curious factories. Water and Steam power were at work, but comparatively few human operatives. In one large room, full of machinery in rapid motion, there was but one man, whose business was to watch the machines and supply them with material. Each machine had a great coil of brass wire on a reel beside it. The end of the wire was placed in the machine, and from it flowed hooks or eyes into a basket as fast as one could count. These machines required only to be fed with coils of wire as they were used. In another room, automatic machines were eating up coils of iron-wire and discharging hair pins. Brass-wire went into other machines and came out common pins, with heads and points all perfect, and only requiring to be tinned and papered. The papering was done by a machine which picked out the pins, laid them in rows, and then pushed each row into a paper. One pin factory made three hundred thousand dozens of pins a-day. Another machine took wire from a coil and bits of brass from a hopper, and turned out buttons with the eyes made, set, and riveted.

Clocks are made in great factories, and so entirely by machinery, that almost the only hand-work is in putting them together; and they are made so cheap as to be brought to England in immense quantities, and thence exported to every part of the world. Watches are made in Massachusetts by similar machinery,

and with such accuracy that every minutest part will fit every other, so that if a watch is injured, the required part can be supplied from the factory. Here, also, the only human labour is to feed and overlook the machines and put the parts together. The sewing machines of American invention are known everywhere, and so are the reaping and mowing machines. There is a manufactory in Pittsburgh in which a machine turns out half-pound iron railway spikes at the rate of fifty a minute. Only seven men are employed in the works, but the machines, with their attendance, make five tons of spikes a day. Nails of all sizes are made in self-feeding machines in enormous quantities. Strips of iron go in on one side and nails pour out on the other like meal from a mill. Rivets, neatly headed, from the smallest size up to seven to the pound, are made in the same manner; and the largest are turned out at the rate of eighty a minute from each machine. Beautiful oval frames for photographs are made and finished by machinery so rapidly that each workman can finish two gross a day. Automatic machines make each day ten thousand wooden shingles, for the roofs of houses. By the aid of machinery a man can make five pannelled house doors in a day. Shoe-lasts and boot-trees are made by rapid machinery. With similar aid seven men make the wooden parts of thirty ploughs a-day.

Labour-saving machinery is applied to stone and brickwork as well as iron and wood. Marble and granite are hammered, planed, and polished, by machinery. A stone surface of eight square feet is dressed in seven minutes. Bricks are pressed from dry clay, ready for the kiln, at the rate of thirty-six a minute, or nearly two thousand an hour. At the flour mills nearly the whole work is done by machinery, and the wheat is transferred from canal-boats to the upper stories of the mill at the rate of four thousand bushels an hour. Grain and other bags are woven whole in American looms, each loom making forty-five two-bushel bags a-day. A similar machine makes hose for fire-engines at the rate of a thousand feet a day. By the use of type-casting machines a workman can cast ninety brevier types a minute. In the dyeing houses connected with large factories, one boy, with machinery, does the ordinary work of six men.

One of my earliest acquaintances in New York was Robert Hoe, the inventor of the simple and effective newspaper presses which bear his name, and which he has supplied to many of the

largest printing establishments in England. Steam stevedores may be seen at the docks loading and unloading vessels, and steam hod-carriers in the large buildings. A steam excavator digs canals and railway-cuttings, and a steam-engine tunnels mountains. Morse, an American artist, but a better chemist and mechanician than painter, thought out the magnetic telegraph on a Havre packet-ship, but met the common fate of inventors. He struggled for years with poverty and a thousand difficulties. He could not interest capitalists. At last, when he was yielding to despair and meditated suicide, on the last night of a Session of Congress, at midnight, when the Appropriation Bill was being rushed through, he got an appropriation of thirty thousand dollars for an experimental line between Washington and Baltimore. Then success, rewards, honours, titles of nobility, gold medals, and an immense fortune. The American inventor of the sewing machine had similar misfortunes and then as great a success. Would any one but an American have ever invented a milking machine? or a machine to beat eggs? or machines to black boots, scour knives, pare apples, and do a hundred things that all other peoples have done with their ten fingers from time immemorial?

Skill and intelligence are required for the management of machinery. Every child under fifteen employed in the factories of Massachusetts is secured three months' schooling every year by law. The American workman has no jealousy of machinery. It carries out his idea of the emancipation of labour. He welcomes every improvement that facilitates his work. His millennium is the time when machines will do everything, and he will have only to see them work and enjoy the fruits of their labour. His most difficult problem will be the equitable division of the productions of machinery among those who profess the political doctrine that "all men are created equal," and have an inalienable right to "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness."

When an average Englishman is thrown out of the employment to which he has been trained it is with great difficulty that he turns to any other. He will wait idly for months or years to find work in the one thing he has learned to do. Not so an American. He is full of resources, and can turn his hand to anything. Generations of training in all the requirements of a new country have given him hereditary precocity and versatility. There is nothing he will not undertake, and few things he cannot

accomplish. For example, I know an American, a fair enough average of his countrymen, who in his boyhood learned all the work of a farm, and could plough, hoe, reap, mow, chop wood, and so on. He also learned to make bricks and lay them, get out and carve stone, work in brass and steel, make clocks, set types and print books and newspapers. He studied music, and plays several instruments; knows something of languages and art; has written plays, and acted them; is an ingenious inventor; has been an active politician, made speeches, given public lectures, edited newspapers, studied and practiced a learned profession; been a foreign correspondent; written many volumes of science and general literature.

We hear of self-made men in England. In America there are scarcely any others. The romantic story of Whittington is there an every-day affair. A Governor of New Hampshire, visiting Lowell not long ago, with some members of his Council, stayed at a hotel in which he had once served as bootblack. A rail-splitter and flat boatman, and an illiterate journeyman tailor, become successively Presidents of the Great Republic that expects, during the next century, to control the destinies of universal humanity.

## CHAPTER SEVEN

### *PECULIARITIES AND ECCENTRICITIES*

Englishmen know the Yankee chiefly as he appears in literature and on the stage. He is well drawn in the novels of John Neal, Cooper, Paulding, and Mrs. Stowe, and in the writings of the author of *Sam Slick* and James Russell Lowell. Hackett, Hill, Jefferson, and other American actors and artists, have given us pretty good Yankees on the stage. We imagine that literary and dramatic portraiture are overdone. I do not think so. I have never seen a stage Irishman, Cockney, Yankee, or negro that came fully up to the genuine article. The trouble is not in overdoing, but in doing falsely. Many English writers confuse the American idioms and peculiarities of the East, West, and South. It is as if one should mix up Scotchmen, Irishmen, and Cockneys.

It is possible to travel through America without meeting many specimens of the thorough Yankee, the broad Western man, or the distinctive Southerner of the strongest type; but they all exist abundantly. There are districts in New England, in the rough mountain regions, where the Yankee flourishes as grotesque in the attire and speech as was ever described in story or seen upon the stage. Western and Southern peculiarities are still more common.

I know of no physiological reason why a Yankee should talk through his nose, unless he got the habit of shutting his mouth to keep out the cold fogs and drizzling north-easters of Massachusetts Bay. It is certain that men open their mouths and broaden their speech as they go West, until on the Mississippi they tell

you "thar are heaps of bar (bears) over thar, whar I was raised." Southern speech is clipped, softened, and broadened by the negro admixture. The child learns its language from its negro nurse, servants, and playmates, and this not unpleasant patois is never quite eradicated. Southerners drawl: the Northern people accent sharply and are very emphatic.

Besides peculiarities of articulation and enunciation, there are forms of expression peculiar to and characteristic of each section of the American States. An old fashioned Yankee is shy of swearing; he says, "I vum," "I swon," "I swow," "I vow," "darn it," "gaul darn your picter," "by golly," "golly crimus;" and uses other ingenious and cowardly substitutes for profanity. The Western man rips out remorseless oaths, swearing a blue streak with a remarkable breadth of expression. Whereas a Hoosier describes himself as "catawampusly chawed up," the Yankee is merely a "gone sucker." Inquire about his health, and he tells you he is "so as to be crawlin'!" He talks of "spunkin' up to an all-fired, tarnation slick gall, clean grit, I tell yeou neow;" and, naturally, he has "a kinder sneakin notion arter her." If she were to tell him to "hold his yawp," he would admit that he felt "kinder streaked, by golly!" He describes a man as being "handsome as a picter, but so darnation ugly;" or as "a thunderin' fool, but a clever critter as ever lived"—ugly being Yankee for wicked, and clever for good-natured. A plain girl is "as homely as a hedge-fence." A Yankee brags that he is "a hull team and a hoss to let." You can't "tucker him eout." It "beats all natur heow he can go it when he gets his dander up." He has "got his eye-teeth cut, true as preachin'." He gets "hoppin' mad," and "makes all gee agin." He is "dreadful glad to see you," and is "powerful sorry you enjoy such poor health;" but read Lowell's Zeke Bigelow or Mrs. Stowe's Sam Lawson.

I am inclined to think the Western vocabulary more copious than that of the Yankee proper. The language, like the country, has a certain breadth and magnitude about it. A Western man "sleeps so sound, it would take an earthquake to wake him." He is in danger "pretty considerable much," because "somebody was down on him, like the whole Missouri on a sand-bar." He is a "gone 'coon." He is down on all "cussed varmints," gets into an "everlasting fix," and holds that "the longest pole knocks down the persimmons." A story "smells rather tall." "Stranger,"

he says, "in bar hunts I am numerous." He says a pathetic story sunk into his feelings "like a snagged boat into the Mississippi." He tells of a person "as cross as a bar with two cubs and a sore tail." He "laughs like a hyena over a dead nigger." He "walks through a fence like a falling tree through a cobweb." He "goes the whole hog." He raises "right smart of corn" and lives where there is "a smart chance of bars." "Bust me wide open," he says, "if I didn't bulge into the creek in the twinkling of a bedpost, I was so thunderin' savagerous."

In the south-west is found the combination of Western and Southern character and speech. The south-western man was "born in old Kaintuck, raised in Mississippi, is death on a bar, and smartly on a painter fight." He "walks the water, out hollers the thunder, drinks the Mississippi," "calculates" that he is "the genuwine article," and that those he don't like "ain't worth shucks." He tells of "a fellow so poor and thin he had to lean up agin a saplin' to cuss." He gets "as savage as a meat axe." He "splurges about," and "blows up like a steamboat."

The Southerner is "mighty glad to see you." He is apt to be "powerful lazy," and "powerful slow;" but if you visit him where he has located himself, he'll "go for you to the hilt agin creation." When people salute each other at meeting, he says they are "howdyin' and civilizin' each other." He has "powerful nice corn." The extreme of facility is not as easy as lying, but "as easy as shootin'." A man who has undressed has "shucked himself." To make a bet with a man is to "size his pile." Yankees guess everything, past, present and future; Southerners reckon and calculate. All these peculiarities of speech would fill a small volume. Most of the Yankeeisms can be found in the districts of England from which the country was first settled. The colloquialisms of the South and West are more original. Miners, gamblers, and all sorts of adventurers attracted by gold to California and the Rocky Mountains, have invented new forms of expression which will be found in the poems and prose writings of Colonel Hay, Bret Harte, and others.

American humour consists largely of exaggeration, and of strange and quaint expressions. Much that seems droll to English readers is very seriously intended. The man who described himself as "squandering about permiscuous" had no idea that his expression was funny. When he boasted of his sister—"She slings

the nastiest ankle in old Kentuck," he only intended to say that she was a good dancer. To escape rapidly, west of the Mississippi, might be "to vamose quicker'n greased lightnin' down a peeled hickory." "Vamose," and "vamose the ranch," were brought from Mexico by the Santa Fé traders. "Cut stick," and "absquatulate," are indigenous. A man cuts a stick when about to travel. Absquatulate comes from *a* or *ab* privative, and squat, western for settle. When a squatter removes, he absquatulates. As for the greased lightning and peeled hickory, Americans have a passion for making improvements on everything. The Mississippi boatmen improved the name of *Bois Brûlé* into something they could understand, when they called it Bob Ruly's Woods. The story of land so rich that a squash vine, in its rapid growth, overtook and smothered a drove of pigs, was a western exaggeration. The evidence of a witness in a life insurance case, when the death was caused by the blowing-up of a steamboat on the Ohio, is droll, just because it is characteristic. The witness knew the missing man. He saw him on the deck of the steamboat just before the explosion. "When," asked the lawyer, "was the last time you saw him?" "The very last time I ever set eyes on him," said the careful witness, "was when the biler burst, and I was going up, and I met him and the smoke pipe coming down!"

I do not think that American peculiarities of language are so remarkable as those of character and manners—or, in other words, that Americanism is so much in speech as in thought, feeling, and action. Our language is English, modelled mainly upon English literature; but we are more independent in other matters.

Some one has said—"A Yankee stands up at prayers, takes his coat tail under his arms, turns his back on the minister, and winks at the gals in the singing seats." It is true that reverence is an uncultivated faculty in America, and finds little expression. I can remember when people stood up in prayer-time; at present they sit very quietly in their seats. This is true of the majority even in Episcopal Churches. In none do all, or even the larger number, kneel, except in the Roman Catholic or Ritualist Churches. Theodore Parker said in one of his sermons that New England was one of the few places in the civilized world where there were no Jews. The Yankees are too sharp for the children of Israel. Jews, however, flourish in New York, and still more

in the South and West. The Irish do well in New England, because they are willing to do plenty of hard, rough work. When I first lived in New York the Irish kept all the corner groceries. Now nearly all such places are kept by Germans, who are more frugal than Yankees, and nearly as sharp. Irishmen, as a rule, are neither sharp nor frugal. Yankees are ingenious, enterprising, persevering, self-confident, and possess in an eminent degree that happy faculty which Sydney Smith attributed to Earl Russell, when he said his lordship would take command of the Channel fleet at an hour's notice. A genuine Yankee is always ready to go any possible where, or do any possible thing. Mr. Lincoln must have had Yankee blood in his veins, or he would never have taken the nomination for President. Mr. Seward was a Yankee New Yorker. General Banks and General Butler were Yankee civilians, a shoemaker and a lawyer, without the least military knowledge, but they were ready to command armies. Mr. Welles, the Secretary of the Navy during the late war, was a Yankee printer.

Barnum, who has been somewhat well known in England, is one sort of a model Yankee. He was born in Connecticut, kept store, edited a newspaper, preached the Gospel, became a showman, sold Bibles, invented the nurse of General Washington, exhibited the Fejee mermaid, organized and engineered the American tour of Jenny Lind, brought out General Tom Thumb, lectured on temperance, became a clock manufacturer, and made and lost several fortunes. One of his adventures on the Mississippi, not contained in his published autobiography, always seemed to me as Yankee as any of those he has related. He was on his way up the river from New Orleans, where he had been to spend the winter in some speculation. Some of the sporting gentlemen who make their home on the river engaged him in the favourite betting game of poker, a bluff or brag game, in which the skill consists in managing so as to have the best cards, or in boldly betting on the worst. It was hard, I think, to beat the great showman in either, but luck was against him, and he was dead broke. He landed at a small town in Mississippi, where he found the chances of winning money at play very small, in consequence of a revival of religion that was going forward. But "P. T." had more than one string to his bow. Not long before this time he had been a preacher—as it happened, a Uni-

versalist. He announced his profession, and obtained a place to preach, but found his creed anything but popular. The Southerners are orthodox in their religious notions, and like strong doctrine. The revival was attracting crowds to the Presbyterian Meeting-house. Something had to be done, and the exhibitor of dwarfs and prima donnas was equal to the occasion. He dismissed his small and indifferent congregation, walked over to the Presbyterian meeting, and announced to the astonished and delighted assembly that he had been converted from his errors. There was great rejoicing: he was invited to preach, was rewarded with a good collection, resumed his voyage, and had good luck at poker all the way to St. Louis.

This seems rather a tough story, and, as Barnum told it, it may not be true; but the man who could invite the Baptist ministers of Boston to administer the ordinance of the Lord's Supper to Joyce Heth, a poor drunken old negress, whom he palmed off upon the public by forged papers as the nurse of Washington; who got up a public wedding of two giants at the Broadway Tabernacle, to which the public was admitted at fifty cents a head, and who later managed the wedding of two dwarfs as a public spectacle in the most fashionable Episcopal Church in New York, may have really had the adventure on the Mississippi. It is certainly true that he was at one period selling Bibles in New York every day, and managing a saloon with negro dancing in the evening, with a genuine negro boy, blacked and wigged so as to pass for a make-believe one, because the New Yorkers, who applauded what they supposed a white boy in a blacked face and woolly wig, would have driven a real negro from the stage and mobbed his exhibitor.

## CHAPTER EIGHT

### *TRAVELLING AND HOTEL LIFE IN AMERICA*

English tourists in America become better acquainted with the life of hotels, railways, and steamboats—the life of the floating and voyaging population of America—than any other. Most of them do not seem to like it. It is all different from, or, as the English say, different to, what they have known at home. Being different, Englishmen naturally think it is worse. I do not altogether agree with this opinion. In certain respects I undoubtedly prefer the American hotel, railway, and steamboat to the English; and, after patiently waiting twenty or thirty years, English railways and steamboats are beginning to adopt some American comforts and conveniences.

More Americans travel, and Americans travel more, than the people of any other nation. In England there are certain classes who make a business of travelling. In America there are very few who do not make journeys more or less long and frequent. Shopkeepers—merchants or storekeepers they are called in America—a shop meaning there the working place of a mechanic, as a blacksmith's shop, carpenter's shop, &c.—travel hundreds of miles, twice a year, from the remotest villages to the large cities of the sea-board or interior to buy their stocks of merchandize. Of these there are many thousands, who gather every spring and autumn to the great centres of commerce. The planters and the large farmers of the West make an excuse to go to Charleston, New Orleans, New York, or Baltimore to sell their crops of rice, cotton, hemp, tobacco, wheat, beef, pork, and buy supplies for their homes and plantations. These excursions give a

variety to their lives. Before the war the rich Southern planters brought their families north to spend the summer season. They filled the shops of Broadway, the boxes of the opera or theatres, and the gay saloons of Saratoga, Newport, and Niagara. Their money filled the pockets of the Northerners. In the winter thousands went from the North to the fair and sunny cities of the South for business, pleasure, and health. Then the whole western country is filled with settlers from the East, who take journeys of a thousand miles to see the old folks at home at Christmas or Thanksgiving. Young men return to the East from the remotest West—from California and Oregon—to marry the girls they left behind them.

It was necessary to provide accommodations for this vast number of travellers. Hence, lines of magnificent steamboats on all the great rivers, sheltered bays, and lakes; hence fifty thousand miles of railway; hence, hotels numerous and large enough to accommodate this great multitude.

As Americans invented steamboats, and use more of them in internal navigation than all the world besides, they have made them just as splendid, and just as convenient as they thought necessary. They are really floating palaces, with gilding, pictures, great mirrors, stained glass, rich carpets, grand pianofortes, elegant furniture, and everything which can attract and please. I really think a first-class steamer on Long Island Sound, the River Hudson, the great Lakes, the Ohio, or Mississippi, one of the finest of human inventions. A first-class Hudson river boat, for example, is more than four hundred feet long. Its paddle-wheels are sixty feet in diameter. It draws only four feet of water, and glides along one of the finest rivers in the world, through scenery of ever varying beauty and grandeur, at the rate of twenty-four miles an hour. A thousand passengers are lounging in the great saloons, or reading under the awnings on the promenade deck; but there is no crowd. When the dinner-bell rings they all find seats at the long ranges of tables in the great cabin. They are served with every luxury of the season, from soup and fish to the fruit and ice-cream. And the trip of one hundred and sixty miles, including the dinner, has cost \$1.75. I have known it to be as low as \$1.25—less than the cost of a very poor meal at an English hotel.

But the finest boat, all things considered, that I ever saw on

the American waters, was on the river Ohio, one of the mail packets between Cincinnati and Louisville—named after her owner, Jacob Strader—a worthy citizen of Cincinnati, who had the ambition to build the finest steamboat in the world; and of her kind, a high-pressure western boat, I have nowhere seen her equal.

These western boats have striking peculiarities. They are broad of beam and almost flat-bottomed. The rivers which drain the vast basin between the Alleghanies and the Rocky mountains, some of them navigable four thousand miles from their common mouth on the Mexican Gulf, vary greatly in their depth. The lower Mississippi is one hundred and fifty feet deep. The Ohio and upper Missouri may be thirty or forty feet deep at one season of the year, and scarcely as many inches at another. There are times when the *Great Eastern*, if past the bars at the mouths of the Mississippi, could steam up to Pittsburgh among the Alleghanies, or to the foot of the Rocky Mountains; and at other times the boys at Cincinnati can wade across the Ohio, and a steamboat drawing but twenty inches may stick fast on a sand-bar at the mouth of the Cumberland or Tennessee.

The *Jacob Strader*, like nearly all the western river-boats, was high pressure, because the grit of the water would rapidly wear out the more costly and complicated low-pressure engines. She had two powerful inclined engines, not working together upon one shaft, but upon each side wheel separately. This is for the convenience of turning quickly in the sharp bends of a narrow channel. Such a boat, with the wheels going in different directions, can turn upon her centre, can be steered without a rudder, and rounds to, to make her landings, as she invariably does, with her head up stream, with the greatest facility. She was not, I judge, more than three hundred feet in length, but rose in a light and graceful style of architecture, of which no example can be found in Europe, to a height of five storeys, or decks. On the first deck are the boilers, engines, fuel, and light freight, horses, carriages, and deck passengers. You mount a broad flight of stairs and come to the spacious drinking saloon, barber's shop, and luggage-room. From this landing another ascent brings you to the captain's office, where passengers are booked and their state-rooms assigned them. This is an ante-room to the great saloon, which is broad, high, well-lighted, and furnished with marble

tables, glass chandeliers, mirrors, sofas, &c., and reaches to the stern of the boat, perhaps two hundred feet. On each side are state-rooms, or rather elegant bed-chambers, furnished with every convenience. The panels of the great saloon are painted in oil with landscapes of American scenery, and no cost has been spared in upholstery. The whole boat is lighted with gas, and hot and cold-baths can be had at a moment's notice. The capacity of the kitchen and force of waiters are sufficient to provide a sumptuous dinner, with printed bills of fare, for six hundred passengers. Beneath the ladies' saloon is a large saloon fitted up expressly for children and their nursery attendants.

Over the great saloon and its double range of state-rooms, is the promenade deck, on which are the state-rooms of the officers and pilots. The deck above this is called the hurricane-deck, and still above this rises the pilot-house; which, with its large windows on all sides, made comfortable by a stove in winter, commanding an unimpeded view, and communicating by signal-bells and speaking-tubes with the engineers, and by chains from the wheel to the rudder, gives the pilots, as the steersmen of these boats are called, complete command of the boat in its often difficult navigation. The pilot, his mate, and two assistants, are very important personages. They have the entire charge and responsibility of navigation. The captain tells them the points at which he wishes to land, and gives the signal for departure, but seldom interferes further with the course of the boat. The pilots are paid two or three hundred dollars a-month and "found." Imagine yourself so highly favoured as to be invited by the pilot to take a seat in his glazed turret, forty feet above the water, and commanding the panorama of the valley through which you are gliding. Villages, farms, and forests seem to sweep past you. You meet steamers and pass flat boats, going lazily down with the current. It is the poetry of travelling. The rail is more rapid, but in comfort there is no comparison; for here is a bar where you can have your choice of every possible drink, and also a *table d'hôte*, with its bill of fare of fifty dishes. You may lounge on a sofa, promenade on the deck, play poker forward, chess amidships, or the pianoforte aft. It is your own fault if you do not, so being inclined, find plenty of interesting, perhaps charming, society.

At night the *Jacob Strader*, dashing along the starlit river, all

her windows blazing with lights, her furnace fires throwing their glare forward, the black smoke, filled with sparks of fire, whirling from her tall smoke stacks, steam roaring from her escape pipes, perhaps a band playing, and a gay party dancing on her lofty promenade deck, was altogether a strange and curious picture. The polite Pasha of Egypt, when asked by the Empress Eugenie if he was not surprised at the splendours of Paris, replied—

“No, Madame, I had read the *Arabian Nights*,” but those tales of Oriental and magical splendour would not give him the least idea of an Ohio steamboat.

Let us return, however, to our imaginary trip up the Hudson and across the Empire State. At Albany, we take the New York Central railway for Niagara. The carriages are much lighter, and to my taste handsomer in appearance than the English. There is no lack of paintings, gilding, and upholstery. The seats are cushioned and backed with plush. There are stoves in winter, and ice-water in summer. In these cars, as these long carriages—seating fifty or sixty persons—are called, are small retiring rooms for both sexes. The doors open upon platforms at the ends of the cars, and stepping from platform to platform, you can walk from one end of a train to the other while it is in rapid motion. The conductor walks from end to end inspecting tickets. There is no danger of robbery, murder, or other outrage, as in the small and inaccessible compartments of European railway carriages. Not only does the conductor walk through to examine the tickets, see that all is right, and answer inquiries, but the newsboy comes along loaded with daily and weekly newspapers; then he comes with books—all the newest publications—and then with oranges and confectionary. Through every car runs a cord, in reach of every passenger, a pull at which will signal the engineer to stop. This cord also enables the conductor to control the train from any part of it.

If you travel all night, two or three nights in succession, there are sleeping-cars, where you can have a berth made up, and lie very comfortably under your blanket all night without disturbance. There is a wash-room in the corner of this car for your morning ablutions. On the long routes across the continent meals are also cooked and served to the passengers during the journey as on a steamer.

There is no trouble about luggage. On taking a train for a journey of a thousand miles, perhaps through five or six sovereign states, and over as many different railway lines, you receive a small numbered metal check for each package. At the end of the route you hand these checks to the omnibus agent, or hotel porter, and find your luggage at the hotel.

There are plenty of "Grand Hotels" in France and England; but they are an American invention. An American hotel covers a square furlong. It is built of granite, brown sandstone, or white marble, seven storeys high. It has bed-rooms for a thousand or twelve hundred guests, and dining-rooms, drawing-rooms, reading-room, public parlours, bar-room, barber's-shop, bath; everything on the same scale. There is a kitchen capable of furnishing four meals a day for a thousand people. There is a steam laundry, in which your stock of soiled linen will be washed, dried, starched, ironed, and returned to your room in two hours. There is a corps of Irish chambermaids, not selected for their beauty, but to scrub, clean, and do up a mile or two of corridors and a thousand bed-chambers, and a corps of table-waiters, Irish or negroes, who manage with more or less dexterity to feed a thousand guests.

The Irish waiters blunder a little, but they are invincibly good-natured, and have the merit of good intentions, plenty of mother wit, and an ever-amusing faculty of blarney. The negroes are attentive, complaisant, and approbative. Negro children learn to wait at table as soon as they are tall enough to look over it, and they become wonderfully adroit in their duties.

"Breakfast from seven to eleven." You take your seat and morning-paper. The waiter hands you the bill of fare: Coffee, tea, chocolate, all kinds of bread, toast, rolls, biscuit; buckwheat, Indian corn, rice, or flour griddle-cakes; beefsteak, porksteak, mutton-chop, ham, eggs, sausages, fish, broiled chicken, oysters stewed, fried, or broiled; &c., &c. It is all the same price; you may eat of every dish, or one, or none; you pay \$1.50, \$2.00 or \$2.50 a day, according to the class of the house, for rooms, meals and service. These were the prices before the war.

There are in the large cities two dinners each day: one for business men, or persons leaving in early trains, at two o'clock: the other at five or six o'clock, for a more fashionable class of travellers and the regular boarders at the hotel. They are sub-

stantially the same, but the first, being for men in a hurry, is less ceremonious. At Niagara the waiters have military drill, and a band of music plays in an adjoining saloon. At Saratoga the music comes after dinner.

The *carte*, or bill of fare, is long, full, and I must say, in spite of the bad luck or bad humour of Mr. Anthony Trollope, generally well cooked. Why not? No markets in the world are better supplied than those of the large American cities. I know that Englishmen have a superstition about the excellence of their beef and mutton; but they have the same breeds of cattle and sheep in America, and the same mode of feeding. The game is not to be surpassed.

And then the cooking. I have not found the English super-eminent in this respect; but they are establishing schools of cookery and will improve. Every great American hotel has its *chef de cuisine*, usually a Frenchman. There is great competition. What is to prevent good cookery, with all the appliances and a lavish expenditure? I am sorry for Mr. Trollope. I agree that there is much bad cooking in America, and especially in the West; but it is also certain that if there is no good, there is none anywhere. Americans travel all over the world. They are always ready to adopt improvements. The keepers of American hotels, who consider themselves on an equality with senators, and who not unfrequently become senators, take pride in entertaining their guests. They sit at the head of the table, and invite the President, the Governor of the State, or distinguished foreigners, to take wine with them. They have the manners, not of a head-waiter, but of a gentleman of fortune dispensing the hospitalities of his mansion. The hotel-keeper pays a rent of twenty-five to fifty thousand dollars a year. He has an income of a hundred thousand a year; keeps his carriage, has his box at the opera, and his country villa. He could retire with a fortune, but he likes his business. Is it credible that such a man will not have a good cook?

There is tea at six or seven, and a substantial supper for those who require one at eleven o'clock.

Now for the expense. Lodging, attendance, and four meals a day cost, as I have said, from \$1.50 to \$2.50, according to the class of hotel. The usual price formerly was two dollars a day. Wines, malt liquors, &c., are extra. The price list is on the bill

of fare. But there are no fees for waiters, chambermaids, or any service but boots and porter, commonly the same personage. The laundry-work of course is extra. The barber's shop, though in the house, is an independent affair. There is no doubt about the bill; you know to a penny what it will be for a day or ten days. And that, to one who has had a few of the surprises with which English innkeepers indulge their customers, is certainly a comfort.

There are in New York and several of the larger towns, hotels kept on what is called the European plan. You take a room at fifty cents, seventy-five cents, or more a day. You eat in a refectory attached to the house, have meals brought to your room, or eat at a restaurant. Your only bill is the price of the room, and there is no charge for service, and no fees or extras.

National habits, tastes, and feelings differ, and Americans, in several particulars, are unlike their English relatives. The Englishman is shy and exclusive. He builds a high wall around his house and garden to keep out the eyes of the public. The American builds a fine house and lays out a handsome garden, that others may see and enjoy them as well as himself. Shut in and hidden, they would lose half their value. He builds near the road, to be the better seen by the passers by; and his only fence is a low paling, as light and open as possible. The Englishman likes to eat and drink in private—shut up in his room or a close little box. The American prefers a large, gay dining-room and the presence of many guests. What has he to be ashamed of? He wishes to see and be seen. He suns himself in the public gaze. He enjoys society, and enters into the life around him. The more the merrier. The larger the hotel, the bigger the steamboat, the more people about him, the greater his enjoyment. On the railway an Englishman's ideal is to be shut up alone, or, at the most, with his little private party. He has taken the coach with two seats facing each other so that half the passengers must ride backward as the model of his railway carriage. The American prefers his spacious and handsome car with its fifty passengers. He likes to walk through the train and find some one he knows. He is not afraid of intruding, is gregarious and social—ready to discuss trade or politics with a stranger, without buttoning up his pockets. He is not afraid that some person below his rank will claim his acquaintance. He shakes hands with the President, and discusses

the coming election with the blacksmith or shoemaker. He calculates to treat every well-behaved man like a gentleman, and every woman is to him a lady, to whom he is courteous, respectful, and, if need be, protective.

Perhaps the most repulsive thing an English traveller meets with in America is the want of any distinction of classes. On the railroad there is but one class and one price. The best cars are, of course, reserved for ladies and those who accompany them; but all pay the same fare. The rudest American understands that a lady, that any woman, has a prescriptive right to the front seat at the show, to the head of the table at dinner, to the best cabins and state-rooms on the steamer, and the best cars in the railway train. She may be rich or poor, mistress or maid; these are her rights as a woman. There is not a steam-boat running on the wildest western river where a male passenger ever takes his seat at table until every woman is seated in her own place of honour. A hundred hungry men, with a hot dinner smoking before them, will patiently wait until some young miss has fixed her last curl, and taken her seat near the head of the table. And a lone woman, old or young, pretty or ugly, may travel from one end of America to the other, finding kindness, civility, and every assistance she needs from every man she meets.

There are then, in price and privilege, no first-class, second-class, or third-class passengers. But there are on steamboats deck-passengers, generally immigrants going West, or up the Mississippi; and immigrant trains, at very low rates, are run upon some of the principal lines of railway. But an American never travels by these trains. He puts on his Sunday clothes, pays full fare—as high as the highest—and holds himself as good as the best.

Not that he always is. He may be rude and uncleanly. Not as I have seen men in England, whom one could not approach within several feet without holding one's breath—never, I believe, so bad as that. But they chew a great deal of tobacco, and they are not nice about disposing of the superfluous saliva. I admit that it is very disgusting. There are smoking-cars in every train, and there ought to be chewing-cars as well. I have no excuse for people who have no delicacy themselves, and no regard for the feelings of others. Spitting is the vice of America. The judge chews and spits upon the beach, the lawyer at the bar, the doctor at the bedside of his patient, and the minister in

the pulpit. The senator removes his quid to make a speech in Congress, and pauses in the midst of his most eloquent period to look for the spittoon. I do not mean that all do this. There are thousands who never touch tobacco, and are as refined in their manners as any society demands; but every public place is made a nuisance by tobacco. In the still pauses of an impassioned oration, I have heard a patterning shower fall upon the floor from the mouths of the excited audience. It was in a rude frontier town. I have sneezed from tobacco dust, raised by the applause—Stamping of feet—in a fashionable theatre. I have seen courts of law carpeted an inch deep with saw-dust, and so converted into one big, universal spittoon. English tourists, in this matter, I confess with shame and sorrow, have not exaggerated.

## CHAPTER NINE

### *BOSTON*

The first city I ever saw, was Boston. It had then a population of some 60,000 inhabitants. It is the commercial capital of New England; the political capital of its most important State, Massachusetts. I was nine years old, and everything was wonderful. It was the birth-place of my mother, the residence of my uncles; full of riches and splendour. There was the great domed State-house, up to the cupola of which I climbed alone before we had been an hour in town, and took my first view of the sea and shipping. What an outlook was that to a little boy, who had only read of them! Then my father took me down to the wharves, and pointed out the ships and flags of different countries across the sea; he hired a boat, and rowed down the harbour, and close beside a great black man-of-war. We walked reverently around Fanueil Hall, the "Cradle of Liberty," which once rang with the speeches and cheers of congregated rebels. There were the portraits of George Washington, and of John Hancock, the gentleman whose handwriting I so greatly admired, as it appears in the first bold signature to the Declaration of Independence; and we saw also the battle-ground of Bunker-hill, and the grass-grown marks of the redoubts upon the heights of Dorchester, by the occupation of which General Washington compelled the British army to evacuate Boston; and their ships sullenly sailed out of the noble harbour, glittering there in the summer sunshine, carrying with them hundreds of Tory families, who left all they knew and loved behind, and went to settle in bleak Nova Scotia. The generous Government of George III.

did what it could—paying millions in compensation for the losses incurred by their loyalty.

There were curious things to me about the Boston of those days. Miles away there was the smell of the salt water; nearer, there was the pungent odour of bituminous coal imported from Liverpool. Wood was yet the common fuel, for there were vast forests unconsumed. All Maine almost was a forest, and hundreds of small vessels brought the wood down her bays and rivers, and to the Boston market. There was smokeless anthracite coal in Pennsylvania, but it had not yet come much into use. The coal from Liverpool was brought as ballast.

It is hard to tell whether the windows of the book and print-sellers, and the stands of second-hand books, were more attractive to me than the long ranges of molasses casks, with their bungs out, on Central Wharf. Every boy who came along had the unquestioned privilege of putting his pine-stick into the bung-hole of these casks, and licking off the molasses and sugar that adhered to it. Some was thin, sour, and fermenting; some thick, sweet, and, to the unsophisticated taste of childhood, delicious. It was easy to tell the best casks; they were covered with drippings. Juveniles heeded not the stories of negroes' toes, said to be sometimes barrelled up by accident in Jamaica, or even young negroes entire, who had the misfortune to fall into the vats, and were found, woolly and grim, when all the molasses had been drawn off and sold to sweeten our beloved pumpkin-pies and gingerbread. Taste was stronger than imagination, and we licked the molasses and smeared our clothes and faces.

The people of Boston, so far as I could see, were as honest in those days as the residents of the rural districts. When I wandered out in the early morning, losing no time to see as much as possible of the town before our brief visit was over, I saw on almost every door-sill loaves of bread, vessels of milk, and the morning papers. Bakers, milkmen, and newsmen left their treasures on the door-step. There was smoking brown bread of rye and Indian corn, hot rolls, and loaves of wheaten bread waiting for the dilatory housemaids.

How long, I wonder, would piles of bread and newspapers lie upon London street-door steps in the early morning, over all its quiet streets? There were no policemen then in Boston that I

ever heard of. A few constables kept order in a town of sixty thousand people. There were watchmen, for I heard them in the night crying the hours: "Twelve o'clock, and a cloudy night; all's well!" And they shouted "Fire!" and sprung their terrible rattles sometimes; and the volunteer fire-engine companies, with torches, speaking-trumpet bellowings, and shoutings of "Fire!" thundered over the cobble-stone pavements. I went up through the skylight upon the flat roof of the house, and saw the smoke and flame, and heard the roar, with the clamour of fifty bells all ringing their alarm, and torch-lit engines dashing in from distant suburbs.

Boston is the city of America that Englishmen like most, because it is, they say, most like England. Its streets are narrow and crooked, and its people cold, shy, stiff, and exclusive, but genial enough at home, and very likeable when the ice is broken and you get acquainted with them. It is for the same reasons, probably, that Boston is the city which Americans out of New England love the least.

No Northern city of anything like its size has so solid, and what may be called aristocratic, a population as Boston. There are richer people in New York; there are people who live in more splendour of display; there are also old Knickerbocker families of mingled Dutch and English descent, who would be noble if there were a hereditary nobility; but there are not so many rich, old, and thoroughly respectable families, in proportion to the population, as in Boston. Their fine old mansions cover Beacon Hill, cluster around the Common, or fill the beautiful suburbs across the water and all around the peninsular city and harbour.

I remember a story told me by a Boston merchant in my boyhood. His son and I were schoolmates in an academy in the country, and I went to pay him a visit when I went to town. The merchant was a very handsome man; he had elegant manners, a charming family, a delightful residence, and a prosperous business had made him rich.

"I was born in the country," he said, "and my father, who was a poor farmer with a large family, used to come to Boston to market. One day, when I was twelve years old, I came with him, hoping to find some work to do, to earn my living. We got in early in the morning, by driving nearly all night; and while

we were in the street, waiting for somebody to buy our load, I took a newspaper off a door-step and began to read it. Almost the first thing I saw was an advertisement of 'Boy wanted.' When father had sold his load we went to look for the place. It was a large house, on a handsome street, belonging to a merchant; and the boy was wanted to work in the kitchen, help the cook, clean knives, black boots, and wait at table. The work seemed easy enough, and the pay good, so I stayed. The merchant was pleased with me, and after a while took me into the store to do errands and such light work. Then I became a clerk, then a partner. The merchant's daughter was as partial to me as her father always had been, and I got married; and here I am—and all from looking into a newspaper one frosty morning in the streets of Boston!"

There are hundreds, perhaps thousands of men in America who could tell similar stories. And such men, as a rule, fill worthily the positions to which they rise. They have no rusticity of manners, no peculiarity of speech, to mark their origin. Their poverty was an accident, and they befit wealth as if they were born to it.

Baltimore has been called the City of Mobs. I never chanced to see one in that beautiful city of "my Maryland," but I once "assisted" at a mob in Boston, of a somewhat remarkable character.

It was, I think, in 1834. George Thompson had been sent to America to preach Abolition. He had given lectures in and around Boston, and the newspapers of the South were beginning to protest against an agitation which was increased by the addresses of this emissary of a foreign society. The merchants of Boston were aroused to the dangers of such an agitation, which, it was then believed by many, would eventually cause a dissolution of the Union.

Mr. Garrison, who published the *Liberator* in an office in the lower end of Washington-street, did not care much for that. He said, in his mild way, the "Constitution was an agreement with Death, and a covenant with Hell," and that all slave-holders were thieves, robbers, murderers, and other disreputable things, too numerous to mention. He wished to abolish slavery; and failing that, to turn the Southern States out of the Union.

The merchants of Boston, whose fathers had, like the mer-

chants of Liverpool and Bristol, made fortunes by the slave-trade—the merchants who were then making fortunes by Southern trade and the manufacture of cotton, were opposed to the agitation. They were indignant that the English, who had planted slavery in America; who had forced negroes on the colonies in spite of their protests against them; who had fostered and extended slavery since the War of Independence, by becoming the greatest consumers of the products of slave-labour in the world—that these English, who had been partners with the South in the profits of slavery, should send emissaries to stir up sectional strife, perhaps civil war, between the States of the Union.

At that day Abolitionists in Boston and in New England were few and far between. Garrison's most earnest supporters were a few women—Mrs. Child, Mrs. Chapman, and others—good pious souls, who formed a female Anti-Slavery Society, and held prayer meetings for the slave.

The merchants and bankers of Boston, assembled on 'Change in State-street, got into a great excitement one day about Mr. George Thompson—since M.P. for the Tower Hamlets, agent for various Indian princes, temperance orator, &c.,—and believing him to be at the office of Garrison's *Liberator*, they gathered tumultuously, and came around from State-street into Washington-street, determined to put a stop to the eloquence of the English Abolitionist.

I do not remember how it happened, but I was in the editorial office of Mr. Garrison when the crowd began to gather in the street below. It was a wonderful spectacle. There were hundreds—then thousands. It was a mob of people dressed in black broadcloth; a mob of gentlemen—capitalists, merchants, bankers; a mob of the Stock Exchange, and of the first people of Boston, which then, as now, considered itself the nicest of cities, and intellectually the "hub of the universe."

I looked down upon this mob from the front window of the second floor, while the street became black with a dense crowd of people, shouting, "Thompson! Thompson!" and very evidently intending mischief to that gentleman had they found him. Mr. Garrison was writing at his desk. He was very calm about it; he had been in a state of chronic martyrdom for several years, and did not seem to mind a slight exacerbation. He came to the window, however, poked his shining bald head

out for a moment, and looked down on the howling mob below; and then advised me not to expose myself to observation, lest the crowd might mistake me for the object of their search.

It happened that some of the ladies I have mentioned were holding a meeting in a room of the building that afternoon. They were interrupted and ordered out. They passed through the crowd, which politely made way for them; content with expressing its feelings by a few groans and hisses.

Meantime the authorities began to bestir themselves. The city marshal made a speech, begging his fellow citizens to quietly disperse, and not disgrace their great and noble city. They informed him that the man they wished to see was George Thompson. He told them he would ascertain if he was in the building, and went to Mr. Garrison, who assured him that Mr. Thompson was not in town; he had fortunately left in the morning to visit a friend in the country. The officer reported to the mob, and was answered by a howl of disappointed rage, and then a cry for Garrison! The whole fury of the crowd—of all Boston there concentrated and represented—seemed in one instant to turn upon the editor of the *Liberator*. Had they all been constant readers of his paper, they could not have been more violent.

The marshal interposed in vain. A more powerful municipal officer now made his appearance—the mayor. He was a Boston merchant—a merchant prince. How well I remember his tall handsome form, his noble features, his silvery voice, and graceful elocution. I have always thought him a man of men. True, he did not read the Riot Act; he did not bring up the police—there were none to bring. The watchmen were at home asleep, and the constables were serving writs on unwilling debtors. There was no time to call out the militia, and I have a suspicion that the flower of that force was on the spot and foremost in the mischief.

The eloquence of the Mayor was of no avail. At best he only gained a little time. At every pause in his speech the cry arose louder and fiercer for Garrison. The mob would have searched the building, or torn it down, had not the mayor given his pledge, that if Garrison was in it he should be forthcoming; but he had the moment before sent the marshal to get him out by a back-way, and, if possible, secure his escape; and when Garrison had unwillingly consented to escape the threatened martyrdom, the mayor announced that he was not in the building.

There was a great howl of rage; but, a moment after, it became a yell of triumph. Garrison had been seen to go from the building into a narrow lane behind it. Pursued, he took refuge in a carpenter's shop, only to be dragged out and carried into the midst of the mob, where it seemed for a moment that he would be torn in pieces. I saw him, his hat off, his bald head shining, his scanty locks flying, his face very pale, his clothes torn and dusty, and with a rope round his neck.

"To the Common!" shouted the mob; "to the Common!" The first thought of the whole vast crowd—all maddened as one man is mad—was to drag the poor man to Boston Common—a beautiful park in front of the State House—there to hang him upon the great elm, the "Tree of Liberty," on which Quakers had been hanged in the early Puritan days, and under which Tories had been tarred and feathered before the Revolution—to hang him upon the sacred tree, or at least to give him the traditional coat of tar and feathers. So the whole mob moved toward the Common.

But to get there they had to pass by the City Hall, in which was the mayor's office, at the head of State Street. At the moment Garrison was brought opposite that point, the mayor, with a dozen or so of strong fellows to back him, dashed into the crowd, opened it like a wedge, striking right and left, gallantly seized Garrison, and carried him triumphantly into the mayor's office. The mob surged round the building with cries of rage. The mayor came out upon a balcony, looking nobler and handsomer than ever after his exploit, and told his respected fellow-citizens when they demanded Garrison that he would shed the last drop of his blood before a hair of his head should be injured; not that he cared for him or his cause—they knew well that he sympathised with neither—but for the honour of Boston and the office he held. Then two coaches drove up to the doors of the building. The crowd was divided. A cry was raised to draw the crowd on one side, while Garrison was taken out on the other, shoved into the carriage, and the coachman lashed his horses into the crowd. They grasped the wheels to turn the carriage over; but as they seized both sides at once they only lifted it from the ground. They took out knives to cut the traces. The driver knocked them down with the loaded handle of his whip. The spirited horses dashed forward, the mob opened, and

then ran yelling after the carriage. It was too fast for them. Up Court Street, down Leverett Street. Ponderous gates swung open—the carriage dashed in. The gates closed with a bang, and Garrison was safe in Leverett Street jail, where he could hear the howling of the pack of human wolves that had pursued him.

Very early next morning, to prevent another and a more dangerous riot, he was sent out of Boston to a place of concealment and safety.

This was Boston forty years ago—Boston, where Phillips has lectured and Parker preached, and which sent Charles Sumner a senator to Washington—Sumner, whose father was sheriff and governor of the very prison which was at that day the only safe place in Boston for William Lloyd Garrison.

## CHAPTER TEN

### *LOWELL*

About the year 1835 I lived in Lowell, Massachusetts, a manufacturing town some twenty-five miles north of Boston. It was the first important manufacturing town in America, and is still the largest. The falls of the Merrimack river furnish abundant water-power. There is a dam across the river above the falls, and the water from this basin is brought to the factories, machine-shops, &c., by a canal sixty feet wide. These works are owned by an incorporated company, and each of the ten manufacturing companies pays this company for its site and water-power.

At the time of my residence in Lowell, the population did not exceed ten thousand. Two-thirds of the whole were operatives, and a large proportion of these were young women, not residents, but daughters of the country farmers a hundred miles around, who had come to the factories to work a few months or years, and lay up money for their marriage-portions. Great covered waggons—such as are called vans in England—went about the country collecting the rosy maidens from villages and rural districts, and conveying them to the factories.

Among these girls were many of exceeding beauty—that delicate beauty nowhere else found in greater perfection. Many were well educated. Some of them were contributors to a monthly magazine, called the *Lowell Offering*, selections from which have been published in a small volume in England, entitled, *Mind among the Spindles*. Some of these young ladies cultivated music in their leisure hours, and had pianofortes in their private parlours, and tended their looms none the worse for it. It is

certain that while the greater part came to earn money for their own setting-out in life, many came to relieve a father from debt, to help a widowed mother and younger orphan children; and there were instances of brave girls who earned in the cotton-mill the money which supported a brother in college—the brother who afterwards became a senator, perhaps.

The Lowell of that day was a curious place. The girls all boarded in blocks of regularly built boarding-houses, owned by the manufacturing corporations, and managed by persons in their employ, under very strict rules of their making. No girl was allowed to be out after a certain hour. Up to that time the brilliantly lighted shopping streets would be full of girls; then the bells rang, they hastened home, the shops closed, and the streets were desolate. The boarding-house regulations were as strict as those of a fashionable boarding-school.

It was well worth going to some of the churches on Sunday. There were a thousand girls from fifteen to twenty-five—rarely one older—all dressed with neatness and even a degree of elegance, and, scattered about, a hundred men perhaps, who seemed quite lost and unprotected—as forlorn as one man with eleven women in an omnibus. In the dog-days, 90° in the shade, what a whirr it was, with the flutter of a thousand fans! And how the Methodist hymns rang out with a thousand soprano and contralto voices with the almost inaudible undertones of bass and tenor!

In congregational churches the girls, being in such an overwhelming majority, exercised their right to vote; and as the few men were of no account against them, they deposed disagreeable ministers, and invited those they liked better, at their own sweet wills; and as they paid their salaries, why not? They paid their money, and they took their choice; and if they preferred a young handsome, and agreeable preacher, to an old, ugly, and sour one, who shall blame them? The Methodist girls were obliged to take those who were sent them; but bishops and presiding elders had enough of the wisdom of serpents not to appoint those who would empty the seats, and drive these lambs of the flock to other and more gentle shepherds.

Not in the churches only did these self-reliant Yankee girls act for themselves. It was at their peril that the factory corporations added half an hour to their time of work, or took sixpence from their weekly wages. The girls would turn out in processions, hold

public meetings, make speeches and pass resolutions, and held the whole manufacturing interest at their mercy. Every mill was stopped; there were no other hands to be had; there was not a girl in New England would come to take their places. The managers had nothing to do but quietly knock under. The men took no part in these *émeutes*, except as sympathising spectators. And what could be done? I should like to see the magistrate who would read the Riot Act to four or five thousand Yankee girls, the police that would arrest, or the military that would charge upon them. So they had their own way in these matters, while they submitted without a murmur to the social regulations which were made for their benefit and protection.

When General Jackson visited New England during his presidency, the Lowell factory-girls, all dressed in white, with wreaths of flowers, went out to meet him. They walked out two and two, under their own marshals—the tallest and loveliest girls from the white hills of New Hampshire, the green mountains of Vermont, and the lovely valleys of Massachusetts—with bands of music and songs of welcome for the old chieftain. When they met him, their leader made their patriotic address. The gallant old man thanked her, and kissed her for all the rest; and then, with his head bare to the mountain breezes, the sun shining on his silvery hair, the old veteran was driven between the two long files of white-robed girls all the way to the City of Spindles, whose mills were closed for a great holiday.

The population of Lowell, aside from the factory-operatives, was small. There were the families of the agents, engineers, clerks; tradesmen, professional men, editors of newspapers; and the mechanics and labourers of a fast-growing city. After a lapse of nearly forty years, there is but one family that I can vividly remember. It was that of a retired Methodist preacher, who lived in a pretty white cottage on the banks of a small river, in what was then a suburb of the town, with a family of four children—two sons and two daughters, of fifteen to twenty-five. The young ladies were two of the most beautiful, intellectual, and amiable girls I ever knew. The young men were handsome, energetic, enterprising, and intelligent. The fortunes of these four young people were those of thousands of Americans, and curiously illustrate the character of the country.

The eldest son studied law, removed to New Orleans, married

a lady who owned large plantations on the Red River, became a member of the United States Congress, and in 1861 was a leading statesman of the Confederacy. The second son became an engineer, invented machinery and firearms, and the last I heard of him, he was at Washington, a strong Union man, contracting to supply an improved rifle, to shoot his rebel relations. The two girls—who went to visit their elder brother in Louisiana—both married rich planters there. Just as the war broke out in 1861, and before the mails were stopped, I received a letter from the elder sister. I knew her handwriting, though she signed a strange Creole name, and I had not seen or heard directly from her for twenty-five years; and now, just as the horrible war was beginning, she wrote to me with the fervour of the sweet friendship of our early days.

She had been married, and was a widow. Her eldest son had just gone to college. The country all round her was flying to arms. There was but one feeling with men and women, old and young—the determination to repel invasion and be independent of the hated North. I could form no idea, she said, of the unanimity or intensity of this feeling. As she wrote, a steamer was passing down the Red River to the Mississippi with a regiment *en route* for the seat of war—one of those Southern regiments, not made up of foreigners, mercenaries, or outcasts, but in which fathers, sons, and brothers were banded to fight and die for country and home. On the steamer were twenty-five women—mothers, wives, and sisters of the regiment—at work, with seven sewing-machines to help them, making up uniforms on the passage, that those they loved might lose no time in meeting the invader. “Can such people as these,” she asked, “ever be conquered”?

She lived to see the capital of her own adopted State burned and plundered; to see New Orleans under the rule of Gen. Butler, a lawyer from this very town of Lowell, where she formerly resided; to see the southern portion of Louisiana ravaged by Gen. Banks, formerly a Massachusetts shoemaker. Perhaps her own plantation was plundered, her servants scattered, her dwelling given to the flames; and she had the bitterness of knowing that one of her brothers was a Northern partizan, supplying, perhaps, the very arms that might slay her dearest friends. There were thousands of such cases. Northern men, married to Southern

wives, Northern women married to Southern husbands, were spread over the whole South. I have never heard of a case in which they were not true to their adopted land.

There is another feature of the case I have described above. This lady, when we were friends in her Northern home, was an ardent Abolitionist. Noble, pure-minded, and earnestly religious, she became, notwithstanding, mistress and owner of many slaves, and her conscience then revolted as urgently against the cruelty of turning them out to take care of themselves, as it once would have done against holding a fellow creature in bondage. It was a common thing, however, for abolitionists to lose their feeling against slavery when they came in contact with it, and for Northern emigrants to the South to become the most ardent Southerners.

Lowell has greatly changed. The population has increased to over forty thousand. It is so largely Irish that there are four Roman Catholic churches. There is now a resident population of operatives, who must be quite a different class from the rosy country girls who used to come in their white sun-bonnets packed into those long waggons. Many other large manufacturing towns have grown up, fostered by high protective tariffs, that give a virtual monopoly of many kinds of fabrics, and which enabled the American mill-owners to buy cotton at Liverpool, while half a million of operatives in Lancashire were reduced to pauperism for the want of it.

Lowell has now ten manufacturing corporations, having an aggregate capital of about \$15,000,000, 12,234 looms, 400,000 spindles, 12,500 operatives, and makes two and a half million yards of fabrics a-week. There are twenty churches, an abundance of schools, and four or five newspapers.

I must say a word of this beautiful Merrimack river. The name is Indian, and was also given to the United States steam-frigate, converted by the Confederates into an iron-clad, which did such terrible execution in Hampton Roads, Virginia. The Merrimack is formed by the union of two roaring mountain streams, at the southern base of the White Mountains in New Hampshire; then it runs, with a clear swift current, through beautiful valleys, down a series of rapids to the Atlantic Ocean, running south some eighty miles to Lowell, and then east thirty-five miles, and at its debouchment making a harbour for the pretty town of

Newburyport. Besides hundreds of mills and factories, the Merrimack supplies water-power to four large towns, Nashua and Manchester in New Hampshire, and Lowell and Lawrence, doing the work of more steam-engines, or horses, or men than I have time to calculate, or the reader would be likely to remember.

## CHAPTER ELEVEN

### *BUFFALO*

I went to the little frontier city of Buffalo, in Western New York, at the outlet of Lake Erie into the Niagara river, about twenty miles south of the great cataract, in 1837. Railways had not at that time stretched across the Empire State. There were two modes of reaching Buffalo—the mail-coaches and the canal-packets. I chose the latter mode as the cheaper and pleasanter.

The canal-packet is out of date, and would be considered very slow in these days; but it was not a bad way of getting through the world to one who had his whole life before him, who was fond of beautiful scenery, and was in no hurry. Our sharp, narrow, gaily painted boat was drawn by three fine horses, each ridden by a smart boy, and we glided along at the regular pace of five miles an hour. A greater speed washed away the embankments, and was not permitted. But when opposition boats were running they sometimes doubled this pace, and the boats would run on the swell wave they had first created, as fast as the horses could gallop.

We wound through a varied, fertile, and beautiful country, through romantic valleys, and by the side of silvery streams. In level countries canals are straight and uninteresting; but a canal which must keep its level in a broken country winds around the hills, crosses the streams, and becomes very picturesque. We passed through great farms and pretty villages, all bright with new, white cottages and green blinds, gardens, and shrubberies.

All rose early, and after ablutions in the wash-room, which

was not very large, went on deck for fresh air and a promenade. Our luggage was ranged along the centre, but there was a space to walk on each side. If inclined to take a run, the steersman would lay up to the tow-path, and with a spring on shore we trotted after the horses.

The breakfast was announced by a very noisy hand-bell, rung as obstreperously by the demonstrative negro steward as if his boarders were a mile away. The long narrow table through the centre of the cabin is covered with Yankee luxuries—hot Indian-corn bread, milk-toast, hot rolls, beefsteaks, veal cutlets, fricasseed chickens, fried potatoes, ham and eggs, apple sauce, and all the rest, washed down with many cups of hot coffee. The “captain” sits at the head of the table, and his lady passengers are to the right and the left of him, whom he converses with affably, and helps politely to the dainties around him. This captain of a canal boat, be it observed, is a character. He dresses a little too much for a gentleman, perhaps. His diamonds are too large, and his waistcoats of too loud a pattern. But, as he rises in the world, commands a steamboat, keeps an hotel, and then goes to Congress, or runs for Governor, he will tone down to the proper standard; and, if he gets rich enough, may become in his old age as shabby as a millionaire.

After breakfast a turn on deck, while the waiters and boat hands breakfast and the tables are cleared. We walk, or sit on the trunks, talk politics or business, get up a flirtation at short notice with a pretty girl going to Wisconsin, having and needing no protector, or read, or look upon the ever-changing scenery through which we are so noiselessly gliding. In either case we are liable to interruptions. Every farmer-proprietor who owns land on both sides of the canal has a right to a bridge across it. These bridges, for the sake of economy, were built just high enough to let the boats pass under them with two feet or perhaps only eighteen inches to spare. The luggage is ranged on the deck so as just to clear the beams of the lowest bridges. So, as we glide along, in the midst of an animated discussion, or a delightful chat, or an absorbing passage in the last novel, when the pursuing post-chaise is just about to overtake the trembling runaways for Gretna Green, the steersman shouts, with startling emphasis, “Bridge!” Down we all go upon our marrow-bones, crouching low, until the boat shoots out again into the daylight, and we

gallantly assist the ladies to their feet and resume our occupations. In ten minutes more there comes another cry sharper and sterner from the watchful steersman, but for whose care we might all be crushed to jelly on our portmanteaus. This time the cry is, "*Low bridge?*" and this time it is not enough to kneel and crouch, but down we go flat and sprawling on the deck. The danger past, we scramble up again, laughing at our ridiculous positions, and getting better acquainted with every bridge we pass under. Luckily the "raging canal" does not make us sea-sick, and our ups and downs give us good appetites for our dinner.

The dinner is plentiful and good. Roast turkey, chickens, beef, ham, vegetables, pies, and puddings make an ample meal; but we wonder how it was ever cooked in the little closet aft, devoted to culinary operations. The dinner is a mid-day meal, not later than one o'clock. The Americans have kept to the fashions which prevailed in England when their forefathers emigrated. Only of late years, in the larger towns, and among the more fashionable classes, have people dined as late as five or six o'clock.

On the packet-boat we had a substantial tea at six o'clock, and then watched a glorious sunset falling into twilight. In those deep blue skies the bright mirrors of the Western lakes make such gorgeous sunsets as I have never seen elsewhere. I wish that Turner could have seen them. He alone of painters could have done them some faint justice on his canvas with such poor colours as our earthly minerals give, and such dim light as they are able to reflect.

When it was dark we found the long cabin lighted. Some read, some play at cards; gaming was not out of fashion then, and the steward knew the secret of mint-juleps. We glide on with soft washing and gurgling sounds. At ten o'clock a heavy curtain is drawn across the cabin, separating the ladies' portion from the rest; berths are put up along the sides of the cabin, the lights are diminished, and the wash and gurgle lull us to sleep.

True, it takes us twenty hours to go a hundred miles. We are three days from Albany to Buffalo; but what a nice journey it was! We never forget it. A thousand landscapes fill the gallery of our memory. We have passed over dizzy viaducts, and through miles of deep-cut ravines; we have ascended steep hills through

a succession of locks. At Lockport we are gently lifted up the very precipice over which Niagara pours fifty miles away, and are even with Lake Erie, whose waters have floated us up, up, up to their own level.

And so gliding along the Tonewanda Creek, and by the great rushing Niagara river, which seemed hurrying down to the foaming rapids and the tremendous fall below, we floated into Buffalo.

It was a curious, interesting, and piquant town, this Buffalo. Why they called it so I never knew. The American bison, commonly called the buffalo, vast herds of which once covered the western prairies, could scarcely have been known so far east as the Niagara river, in a country covered with dense forests.

At the period of the war of 1812, Buffalo was a little frontier village of lake-sailors, trappers, whisky-sellers to the Indians, smugglers, and outlaws. Opposite, on the British side of the Niagara river, was Fort Erie. Lower down, on the heights near the falls, was some of the hardest fighting in the war, at Chippewa and Lundy's Lane, and Queenstown Heights. Fort Erie was taken by assault, by the Americans, and then abandoned. A Canadian village was burnt by the invaders, and in retaliation Buffalo was laid in ashes; only three houses escaped the flames. Indian allies on both sides added to the horrors of a merciless frontier warfare.

But Buffalo was too good a site for a town not to be built up again. It was the eastern harbour for twelve hundred miles of lake-navigation, and when the Erie canal connected the lakes with the ocean it grew with great rapidity. Steamboats covered the lakes, and canal-boats thronged Governor Clinton's big ditch. The vast emigration to the north-west flowed through Buffalo, and it was not long before the harvests of the rich prairie-lands also poured down, a steady and ever-increasing torrent.

When I arrived in Buffalo, in the autumn of 1837, there was a population of from fifteen to twenty thousand inhabitants. There were broad streets, handsome squares, fine buildings, a nice theatre, spacious hotels, and a harbour full of steamboats. Each boat had its band of music playing on deck to attract the passengers as they came in on the mail-coaches or canal-boats. The bells rang, the music played, the steam roared from the escape-pipes, the runners or touters lied and swore, praised up their boats to the seventh heaven of speed and safety, and run

down the others as being at once too slow ever to get to their destinations, and sure to burst their boilers.

When this contest of noise, music, and lying had gone on all day, the boats would bank their fires and lie over until the next, and so on until they had a full complement of freight and passengers. The passengers were not troubled about their detention ; they were "found" from the hour they came on board ; and the longer they were on board before starting or on the way, the more certainly they got the worth of their money.

Lake Erie is some two hundred and fifty miles long, by sixty miles wide in the widest place, diminishing toward either end like a French roll or a weaver's shuttle. It is generally less than a hundred feet in depth. Its northern shore is the southern boundary of Canada West, a great and fertile province not sufficiently appreciated in England ; on its southerly shore are a part of New York, a few miles of Pennsylvania, and the great State of Ohio ; at the western extremity lies Michigan. Its waters are sweet and pure; there is just limestone enough in solution to give them a deep, rich tinge of blue. Lake Huron, above, occupying a region of granite or metamorphic rocks, is clear as crystal. The blue of Lake Erie becomes vivid as a dye of ultramarine, when it has passed over Niagara, and is seen in the foam of the rapids below.

The Buffalonians tell a good story of English red-tape routine connected with these waters. They say that when the materials were sent out for the fleets which were to defend these inland seas—two of which fleets were beaten—the Admiralty sent out a full supply of water-casks, when a bucket over the side would have answered every purpose. There is another story of a boat's crew of old salts who returned to their ship, after a long pull under a burning sun, almost perishing with thirst, because they had never thought of tasting of the cool, pure water which their oars were every moment flashing into the sunshine.

There is no inland town like Buffalo for cool summer breezes. It lies at the lower point of the lake, which opens out like the nose of a bellows; and as the western winds are the prevailing ones, they are cooled by the water, and sweep up through the streets of the town with an indescribably invigorating freshness. The sea-breezes in the narrows at Staten Island, or on the battery at New York, are scarcely more delightful.

Buffalo in summer was a lively as well as a cool and lovely place. We had a clever little company at the theatre, with all the stars that came from Europe and made the grand American tour. We had delightful quadrille parties, with ice-creams and champagne in a pretty public garden, our Vauxhall or Cremorne. And then we had steamboat excursions. Every new steamboat that came out, larger, faster, and more magnificent than its predecessors, gave a grand excursion. Sometimes we went fifty miles up the lake and back. If the weather was too rough on the open lake for dancing, we went twenty miles down the Niagara, making the circuit of Grand Island, and boldly steaming across the river, on the very edge of the rapids, where one minute's stoppage of the engine would have sent boat and passengers over the great cataract. The boats had their ground-tackle, but before an anchor could have been cast off, she would have been in the rapids, where, as I imagine, the limestone stratum is like polished marble, and no anchor would hold for an instant. But our steamboat men, in those days, were as reckless of life as military commanders and politicians have shown themselves in more recent periods.

The broad upper decks of our steamers afforded ample space for dancing on these excursions, and everybody danced. There are good bands of music everywhere. Sometimes our excursions were longer, and we danced from Buffalo to Mackinaw, Milwaukee, Chicago, and then home again, landing with our band at every pretty city on the lakes for an afternoon promenade or a moonlight serenade. These were gay old times.

The captains, pilots, engineers, clerks, and runners of these steamboats were characters—generous, impulsive, reckless, extravagant, they formed a very curious society. The captains and clerks, in constant intercourse with all kinds of people, were polished by the contact. They sat at the head of the table; they made themselves agreeable to the ladies: they were bound to support the credit of the boat. A spare state-room and a bottle of wine were always ready for a friend. They danced, sang, flirted, raced—their steamboats I mean; and it is hard to tell what they did not do. The pilots, like those on the Mississippi, were men of responsibility. It was their business to control engines and rudder—to navigate the boat, in fact. The engineers had better salaries than the governors of some of the

States; and I should like to see the man who would dare to offer one of them a gratuity or gratification. There is no need to put up notices in America forbidding the servants of the company to receive gratuities, or requesting travellers not to offer them. An American employé is too proud to accept a gift. He will drink with you, but only on equal terms, and with the understanding that you will drink with him in return.

And they were brave fellows. I remember the runner or agent of a boat, who in a terrific gale, when she was working off a lee-shore, sat on the safety-valve of the straining boiler to increase the pressure of steam. And I remember a pilot, too, when his boat was on fire, who stuck to his wheel when the flames were raging round him, and ran the boat on shore to save the lives of the passengers, while he was burnt to death in the wheel-house. He was not a saint, perhaps, but he was a hero and a martyr.\*

Lake Erie generally freezes over in winter. I have known it to close up early in December, and present only a vast plain of ice until the 1st of May. This, however, is longer than usual, and there are winters when there is scarcely ice enough to hinder navigation. In summer the weather is delightful, but there are occasional storms worthy of old Ocean, and the waves rise quicker and higher in fresh water than in salt.

There are south-westerly autumnal gales that sweep the lake from end to end, with the force of a tornado. In these gales,

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\* Not a solitary case. Since the above was written, Colonel Hay has celebrated a similar act of heroism on the Mississippi, when Jim Bludso run ashore the burning *Prairie Belle*:-

"The fire bust out as she clared the bar,  
And burnt a hole in the night,  
And quick as a flash she turned, and made  
For that willer bank on the right.  
There was runnin' and cussin', but Jim yelled out  
Over all the infernal roar,  
'Tll hold her nozzle agin the bank  
Till the last galoot's ashore.'

"Through the hot black breath of the burnin' boat  
Jim Bludso's voice was heard,  
And they all had trust in his cussedness,  
And knowed he would keep his word.  
And, sure's you're born, they all got off  
Afore the smokestacks fell,—  
And Bludso's ghost went up alone  
In the smoke of the *Prairie Belle*."

which last two or three days, the whole body of the lake seems swept before the tempest, and the water rises several feet in the harbour of Buffalo, and falls as much in that of Maumee or Toledo at the other extremity. The vessels at Buffalo are carried into the streets; at Toledo they lie in the mud, in the bed of the river.

Well I remember such a storm. William H. Seward, then a rising lawyer of Western New York, had been elected governor of the State. It was the first triumph in that State of the party which has since made him senator, and but for Mr. Greeley, of the *Tribune*, would have made him President. As this political triumph had been won by a great exertion of the right of suffrage, and a great expense in giving this right a proper direction, it was celebrated with remarkable enthusiasm. On an appointed day, over the whole State, cannon thundered, speeches were made, and at night a hundred towns were illuminated. "Bill Seward" was elected governor of New York.

No city of the Empire State celebrated the great event with more enthusiasm than Buffalo. The broad streets were in a blaze of light. But all day an autumnal gale had been blowing on the lake. As far as the eye could see there were huge foam-crested waves, that broke upon the beach with a noise like thunder, and dashed in great masses of foam upon the lighthouse-pier that protected a portion of the harbour. On the low sandy shore between the harbour and lake, was a small village inhabited by fishermen, sailors, and the poorer class of labouring people.

All day the storm had increased, blowing steadily down the lake. The steamers up for Detroit and Chicago dared not leave. Those which came down were in great peril. Schooner after schooner came driving down before the gale under bare poles or a bit of storm staysail. The most of them rounded the lighthouse, went over upon their beam-ends, righted again and were safe in harbour. Some failed to answer their helms, and were dashed on shore. The more prudent ran down the Niagara river, and found safe harbour there.

As the night fell, and the city burst into light, the gale increased. I could scarcely walk in the streets. The water rose rapidly; it flowed up into the lower part of the town. The water still rose and the gale increased, until the waves made a clean breach across the low land outside the harbour. The village was

in danger. The people shrieked for help; it was too late; the steamers were powerless, boats were swept away as in the torrent of Niagara.

And now, while the lights of the joyous illumination were still burning, throwing a strange glare upon the scene, we helpless spectators heard the crash of the houses over the creek, and the wild shrieks of their drowning inhabitants. Some came safely over on the wreck of their houses; some were rescued by the sailors and firemen; others were crushed by the falling buildings, or jammed between vessels and wrecks, or thrown drowned upon the shore. The horrors of a shipwreck were mingled with the rejoicings of a festive city. At last the cries for rescue ceased. All were saved or lost. Men slowly gathered the dead as they were washed on shore, and carried them to a hall of the market-house, where they were laid out in long rows of almost naked corpses, waiting for recognition.

In the first light of the morning I went down to the harbour. The storm was over,—the inundation had subsided. Large vessels were high and dry in the streets, and the shore was strewed with wreck and ruin. The harbour was covered with the timbers, roofs, and broken furniture of the destroyed village, and the bodies of pigs, poultry, and other domestic animals. People were anxiously searching for the bodies of their friends; and I have seldom seen a sadder sight than was presented by an old man, chilled, almost senseless with exposure and grief, feebly poking in the floating ruins for the bodies of his two children.

During my first summer at Buffalo, I saw, every afternoon, riding up main-street on a fine iron-grey saddle-horse, a tall, dark, handsome young man, whose appearance excited my curiosity.

“Who is he?” I asked of one of my friends.

“Who? That? Why, that is Ned Christy.”

“And who, pray, is Ned Christy?” said I.

“If you will go with me this evening, I will show you,” said he.

In the evening we walked down across the canal into the Wapping of Buffalo, which had given me and my fellow-passengers so cordial a welcome on the arrival of the packet-boat. The houses were much alike in their appearance. There was a bar-room in front and a dancing-room in the rear; with steam-boat men, sailors, canallers, not to say *canaille*, mingled with some of the wilder young clerks from the forwarding houses and

"stores." The ladies, who dressed low and rouged high, drank and danced with equal *abandon*. And there, conspicuous by his Apollo-like beauty of form and feature, was the horseman of Main-street, playing the tambourine with the band, attending to the guests, and keeping such order as a disorderly house demanded. There was a buxom lady, said to be his wife, with several children in a private parlour. This handsome and accomplished young outlaw not long afterwards organised the first make-believe negro band of singers and musicians as Christy's Minstrels. He bravely gave his first public entertainments in Buffalo, where every one knew him and his antecedents. A few months afterwards his minstrels were all the rage in New York, where they attracted overflowing houses for years, and made a handsome fortune for Ned Christy. He "lived like a prince," it was said, with the woman who had befriended him, and whose children he carefully educated; and I was sorry to hear, some years ago, that he had become insane, with that strange insanity of men who have risen from poverty to wealth—the insane terror of coming to want.

But the most notable person in Buffalo in those days was the man who had done more than any other to build up the place and lay the foundations of its prosperity. His first achievement made him a model American—a man that could keep an hotel. This is the standard of executive ability. A man who can keep an hotel can do anything. No other qualification is needed for the highest office or the most important trust.

Rathbun's Hotel at Buffalo was for years quoted by all American travellers as the *ne plus ultra* of hostellries. Clean, orderly, elegant, with the best table and the most perfect attendance, it was a miracle of administrative skill. Mr. Rathbun was a quiet, gentlemanly man, seldom seen or heard by his guests, but seeing and ordering everything about him.

This was in the ante-railway period, and the mail-coach service in Western New York was not organised to suit him. He took it in hand, and soon had coaches by the score and horses by the hundred. The growing town needed a master hand to give it shape, and he became engineer and contractor on an immense scale. He bought land, built streets and squares, and carried out public improvements with Napoleonic or Hausemanic energy. His brother and two nephews were engaged in the finan-

cial department, carrying on two or three banks, and raising loans in New York. His paper to the amount of millions of dollars was readily discounted, as, besides his own name, it bore the endorsements of Buffalo capitalists who had been benefited by his operations. The notes were often renewed; and a clever young clerk, who was an adept in imitating signatures, began to endorse the notes himself simply to save himself trouble of running round to get the signatures of a dozen endorsers. By some means it became known. Rathbun went to the endorsers, told them what had been done, placed in their hands an assignment of his property to the amount of some millions of dollars, to secure them against loss, and went to work to take up the forged paper.

He was treacherously arrested, on the complaint of the men who had promised him their aid. The temptation of the immense estate he had assigned to them was too strong for them to resist. He was committed to jail. On two trials the juries could not agree upon a verdict. After two years, and on the third trial, held in a distant county, he was, not without strong suspicion of bribery and corruption, convicted and sentenced to five years' penal servitude. His brother and the two clerks were safe in Texas. The late Wm. H. Seward happened to be present at his conviction, and also happened, chiefly through the influence of the assignees of Rathbun, to be made governor of New York, in which capacity he refused to pardon the criminal, though his pardon was solicited by thousands of the most respectable people in the state. His creditors were defrauded, and the estate divided among the men who sent him to prison. It is a curious fact that the attorney of the assignees became vice-president, and afterwards, by the death of General Taylor, president of the United States.

Buffalo in the summer time was a very lively place, but what shall I say of Buffalo in the winter? Only that the whole army of industry went into winter quarters. The roads in winter were almost impassable for mud, and the sleighing not to be depended upon. The canal was closed, the lake frozen over, the ice forming two feet in thickness around the ships and steamers in the harbour. There was nothing for the steamboat men and cannallers, and the mercantile interests generally, to do, but to have a good time, spend their money, and wait for the opening

of navigation, which might be early in March or late in May, according to the season.

The winter of 1837 brought with it an unusual and welcome excitement—the outbreak of the Canadian Rebellion. Mackenzie, defeated in his insurrection at Toronto, came to Buffalo, and the whole frontier was aroused to sympathy with the Patriots, who had at last thrown off the galling yoke of British tyranny. Public meetings of sympathy were held in Buffalo and all the frontier towns. Money was subscribed, supplies were furnished, and Mackenzie issued the stock of a provisional government. Van Rensselaer, grandson of the American general defeated by General Brock at Queenstown, offered his services to Mackenzie and was appointed commander-in-chief of the Patriot forces, which were, however, still upon the soil of New York, and consisted almost entirely of Americans. I doubt if there were fifty Canadians among them.

As the forces increased, it became necessary that they should take up a position on British ground. This was done by taking possession of a small, uninhabited, densely wooded island in the Niagara river, just above the cataract, which happened to lie west of the deepest channel which divides the two countries. Here Mackenzie raised the flag of the Provisional Patriot Government, and here General Van Rensselaer established his headquarters, in one of the two abandoned log-huts on the island. Hither flocked the recruits to the Patriot army; the restless and excitable winter idlers of Buffalo and other towns of the frontier. One captain of the New York State Militia in Rochester marched with his whole company, with the arms of the State of New York in their hands, and entered the patriot service. Cannon and ammunition were boldly taken from the arsenals; and an American, educated at the Westpoint Military Academy, planned the construction of the defences of the island. His reason for doing so was that a large force was gathering on the Canadian shore, intending to dislodge them, and he wished to give "the boys" some chance to defend themselves and make a decent fight of it.

Navy Island was, in fact, a perilous place either to attack or hold. The river all around it was deep and rapid: a disabled vessel or boat was sure to go over the Falls, and carry all on board to destruction. Colonel M'Nab, an energetic Scottish Canadian, aided by several half-pay British military and naval officers,

planted batteries along the river-bank, opposite Navy Island. The Buffalo steamboat-men cut a small steamer, the *Caroline*, out of the ice at Buffalo, and ran down the open river to a landing on the American shore opposite Navy Island, where she plied as a ferry-boat, carrying men and supplies to the island. A British naval officer crossed the river with three armed boats one night, captured the steamer, towed her out into the stream, set her on fire, and sent her blazing down the rapids and over the great cataract. There was no lack of provocation, but it was an invasion of American soil by an armed British force, acting under authority, and the whole frontier was aroused to a state of the highest excitement. The militia of the surrounding country poured into Buffalo. General Scott, commander-in-chief of the American army, was sent from Washington to preserve the neutrality of the frontier and protect it from invasion. Everybody believed, and almost everybody hoped, there would be immediate war with England, when the frontier States would have sent two or three hundred thousand men—as many, at all events, as were necessary—into Canada, and settled the question of its future relations. The outrage on the *Caroline* stirred the anti-British feeling to its depths.

It happened, however, that the Government at Washington was not controlled by Northern feeling. Mr. Van Buren was President—the successor of General Jackson. The leading statesmen of his cabinet were Southerners. It was not for the interest of the South to have a war with England, and it never has been; for two reasons, the one political, the other commercial. The acquisition of Canada would increase the growing preponderance of the North, and England was the largest purchaser of their cotton and tobacco. Mr. Van Buren acted with energy in preserving the neutrality of the frontier. General Scott prudently cut off the supplies of the Patriots; and while shot and shell and Congreve rockets rained upon Navy Island from the Canadian batteries, the rebels found it impracticable to get a sufficient supply of pork and beans from the American shore. They had no means of crossing the river, and a superior force confronted them on its banks. Worse than all, the Canadians themselves, so far as the Upper Province was concerned, took no part in the rebellion, but were gathered in large numbers to put it down.

Under these circumstances the Patriot army on Navy Island

evacuated that position, crossed over to Grand Island, where they formally surrendered to General Scott, laid down their arms, and went about their business.

The first resort of Americans, in any emergency, is to secret societies. While the Government at Washington was doing its utmost to pacify the frontier and keep a decent neutrality, the people were forming "Hunter's lodges," the members of which were sworn to secrecy, and took an oath to aid in the spread of Republican institutions everywhere, and especially over the American continent. These lodges were formed in all the frontier States, from Maine to Wisconsin, and were estimated to have not less than eighty thousand members.

The more serious rebellion in Lower Canada was suppressed by force, and as it seemed to me, with barbarous and needless cruelties. The simple-hearted French Canadians had their villages burnt in the depth of winter, and were driven into the forest to perish, or find refuge in the neighbouring States.

If Mr. Van Buren put down the rebellion, or rather the war of the frontier States on Canada, he was in turn defeated by those ardent patriots, who, in 1840, voted for General Harrison, whose only claim to the office of President was that he had fought against the British in the war of 1812.

## CHAPTER TWELVE

### *AN EXCURSION ON THE LAKES*

My first steamboat excursion round the great American lakes which lie between the United States and Canada, and which are amicably, though not equally shared between them—Lake Michigan lying entirely within the great Republic—was in the summer of 1839. A new and beautiful steamboat, the *Erie*, Captain Titus, made her first trip, and I was invited to join the party. A very nice party it was. We had a band of music, and danced every pleasant afternoon and moonlit evening. Every day was a festival. We chatted, played, sang, ate excellent dinners, drank the captain's wines, enjoyed beautiful scenery, visited all the flourishing cities springing up around the lakes, were entertained with a profuse and hearty hospitality everywhere, and had, as Americans say, "a good time generally."

Leaving Buffalo, we touched at Erie, Pennsylvania, stopped a few hours at Cleveland, then a pretty village of five thousand, now a city of a hundred thousand inhabitants. We ran into the picturesque bay of Sandusky, passed the scene of Perry's victory over the British flotilla on Lake Erie, and steamed along the low, densely wooded banks of the Detroit river to the old French city of Detroit, in Michigan. It is a curious fact that in the war of 1812 the Americans were generally beaten by the British on land, while they won numerous victories on the lakes and ocean. It was alleged by English writers in excuse that the American ships of war were more than half manned by English

sailors. This was true, and no particular credit to England or Englishmen; but, as William Cobbett asked at the time, how account for the American ships, with half English crews, beating the English ships with all English crews? Probably the English sailors fighting against their country were better paid than those who were fighting for it. Possibly volunteers fought better than the victims of the press-gangs. The ugly consequences that might have ensued had the American ships been beaten, may have stimulated these unpatriotic Britons to extraordinary exertions. Finally, size of ships and guns may have had something to do with it.

When we left Detroit, we steamed northward through Lake St. Clair into the wild region of Lake Huron. One can imagine what that great inland sea will be a century hence, when a hundred cities will gem its shores or crown its islands, covered now with shaggy firs, pines, and hemlocks, the picturesque evergreens of that northern clime.

The change from Lake Erie to Lake Huron is very striking. The waters of Erie are "deeply, darkly, beautifully blue;" those of Huron are clear as crystal and black as darkness in their depths. In a calm day I have dropped pieces of white earthenware or shells from the steamer, and seen them sink a hundred feet. This perfect transparency of the water is very beautiful at Mackinaw. As I stood on the shore, the keel of the steamer, laying off at anchor, was almost as distinctly seen as her gunwale; so was the cable which held her, and the anchor hooking into the sand. I could even see the large fish swimming about beneath her. The steamer, and the canoes of the Indians who were fishing for the Mackinaw trout and white fish, seemed to be floating in the air.

Mackinaw was a French trading post and missionary-station, established more than two hundred years ago. When I was there the beach was covered with the smoking wigwams and bark canoes of the Indians, who had come down from their wild hunting grounds to receive their Government annuities of powder, lead, and blankets, and to buy also and drink "too much whisky." Soft, smiling squaws came round us to sell strings of wampum and beaded moccasins. Their voices were low and musical, and their language full of open vowels.

We ran down to Green Bay, Wisconsin, then a small military post, with Indian traders and a large gathering of Indians.

There were some tall, stately, dignified warriors, in their paint and feathers—splendid savages, not quite spoiled by the pale faces and their fire-water—warriors not unworthy of the romances of Cooper or the poems of Campbell. There were also two or three chiefs' daughters, who, with the slight additions of pearl-powder and millinery, would not have done discredit, with their stately forms and aquiline noses, to the drawing-rooms of Belgravia: not that I know much about these, but I have caught glimpses here and there of those I imagine may be their occupants.

The repose of the savage differs very little from the *nonchalance* and *nil admirari* of fashionable life; and a young Indian dandy I saw at Green Bay, in the brightest of paint, his face streaked red and blue, and the daintiest of leggings, flashing with beads and wampum, his head a glory of feathers and tinsel, had manners that would have done honour to the front stalls at the Opera.

We went ashore at Milwaukie. There was no harbour, but a small steamer came off and took us and what freight we had on shore. There was a small wooden store-house on the creek, and five or six cottages on the bluff. That was Milwaukie in 1839. Just twenty years afterwards I found on the same spot an excellent harbour, miles of warehouses, a city of forty-five thousand inhabitants—one of the most beautiful towns in the western hemisphere. In 1870, the population was 71,000.

When I first landed, a sallow Indian trader, named Juneau, came off in his little steamer to welcome us. Twenty years had passed; Juneau was in his grave in the cemetery of the cathedral, in the centre of the city; but I read his name on streets, squares, and banks. The past decades seemed but a day, and the city to have risen around me by magic while I had slept.

I was invited—at my last visit, I mean—to a fashionable party, given by one of the early settlers, who had grown rich by having bought a few acres of land when it cost a few shillings, and kept it until worth many thousands of pounds an acre. Where the war-dance had been the fashion a few years before we danced cotillons, polkas, and schottisches, which are certainly more graceful and more agreeable. No scalps: but a few wigs; and no war paint, unless it were such as gives to beauty its heightened flush or its “dim alabaster gleam.”

I went down late to a supper of oysters, salads, ices, and champagne, and found the master of the house at the head of a table well strewn with empty bottles, with some of his old Indian trading friends around him, making them a speech in Indian, and they cheering in the Indian fashion with a succession of whoops not so dissimilar as one might suppose to the "hears" and "cheers" of the House of Commons.

Chicago, the extreme point of our voyage, was in 1839 a town of perhaps five thousand inhabitants. Twenty years later, it was a splendid city of more than a hundred thousand inhabitants, the great entrepot of the garden of the West—that garden whose surplus produce in a few years will be sufficient to feed all Europe. Twenty years had made Chicago a noble city—the mart of a magnificent commerce. The shores of the lake that I had seen so solitary were lined with palaces. The prairie, spreading off towards the south-west, the first I had ever seen, was covered with broad streets and stately edifices; railways stretched away south, west, and north, hundreds of miles. A great fire has, since, made the wonderful city a heap of ashes; but it has been rebuilt, and has now nearly half a million of inhabitants.

## CHAPTER THIRTEEN

### *CINCINNATI*

My first visit to Cincinnati, the chief city of Ohio, was in 1845, when it was a thriving town of some fifty thousand inhabitants. It seemed to me a city of working men. Its capitalists were master mechanics who had grown rich, but had not had time to put on their Sunday clothes or study manners. I do not wonder at the scandalization of poor Mrs. Trollope, who took up her residence in this infant metropolis of the great West, a self-appointed missionary of civilisation. She came home to England in despair, and wrote her *Domestic Manners of the Americans*: doing at once for the whole American people what she had vainly tried through discouraging years, trials, and losses, to do for Cincinnati alone. We were dreadfully angry at Mrs. Trollope, but we read her book all the same, or all the more, and profited in no small degree by its lessons. Many a time when some one in the boxes of the theatre has thoughtlessly turned his back upon the pit, or placed his boots upon the cushioned front, have I heard the warning and reproving cry go up of "Trollope! Trollope!" until the offender was brought to a sense of the enormity of his transgression. I fear that Americans will never be as thankful as they ought to their amusing monitress.

At the Broadway Hotel, at that day the best in the place, it was very warm, and I think half the male guests, many of them regular boarders—solid business men of Cincinnati—took off their coats and dined comfortably in their shirt-sleeves.

When I visited Cincinnati again, it had expanded to a city of one hundred and sixty thousand inhabitants—a solid, handsome place, full of wealth and industry; now it has two hundred and thirty thousand. The bold, grand hills around are covered with villas, gardens, and vineyards. The city has thrown itself across the Ohio, and spread out on the Kentucky shore. Many railways centre there, and a hundred steamboats along the river bank ply upon the Mississippi and its branches, navigable twenty thousand miles.

It is one of the most industrious places in the world. No trouble there about the nobility of labour. I never saw a place where there were so few idlers. There are great iron foundries and machine shops, immense manufactories of furniture and agricultural implements, waggons and carriages, stoves and tinned ware—of almost everything, in fact, required in the vast expanse of new country around and beyond. But the great speciality of Cincinnati is pork. Kentucky, Ohio, and Indiana send hogs to Cincinnati by the hundred thousand. There they are killed, salted, and converted into bacon, hams, sausages, lard, lard-oil, candles, brushes, Prussian blue, &c.

The next great staple is whisky. It is a country where corn grows in the greatest abundance. You pass through corn-fields miles in extent. In these rich bottom lands upon the rivers crops of corn have been raised for fifty, and in some places for a hundred successive years, without an ounce of manure or a sign of exhaustion. The stalks grow from fifteen to twenty feet high. I have seen corn-fields in which a tall man could not reach the ears, which grow below the middle of the stalk, without a step-ladder. So rich are some of the bottom lands on the Miami that vast quantities of barn-yard manure have been “dumped” into the rivers to get rid of it, just as in England sewage is sent into the sea.

What to do with this enormous quantity of corn? It is eaten everywhere in America as human food, and cattle, swine, and poultry fattened on it; but it cannot all be eaten. The price is sometimes as low as sixpence a bushel. When coal and wood are scarce upon the prairies, it is burnt upon the cobs in stoves, as the cheapest and most convenient fuel. It is necessary to convert it into other articles—to transform or condense it.

Accordingly, a vast quantity is converted into hogs. The rich

oil of the corn becomes lard, and its farina bacon. An Ohio farmer may have a thousand hogs. They run in the woods in vast droves. They browse, root, and devour rattlesnakes. In the fall the woods are full of nuts—beech-nuts, hickory-nuts, walnuts. Mast is their generic designation. On these the hogs revel and fatten. Then they are turned into the corn-fields. They follow the cattle. The corn is not gathered; that would be too much work; it is broken down and eaten by the cattle, and what they leave is gathered by the hogs, until cattle and hogs are fat enough to send to market. The corn, as beef and pork, is in a marketable condition. It can be barrelled up and sent over the world. What cannot be eaten is made into whisky; and whisky, rectified, coloured, and flavoured, becomes gin, rum, and brandy.

When there is a bad grape season in France, great quantities of whisky go there, which, after being coloured and infused with a grape flavour, is exported as Cognac or Otard, *première qualité*; and the brandy drank in the bar-rooms of Cincinnati is its own whisky after two sea-voyages and sundry manipulations—if, indeed, it have not undergone a less troublesome and less costly transformation at home.

Next to whisky—not in quantity or importance, indeed, but as a potable stimulant of a milder sort—comes wine; and I mention wine, as complimentary toast-givers at public dinners say, in connection with the name of NICHOLAS LONGWORTH, the most widely-known of the pioneers in the vine culture in America, who died in 1862, at a good old age, the richest man in Western America—a little, crooked old man, an intelligent agriculturist, a liberal patron of the arts—“rich beyond the dreams of avarice,” and yet haunted at times with the fear of poverty and the dread of dying in the poor-house, when he “was worth” nearly ten million of dollars in productive real estate and other solid investments.

Nicholas Longworth was not a bad type of Yankee possibilities. He was a New Jersey shoemaker. When a young man he emigrated to Cincinnati, then a little village—a mere landing on the Ohio river. At that time, the whole land on which the city is now built could have been bought for \$300. Longworth had not the money to buy it; but he had an ambition above heel-taps, and studied law. I do not know how long he studied this great science. Six weeks was considered a pretty fair term in

the West in those days. A man who had read Blackstone and the local statutes had no difficulty in being admitted to the bar.

One of Longworth's first cases was the defence of a man for some pretty misdemeanor, who had no money to pay his fee; but he offered instead an old still which had been employed in making whisky for the settlers and Indians. Longworth took the still and soon after exchanged it for a hundred acres of land, which he kept, and which land is now covered by some of the best rent-paying property in Cincinnati.

He was a liberal patron of the American sculptor, Mr. Hiram Powers, and many other artists. Mr. Powers worked in wax before he turned his attention to marble, and constructed a representation of the infernal regions for the Cincinnati Museum, more horrible than anything in Dante.

Mr. Longworth took a great interest in the introduction of the wine culture, and the manufacture of wine on the banks of the Ohio. The grape chiefly grown is a native variety, called the Catawba. European grapes require a longer season than the American summer. American plants must bear great heat and intense cold. The Catawba grape has a peculiar flavour, and the wine is similar to hock, still or sparkling. Much of it is harsh and sour; but some is of excellent quality and delicious flavour. The produce of the vineyards is so great that if the wine brought only sixpence a gallon no crop would be so profitable. But the consumption of wine is so large in America, compared with the production, that the French and German imported wines rule the market, and Mr. Longworth's wines in bottle sold for ten to fifteen dollars a dozen; the sparkling Catawba bearing the same retail price as champagne—eight shillings a bottle. There was no lack of competent vine-dressers and wine-makers in Cincinnati, for one-third of the population is German; and German speech, institutions, and festivals may be studied as well on the Ohio as on the Rhine.

Another great staple of Cincinnati, ranking next to pork and whisky, is tobacco. Kentucky and Southern Ohio and Indiana produce an immense quantity of this wonderful narcotic, which the New World has given to the Old, and which in three centuries has spread over the eastern hemisphere. What is the magic of the nasty plant, that it should be chewed, and smoked, and snuffed over two hemispheres, alike in the most civilized and

most savage regions? Ladies pronounce it a filthy weed; physicians class it with the most virulent of poisons; kings have denounced, legislators prohibited, councils condemned. It was of no avail. A Virginian Indian chieftain taught Sir Walter Raleigh to smoke, and he taught England's Queen, the dauntless Elizabeth.

The warehouses of Cincinnati would gladden the heart of an English or French Chancellor of the Exchequer, or any man who proposed to tax or govern nations by means of their services, shall we say, or luxuries?—by tobacco and alcohol. Whence the demand in humanity which these supply? Physiologists do not inform us. Is the world the better for tobacco? Is it an element of progress? Did tobacco have anything to do with the Reformation?— or with what the *Times* calls the fighting, hanging, and burning part of it, which lasted for one or two generations? What has tobacco really done of good or ill for Germany or Turkey, for France or England, besides helping to raise a revenue?

There are certain things in which an American town like Cincinnati differs from an English provincial town of a similar size. It is less provincial. The shops are as spacious and well stocked as those of New York or London. The hotels are on the grandest scale. There are two or three theatres, five or six daily newspapers, several large publishing houses, libraries, picture-galleries, educational institutions,—a city, in short, with a character of its own.

The markets of Cincinnati were something wonderful to me. They extended a mile or more along the streets, and the abundance and cheapness of food was astonishing. Chickens, twelve cents a pair; eggs, six cents a dozen; beef, eight cents a pound; pork, four cents; apples, peaches, and pears equally cheap and abundant. Spare-ribs of pork were given away at the great packing establishments to all who chose to apply for them. Excellent fish are brought from Lake Erie, some two hundred and fifty miles, by rail. Oysters come from Baltimore; game from the prairies. Cincinnati, when I knew it, combined the advantages of plenty of work, good wages, moderate rents, and cheap provisions.

## CHAPTER FOURTEEN

### *FROM NEW YORK TO NEW ORLEANS*

In the autumn of 1845, I made my first visit to New Orleans. The reader may remember that in some account of the Canadian rebellion, and what we called the "Patriot War" of 1837-8, I spoke of an enthusiastic young captain of volunteers in the city of Rochester, New York, who marched with his entire company, and joined the invaders of Canada at Navy Island. I met him there one day, when I dined with the Patriot governor and the general commanding—Mackenzie and Van Rensselaer—at their head-quarters on Navy Island. We had pork and beans for dinner, eaten from tin dishes, with the whizz of an occasional shot, or the bursting of a shell, for music.

In the autumn of 1840 I was in Rochester, engaged on a political journal, and found my Navy Island captain practising as a lawyer. We lived at the same hotel, and became very intimate. Five years after, in New York, I received a letter from him, begging me to come and see him at his hotel. I went, and found the ghost of his former self. He was dying of consumption—making a strong courageous fight, but sure to be beaten. As usual, he had been sent off to die in a warmer climate.

He asked me to go with him to Washington, and thence to the West Indies or to Florida. I could not refuse him. It would be a hard journey for him, and, so far as his recovery was concerned, a useless one, but he was resolved to go. He would not allow his wife to go with him. If he must die, he said, his wife

and children should remember him as he was before he left them. I started with him at a day's notice.

We went leisurely, stopping to rest at Philadelphia and Baltimore, and several days at Washington; and then began our toilsome route over the Alleghanies. The railway took us up the Potomac, through Harper's Ferry, and as far as Cumberland. It had not then gone over and through the mountains. We hired a carriage and went over the National road by easy stages, as beffited an invalid, to Brownsville, on the Monongahela river, one of the two mountain streams that unite at Pittsburg to form the Ohio.

Here we embarked on a little steamboat which drew twelve inches of water, and whose single paddle-wheel was at the stern, and extended the whole width of the hull. A succession of dams made the river navigable at that season of low water, and at each dam we were let down by a lock to a lower level. At the high stage of water, dams and locks are all buried deeply beneath the surface, and larger steamboats go careening over them.

What I best remember, in crossing the Alleghanies and descending this river, were the beds of coal. It seemed to be everywhere just below the surface. We saw it along the route, where people dug the fuel for their fires out of a hole in the yard, ten feet from the door. Along the high perpendicular banks of the river there were thick strata of coal. Men were digging it down with picks, and sliding it into flat boats, which, when the river rose, would float down with the current to Cincinnati, Louisville, Memphis, and New Orleans. These frail flat boats—long boxes made of deal boards nailed together, and loaded within a few inches of the top—would many of them be lost. The swell of a passing steamboat, or a snag or sawyer in the river, would sometimes sink them. They would ground on sand bars. A sudden hurricane sometimes sinks a hundred. Perhaps a third of the whole number are lost, but the coal costs almost nothing—three cents a bushel—and brings a price proportional to the distance to which it floats in safety.

At Pittsburg, a city of coal and iron, smoky and grimy as Newcastle-on-Tyne, we took a larger boat, but still a small one, for Cincinnati. The Ohio, charming in all its course of a thousand miles, becomes grandly beautiful in its lower half below Louisville. Were it but deep as well as broad and splendid in its great

reaches, and graceful curves, and picturesque banks, nothing would be wanting to its pleasing souvenirs. But I tried its current at an unfortunate period. The river was at its lowest point. At its highest it would be fifty feet deeper—a great torrent pouring onward toward the sea.

We were all of us in high spirits on the *Fort Wayne*. The crew was firing up, and singing merrily below; and in the cabin, we were sitting round our good coal fire, chatting, reading, and some playing poker, calculating the next morning but one to wake upon the Mississippi. So passed we down merrily, until, sunk upon a bar, we saw the wreck of the steamboat *Plymouth*, which two nights before had been run into by another boat, and sunk instantly, and twenty of her deck passengers were drowned. It was too frequent an incident to cause any excitement.

We passed this bar safely, touching bottom, indeed, as we often did; but in passing over the next we grounded firm and fast. The engines were worked at their greatest power in vain. Efforts were made all day to get the boat off, but without moving her; and older voyagers began to tell stories of boats lying for three weeks on a sand-bar, and getting out of provisions and fuel. For us passengers there was but patience, but for captain and crew there was a hard night's work in a cold November rain. They went at it heartily, and when we woke up in the morning the steamboat was afloat, and as soon as she had got in a fresh supply of wood, we went merrily down the Ohio again, putting off by a day our arrival at the Father of Waters. So we went, talking on morals and politics, and playing poker, until dinner came; and just after dinner we came to another bar, on which we ran as before, giving our crew a second night of toil, and us a more thorough disgust of low-water navigation. We got off by morning as before, by great exertion and the steady use of effective machinery, the boat being hoisted over the bar inch by inch, by the aid of great spars, blocks, and windlass.

There was still, but a short distance below this spot, the worst bar of all to pass. If you look upon the map you will see that the Ohio, near her mouth, receives two large rivers from the south, which empty within twelve miles of each other, and for a long distance are not more than twenty miles apart. These are the

Cumberland and Tennessee. Between these are the most difficult shoals in the lower Ohio. The river is broad, the sands are shifting, and the channel changes at every rise of water. Having been twice aground and lost nearly two days, our captain determined to take every precaution. He hired a flat boat, lashed her alongside, and loaded into her many tons of whisky and butter. A small boat was sent down to sound the channel and lay buoys. This done, just as breakfast was ready, all the male passengers were summoned to go on board the flat boat with the butter and whisky, so as to lighten the steamer as much as possible, and when we were all aboard we started; but the current carried the boat a few feet out of her proper course, and she stuck fast. The wheels could not move her, and we went on board again to eat our breakfast.

This dispatched, we went out on the promenade deck, and saw the *Louis Philippe*, which left Louisville one day behind us, coming down, looking light and lofty, also with a flat boat alongside. She passed close by us, her passengers laughing at our predicament. The *Louis Philippe* had not got her length below us before she too stuck fast and swung round into a worse position than ours, lying broadside upon the bar with the strong current against her. It was time now to go to work in earnest. More freight was discharged into our lighter, and all the passengers, except the women and children, were sent on board of her. We thickly covered the barrels of whisky and kegs of butter, the captain cast us loose, and we floated off with the current, and were safely blown ashore on the Kentucky side a mile below.

When our flat boat touched the Kentucky bank of the river, her ninety passengers jumped joyfully ashore. The morning was beautiful. The clear sunlight glittered upon the river, and lighted up the forests with a golden radiance. The sky was blue, and the air cool and bracing. The land was high, well wooded, and fertile. Seeing a substantial-looking double log-house a short distance from the river, some of us went up to warm our fingers at its fire. The door stood open, and we entered a comfortable apartment: but what a terrible scene of wretchedness was presented to our view! A man and woman, pale, sallow, emaciated, sat shivering by the fire. Both were young, and the wife had been

beautiful. The man held something in his lap; I looked down and saw the most frightful little baby I ever beheld. Its blue arm was no bigger than my thumb—the little wan thing weighed no more than seven or eight pounds, though four months old. Ever since its birth, father, mother, and this their only child, had been suffering from the chills and fever.

It was a misty, moonlight night when we came to the confluence of the Ohio with the Mississippi. They come together at an acute angle, and their waters flow down in unmixed currents, differing in colour, for a long distance. Even at night we could distinguish the line which divides them. The Ohio water is filled with fine sand and loam—the Mississippi is discoloured with clay besides, and looks like a tub of soap-suds after a hard day's washing.

Though it drains half a continent the Mississippi was so low that our boat could sometimes scarcely keep the channel. One night, running at full speed, she went crashing into a snag, with a concussion and scraping which woke us all up, and made the timid spring out of their berths. Our safety was in our going down stream instead of up—the difference of rubbing the back of a hedgehog the right and the wrong way. These snags are great trees which cave off and are washed down the current; the roots become imbedded in the bottom, and the stem and branches pointing down stream and half or wholly covered with water, tear an ascending steamer to pieces, but generally allow those going with the current to pass over or through them in safety.

The river is full of islands, so that you often see but a small portion of its waters; it winds along in so many convolutions that you must steam a hundred miles often to make twenty in a straight line. Many of these bends may be avoided at high water, by taking the cross cuts, called "running a *chute*," when the whole country for twenty miles on each side is submerged.

Usually, on one side or the other, there is a perpendicular bank of clay and loam, some thirty feet high, and here and there are small plantations. The river gradually wears them off, carrying down many acres in a season. From this bank the land descends back to the swamps which skirt nearly the whole length of the river. These in very low water are comparatively dry, but as the

river rises they fill up, and the whole country is like a great lake, filled with a dense growth of timber. These curving banks, the rude and solitary huts of the woodcutters, the vast bars of sand, covered gradually with canebrake, and the range of impenetrable forests for hundreds of miles, make up a vast and gloomy landscape.

After a voyage of fifteen days, we reached at last the sugar plantations of Louisiana. As I woke one morning fifty miles above New Orleans, the Mississippi, as if tired of its irregularities, flowed in an even current between its low banks, along which on each side are raised embankments of earth from four to ten feet in height—the levee, which extends for hundreds of miles along the river, defending the plantations from being overflowed at high water.

As I gained the hurricane deck the scene was enchanting, and, alas! I fear, indescribable. On either shore, as far as the eye could reach, were scattered the beautiful houses of the planters, flanked on each side by the huts of their negroes, with trees, shrubbery, and gardens. For miles away, up and down the river, extended the bright green fields of sugar-cane, looking more like great fields of Indian corn than any crop to which a Northern eye is familiar, but surpassing that in the vividness of the tints and density of growth—the cane growing ten feet high, and the leaves at the top covering the whole surface. Back of these immense fields of bright green were seen the darker shades of the cypress swamp; and, to give the most picturesque effect to the landscape, on every side, in the midst of each great plantation, rose the tall white towers of the sugar-mills, throwing up graceful columns of smoke and clouds of steam. The sugar-making process was in full operation.

Weary of the wild desolation of the Mississippi, for more than half its course below the Ohio, I gazed upon this scene of wealth and beauty in a sort of ecstacy. Oh! how unlike our November in the far, bleak North was this scene of life in Louisiana! The earth seemed a paradise of fertility and loveliness. The sun rose and lighted up with a brighter radiance a landscape of which I had not imagined half the beauty.

The steamer stopped to wood, and I sprang on shore. The air was as soft and delicious as the finest days in June—the gardens

were filled with flowers; bushels of roses were blooming for those who chose to pluck them, while oranges were turning their green to gold, and figs were ripening in the sun. It was a creole plantation—French the only language heard. A procession of carts, each drawn by a pair of mules and driven by a negro, who seemed to joke with every motion and laugh all over from head to foot, came from the sugar-house to get wood, of which an immense quantity was lying upon the banks of the river, saved from the vast mass of forest trees washed down at every flood.

I cannot describe the appropriateness of everything on these plantations. These creole planters looked as if nature had formed them for good masters; in any other sphere they are out of their element—here most decidedly at home. The negroes, male and female, seem made on purpose for their masters, and the mules were certainly made for the negroes. Any imaginable change would destroy this harmonious relation. The negroes do not work too hard, and they have their holidays and jolly days, and enjoy a freedom from care and anxiety which millions of poor white men never know.\*

For a hundred and fifty miles above New Orleans, the shores of this mighty river present a double line of rich plantations and palace-like residences, each surrounded by the neat and apparently comfortable cabins of the negroes. On some estates these huts, each standing in a little garden, and neatly whitewashed, form a long row parallel to the shore. On others they form a large square running back from the mansion of the planter.

The sugar cane is almost wholly confined to Louisiana, and there is cultivated chiefly on these narrow strips of land on the river, and among the lakes and bayous of the south-west portion of the State. It is planted in cuttings, each joint being planted in a hill, and throwing off several stalks—which resemble Indian corn, but grow much larger and stronger, and have a more solid pith, full of very sweet juice. In November, when the cane is found to yield most juice, it is cut up, taken to the steam mill, and the juice is expressed by passing the stalks between rollers. This is boiled down to molasses, syrup, and sugar.

\* I leave these paragraphs, and many more, as they were written in a letter from New Orleans soon after my arrival.

## CHAPTER FIFTEEN

### *NEW ORLEANS*

The view of the magnificent plantations, on the banks of the river, prepared me for the city of New Orleans. First we saw the brilliant dome and cupola of the St. Charles Hotel, the square tower of St. Patrick's church, and a few steeples; then the masts of the shipping, the black pipes of a long line of steamboats, and the tall chimneys of the numerous steam cotton-presses. The Mississippi is here a noble river, of great depth, sweeping along the wooden wharves with rapid current, in a curve which gives its form to the "Crescent city."

The ships, which count by hundreds and measure by miles, are moored with beautiful regularity in pairs, with their heads all in the same direction, up stream, and are found on the upper and lower portion of the levee; the steamboats, ranging with their bows to the bank, forming the centre. You step upon a very dusty landing, and the city is before you, and also below you, the streets running back from the river, at a gentle downward inclination, which brings the pavements of the back streets to the low-water level of the river; and should this great river break through its banks at high water, it would fill the lower stories of all the stores and houses.

The whole city is thus upon almost a dead level, the slight inclination being that of all the plantations, above, downward *from* the river, and *toward* the swamp. No attempt has been made at filling up, for there was nothing to fill with. There is no

such thing as a cellar or a well, or any sort of excavation. Dig one foot below the surface, and the soil is full of water. The gutters of all the streets are always draining the soil, and when the river is up they are full of water.

New Orleans rests upon a plain of soft loam, saturated with water, increasing in moisture as you descend. There is no digging for foundations, for the deeper they dig the less there is to sustain a weight of walls. In Holland, the buildings are set on piles, but these are of no use in New Orleans; for the further they are driven, the more easily they descend.

Knowing all this, one is the more astonished at the massive and magnificent buildings. Resting upon the surface of this mud are blocks of immense warehouses, of brick and granite; hotels covering whole squares, public buildings, churches built of the most durable materials, to last for centuries. It is the singular tenacity of the soil which sustains them. If the first brick or stone will stay where it is placed, the building is carried up fearlessly to its fifth story; and if the ground is too soft for that, all they do is to lay down a plank or the bottom of a flat boat, and all is secure. In paving some of the principal streets, the only way in which the stones could be laid was to first cover the soft earth with a layer of brush and weeds.

I have said before, or might have said, that the number of the population of Southern American cities give little indication of their commercial importance. This is especially the case with New Orleans. No manufactures but those of necessity are carried on there—no work is done but that which belongs to commerce. There are extensive cotton-presses, requiring a great many hands, powerful steam-engines, and severe labour—there are, of course, and especially among the creoles, or French inhabitants, tailors, shoemakers, milliners, &c., but still the North supplies much the greater portion of all the articles of Southern wear, ready made. The indications of commercial importance are to be found in its numerous and spacious hotels, theatres, exchanges, in the long lines of steamboats and shipping, in the great banking houses, in the commercial daily newspapers, filled with advertisements, and in the immense masses of cotton, sugar, tobacco, iron, lead, flour, the staples of the South and West, and the manufactured products of every quarter of the globe.

I rose early on the morning of my first Sunday in New

Orleans; breakfasted luxuriously, read the *Picayune*, and the *Delta*, two morning newspapers issued on Sunday but not on Monday, that editors and printers might have their holiday, and then walked out into the bright sunshine. The shops were open, but not the great warehouses. Labour was suspended, but not enjoyment. Carriages were in the streets, but carts and drays were banished, and people were dressed in their holiday clothes.

I walked to the Place d'Armes, where a military band was playing, and an artillery company, just returned from Texas, was going through some evolutions, attended by the crowd of spectators which is everywhere attracted by the "pomp and circumstances of glorious war." The company marched out of town for target practice, and so spent their Sunday in learning to defend their country. As Sunday is a favourite day for fighting battles, there is some appropriateness in these Sunday parades.

A bell was ringing violently, as if for an alarm of fire or riot, in the tower of the old Spanish cathedral, towards which the hasty steps of many passengers were tending. In the porch was seated a group of ancient, grey-haired negroes, waiting for alms. Candles were burning on the altar, and on the pillars of the nave were large old paintings of the stations of the Cross. Near the door, on either side, were three confessionals, each with a curtained closet for the priest in the centre, and on each side a nook for the kneeling penitent. A choir of five or six men was chanting Gregorian music in unison, an indifferent organ furnishing the harmonies.

There was nothing of the pomp and magnificence which one might have expected in a Catholic city—a city as rich as New Orleans—among a people as proud as the creoles. But, if there was little grandeur in the services of the church, there was something very interesting in the appearance of the worshippers. Never had I seen such a mixture of conditions and colours. A radiant creole beauty, with coal-black eyes, long silken lashes, a complexion of the lily, scarcely tinged with the rose, and a form of matchless elegance, dressed in black, with a gold-clasped missal and bouquet of roses, knelt on the pavement, and close at her side was a venerable descendant of Africa, with devotion marked on every feature. White children and black, with every shade between, knelt side by side. In the house of prayer they made no distinction of rank or colour. The most ardent aboli-

tionist could not have desired more perfect equality; and, in New Orleans, as in all the South, the negro was certainly treated more like "a man and a brother" than I had ever seen him in the North.

Three-fourths of the congregation were females; a large proportion were of African blood; and the negroes seemed the most demonstrative in their piety. The negro women with their clean, stiffly starched Sunday gowns, and handkerchiefs of red and yellow, not only appeared to attend to the services with great devotion, but their children, little boys and girls, nine or ten years old, showed a docility which, I fear, not many of our Northern children exhibit in religious services.

There were races just out of town. In the city the cafés were filled with visitors, smoking and drinking, and playing billiards and dominoes. Ladies, dressed in gay costumes, were chatting in their balconies, and making their observations on the passers-by. Men were visiting their friends, meeting together in groups, and talking with each other, enjoying the pleasant air and sunshine. Strange groups everywhere, and everywhere a foreign language met the ear. Many of the creoles—people of French and Spanish descent—will not learn English, and there are thousands who do not speak or understand a word of it—"natives," too; so much natives that they call us Anglo-Americans "foreigners," and are not a little jealous of our coming among them, and some of the rich creoles refuses to mix in society with the Americans. They have their own theatre, their own balls, their own amusements of all kinds—their own city, in fact; for except in distance, New York and Paris are not so widely separated as the French and Yankee portions of New Orleans.

Sunday afternoon passes away in walking, riding, social entertainments, and quiet enjoyments. Most of the shops are closed, and when evening comes, the town puts on its gayest appearance. The theatres all put forth their best attractions; there are concerts, and exhibitions; the billiard-rooms are in full employment, and in the season of dancing, there are more balls than all the rest of the week. The French theatre, one of the most splendid in the United States, always opens its season on Sunday night.

Whatever may be thought of this mode of keeping Sunday, the same, however, as practised everywhere in Continental

Europe, Protestant as well as Catholic, I find New Orleans a remarkably well regulated city. One might walk all over it at midnight without the slightest danger. A lady may walk the streets alone in safety at any hour of the evening. I saw nothing of that display of vice which is blazoned, by gaslight, every evening in New York or London. I did not learn that there were any gambling houses, open and public, like those which tempt every stranger who visits New York, and against which the laws are never enforced. There were no groups of rowdies, like those which rendered the corners of some New York streets almost impassable. The creole population is quiet and orderly, and a good police held in check the lawless foreign adventurers.

In the winter of 1859 I again visited New Orleans. The Southern metropolis had increased in extent, trade, and population, but in all its essential features it was still the same. The St. Charles Hotel had been burnt, and rebuilt without its dome. Sherry-cobblers and mint-juleps were still drunk in the magnificent bar-room of the St. Louis, a circular-domed room not quite as large as the reading-room of the British Museum. The French side of the city was as quiet and elegant as of old, and the American side as bustling and noisy.

I went once more to the old French cemetery, where people are buried in ovens of masonry above ground, and every little grave-plot is a garden of flowers, where the relatives of the beloved dead come on Sundays and feast-days to hang wreaths of *immortelles* upon the tombs, and pray for the souls of the departed. Around the cemetery, forming a high thick wall, are the graves of the poor; each one is a sort of oven large enough to admit a coffin shoved in endways. The opening is closed with bricks and mortar. In a twelvemonth it can be opened again to receive another corpse. All that remains of the last one—corpse and coffin—is a handful of dust, which is pushed back by the new comer. The heat of the almost tropical sun performs the process of cremation, and dissipates, in one summer, all that can pass into the atmosphere, and dust and ashes alone remain, the relics of our poor mortality.

The Mississippi was more than bank full. It was a fearful sight to see the vast river, more than a mile wide, rising inch by inch until it reached the top of the levee, when hundreds of ships and

steamers were floating far above the level of the streets—as high, indeed, as the roofs of the houses in the back streets of the town. What a deluge, if the dyke had given way! The up country was flooded. One of the railroads leading to the city was submerged. One morning, when the river was at the highest, I saw the water running across the top of the levee in several places, and making a short cut through the streets to Lake Ponchartrain and the Gulf of Mexico.

New Orleans was full. Hotels, boarding-houses, lodgings were crowded. The population was 170,000 by census. The floating population of planters, merchants, and visitors from the North and West, raised it to nearly 300,000. The theatres, French and English, concerts, balls, exhibitions of all kinds, were crowded. Gold was plentiful, silver a drug. Having accumulated more half-dollars, the most common coin, than I wished to carry, I was obliged to pay two per cent. premium to get them converted into bank-notes.

New Orleans—French and Catholic before it was invaded by Protestant Americans—still kept Sunday in the Continental fashion, as a religious holiday. The creoles are very slow to change their ancient customs. They go to mass, and also go to market, which, on Sunday morning, is more crowded, more noisy, and fuller of creole and negro gaiety than on any week-day. When the Yankees first went to New Orleans, with their Puritan ideas and habits, they were shocked at this desecration of the Sabbath; but they did not fail to imitate and exceed it; so that the American side of the city became far noisier on Sunday than the French. As the Yankees go to extremes in everything, when they do break the Sabbath they break it into very small pieces.

This tendency to extremes is shown in the fact that Northerners, from New England or New York, when they emigrated to the South, became the most Southern of Southerners, and the most ultra of pro-slavery men. As masters they were noted for their severity to their slaves. As a rule, the Southerners were easy and indulgent; but Yankee adventurers, who made or married plantations in the South, were hard and exacting masters. They made more bales of cotton and more hogsheads of sugar to the acre than others; and, of course, their negroes had to perform more labour.

Not a few men of Northern birth took an active part in the formation of the Southern Confederacy. Mr. Yancey and Mr. Slidell, for example, were both from New York. A gentleman of New Orleans whose hospitality I often enjoyed, and who had a creole wife and a lovely family of children, was a Yankee from Massachusetts, and became a brigadier-general in the Confederate army. Southern cities were full of Northern men, and there were none more earnestly devoted than many of them were to the cause of Southern independence.

There was at this period a charm in the life and society of New Orleans, difficult to understand and impossible to describe. "No place like New Orleans," was the verdict of all who had lived there long enough to know what it was; and this in spite of the river that threatens to drown you, and the swamp filled with mosquitoes and alligators; in spite of the yellow fever every three years, and months of every year with the thermometer above ninety degrees. "I had rather be a nigger in New Orleans, than own New York and have to live there," would not be considered a very extravagant assertion in the former city. Whatever may be the cause of the feeling, there is no doubt about the fact. The people are eminently social, generous, genial, and impulsive. The climate during eight months of the year is also indescribably delicious. Roses bloom, bananas ripen, and golden oranges cover the trees in January.

There are little traits of character which may give a stranger some idea of the people. The smallest coin in circulation is the picayune, or five cent piece. Copper coins, when brought from the North, are used by the boys for pitch and toss, but are of no use as money. Ask a market man if his eggs are fresh, and he will immediately break one to show you, and then throw it into the gutter. A bar-room in New Orleans will hold a thousand people. Men drink a great deal—they say the climate makes it necessary—but they also drink magnificently. In such a bar-room there is set out every day, free to all comers, a lunch composed of soups, fish, roast joints, fowls, and salads, with bread and cheese. You eat as much as you like, and the dime or the picayune, which you give for the mint-julep or sherry-cobbler, pays for all. Liquors without measure, food gratis, every man treating all his acquaintances, flush times, high wages, high profits, and high prices: these were some of the peculiarities of New Orleans.

These great bar-rooms serve the purposes of commercial exchanges. They have news bulletins, and the latest telegrams, as well as the daily newspapers. Men meet here to do business, and cargoes of sugar and tobacco, corn and cotton, change owners over glasses of "Old Bourbon," or "Monongahela." Here, too, are held auctions for the sale of stocks, ships, steamboats, real estate, and formerly, of negroes. The people thought no more of the sale of one than of the other, as this legal transfer did not change the condition. The negro was a slave before the sale, and he remained a slave after it. The laws of Louisiana prohibited the separation of families, and the change was as likely to be for the better as for the worse. I have seen many such sales, and never one in which the negroes sold did not seem more interested in the price they brought, as evidence of the good opinion formed of them, than in any other circumstance. That a man should be a slave, may be a hardship; but, being a slave, the transfer of his service from one master to another is no worse, perhaps, than the transfer of a tenantry when an English estate changes owners.

New Orleans is the port of transhipment for a vast and fertile country, larger than all Europe, and the terminus of twenty thousand miles of river navigation. The Mississippi, the Missouri, the Ohio, the Red River, the Arkansas, and their hundred tributaries, all find outlet here. Ships go out from New Orleans loaded with cotton, tobacco, sugar, corn, provisions—all the products of the great Mississippi valley. They bring the manufactures of Europe, tea, coffee, wine, and a thousand articles of use or luxury. Many thousands of emigrants also land at New Orleans, and ascend the Mississippi.

There is one drawback upon its prosperity. Once in three years on an average, for fifty years, the yellow fever—the dreaded vomito of the West Indies, the Yellow Jack of the sailors, the most fatal of tropical epidemics—has visited New Orleans. It has often appeared at Mobile, Savannah, and Charleston at the same time. It has desolated the towns of the Mississippi at times as far as Memphis. On the Atlantic seaboard it was terribly fatal a few years ago, at Norfolk and Portsmouth in Virginia, and it formerly paid occasional visits to Philadelphia and New York.

The persons attacked are mostly strangers from the North, or emigrants from Europe. Very few born in New Orleans or acclimated by several years' residence, become its victims. But no

stranger is safe; he may fall in the street by day, or be waked by an attack in the night. He is borne to the hospital, attended by the members of a Humane Society, or the Sisters of Charity, and in from three to five days, in a great number of cases, is carried to a nameless grave. His coffin is thrust into an "oven," and closed up with a few bricks and some mortar. How fatal this disease may be among strangers is shown in the returns of cases in the hospitals of New Orleans: in the Tuoro Infirmary, the deaths to the cases have been 70.72 per cent.; in the Luenberg Hospital, 52.66 per cent.; and in the hospitals of the Board of Health, 33 to 47 per cent. In one season, in which the deaths from yellow fever in New Orleans were 7011, there were 3569 Irish victims and 2339 Germans. Americans from the Northern States, who are unacclimated, generally leave New Orleans by the first of May. The Irish and German immigrants who settle there do not leave the city at all, but a large number perish by yellow fever and other diseases incident to a hot and malarious climate.

I am satisfied that yellow fever is a contagious disease, carried from place to place, like the small-pox or plague. It cannot be shown that it arises spontaneously in any part of the United States. It prevails at all times on portions of the tropical African coast. It exists every summer at Vera Cruz, and almost every summer at Havana. It is brought to New Orleans from one of these places, and ordinarily carried from Havana to Savannah and Charleston. From New Orleans it spreads to Mobile, Galveston, Vicksburg, and sometimes Memphis.

A rigid quarantine would keep it out of all these places; and it is by this means that New York and Philadelphia have so long been protected from its assaults. When these cities were attacked, the disease began at the ship in which it was brought, and spread from that point through the neighbourhood. A *cordon sanitaire* was drawn around the infected district, and it did not spread beyond. A few years ago a ship from the West Indies, having yellow fever on board, lay at quarantine at New York. One day when the hatches were open, as the ship lay at anchor in the Narrows, the wind blew a faint, sickly odour into a little village on the shore of Staten Island. In a few days there was a large number of cases of yellow fever, and twenty-one persons died. A mob burned down the quarantine hospital, and the fever-ships were afterwards anchored in a safer locality.

When yellow fever has spread from New Orleans to the villages of the interior, it has proved very fatal to Southern residents, and even to negroes. For safe acclimation, people must have passed through the contagion of the disease; they must have had something like inoculation. It is not enough to live where the disease has been or might be. A person, too, who passed the ordeal, and considers himself safe, either from having had the disease, or from having been exposed to the action of its mysterious cause, may lose his invulnerability by living for even one summer in a cool northern climate. This is at least the belief in New Orleans, where Northern residents, having become acclimated, prefer to remain rather than risk the danger of a second exposure.

Physicians, as usual, have disputed upon the question of the contagiousness of the disease, and the manner in which it is carried from place to place. Commercial interests are opposed to quarantines; people believe in such matters what it is their interest to believe; but the facts are too strong for anti-contagionist theorising. The disease comes with vessels from Vera Cruz or Havana, when the season is far enough advanced to give it a reception—an atmosphere in which to propagate itself. It is killed by the first hard frost. Some suppose the matter of contagion to be of a vegetable character; some, that it is animalcular. It is certain that, whatever it may be, the frost kills it. As soon as the New Orleans papers announce a black frost—for a mere hoarfrost is not sufficient—the river steamers and railways are crowded with passengers, and in a week New Orleans puts on her winter festivity. But there have been cases in which the *materies morbi* have found protection even from Jack Frost. In a house and room in which there had been in the summer a case of yellow fever stood a trunk which had been opened during this period. It was closed; frost came; Yellow Jack took his departure, and the house was filled with people. After a little time the trunk was opened, the fever broke out again in the house, and two or three persons died of it.

So death, which comes over the blue sea in ships, and can be locked up in a trunk, may be carried about in the pack of a pedlar. Thus, a Jew pedlar went from New Orleans during the epidemic when business was dull, into the country villages. At the

first house in which he opened his pack the fever broke out. Its next victims were some persons who had visited that house and examined the pedlar's wares. The fever gradually spread over the village, and carried off a large portion of its population. The sanitary condition of this village may have been good or bad—I know nothing of the habits of its people—but there is no reason to believe that they would have had the yellow fever, had it not been brought in the pack of the Jew pedlar, stowed away among his silks and laces.

At any time and anywhere the yellow fever is a terrible disease. If you were to call in, one after another, six of the most eminent physicians in New Orleans, or in any city in which it has prevailed, it is probable that they would prescribe six different modes of treatment, and that the patient's chance of recovery would not be improved by any. The nursing of a creole negress accustomed to the disease is considered by many better than any of the usual modes of medical treatment.

The mortality of yellow fever is by no means uniform: while it has risen in the New Orleans hospitals to fifty-two per cent., in private practice, among the better class of patients in the same city, it ranges below twenty per cent.; and under peculiarly favourable circumstances, it has been as low as five per cent. The short railway across the Isthmus of Panama, connecting the Atlantic and Pacific, cost the lives of five thousand men; yet one contractor on that work assured me that he had never lost a man during its prosecution, because he had insisted on certain sanitary conditions—a daily bath, a vegetable diet and entire abstinence from intoxicating liquors; and it was his belief that with such a regimen his Irish labourers could work anywhere in the tropics with perfect safety.

New Orleans, gloriously defended by General Jackson in the little war of 1812, was taken by Admiral Farragut in the great war of 1861, and governed by General Butler. There are no longer any slaves, but the negroes are more plentiful than ever. Cotton and sugar, and the staples grown upon those innumerable and interminable Western rivers, still find their readiest and cheapest outlet by the Mississippi, and New Orleans is the only point of meeting for the steamers that descend the rivers, and the ships that cross the ocean. Experience has shown that the yellow fever can be kept out by rigid quarantine. There is nothing to

prevent New Orleans being in the future not only a great Commercial Emporium, but one of the most delightful cities in the world.

## CHAPTER SIXTEEN

### *GALVESTON*

When you are as far South as New Orleans, it is a pity not to get a glimpse of Texas. It would require a long and rough journey to see it all, for this single State extends over nearly twelve degrees of latitude and longitude, and contains more than two hundred thousand square miles (237,504)—an area larger than France before the war with Germany.

Galveston is the principal seaport town of Texas. Much of the trade of the Northern portion of the State comes to New Orleans by the Red River and Mississippi; but Galveston is the entrepôt of a great central region, rich in sugar, cotton, grain, and cattle. The direct communication between New Orleans and Galveston at the period of my visit was by two lines of sea-steamers. One line went down the Mississippi, and thence across the Gulf of Mexico; the other made its point of departure at Berwick Bay, which was reached by railway from New Orleans.

It was a clear, bright January morning when I crossed the Mississippi, and took the train for Berwick Bay. The river, whose surface was level with the roofs of houses on both sides, seemed ready to flow over its embankments. A few months before a *crevasse* opposite New Orleans had deluged hundreds of square miles, and utterly destroyed for the time a great number of plantations. A new and very strong levee had been built, and the water was slowly draining off and drying up from the swamps. The shrubbery by the roadside was composed of the exotics of

Northern conservatories. The most common was a dwarf palm, of whose tough glossy leaves fans and hats are made. Another was the muskeet, of which there are scanty specimens in some English gardens, but which, in that moist hot climate, grows twelve or fifteen feet high, and is crowned by a tuft of crimson flowers. This is a plant of such wonderful vitality, that when cut down, and lying upon the grass, it will lift up its head, grow with vigour, and throw out fibres all along its body for roots. There is a similar energy of vegetative life in the climbing plants, as the Cherokee and other roses, which seem to rush upon and over-spread great trees, like an assaulting army taking a fortress. The tree is overpowered, and its vitality destroyed; leaving in its place an immense heap of the conquering roses.

Arrived at Berwick Bay, we find the steamer lying at her wooden pier. The station is close beside her, and we have only to step on board. The sky is blue; the sea is blue; gulls wheel about and follow us far out at sea, feeding on the remains of our sumptuous dinner. It is mid-winter, but as warm as England's warmest summer day; for we are gliding over the great tropical cauldron that pours the Gulf-stream on the Northern shores of Europe. The soft night follows the bright day, and I retire to the narrow berth of my pretty stateroom. Some Yankee economist of space has built it. It is narrow—so am I. But it is only five feet ten in length, and I am one inch longer. Was ever anything so stupidly tiresome as the lack of that one inch? And what must it be to these tall Kentuckians, these gaunt Tennesseans, these giants of the Mississippi and the plains of Texas, where men grow larger just because they have plenty of room for expansion? No doubt they have some way of folding themselves up like carpenters' rules, or shutting up like jack-knives.

In the morning we were in sight of land—a narrow line of white sand along the horizon. Then came spires and the masts of shipping. Galveston cathedral is one of the chief landmarks for mariners. If you take the trouble to look at a good map of North America, you will find the coast from Long Island near New York to Vera Cruz in Mexico lined with long, narrow islands—banks of sand thrown up by the surf, often with large bays behind them, full of fish and sea-fowl, and giving to some portions of the coast an extensive sheltered inland navigation. The rivers

emptying into these inclosed bays; and the inlets, when deep enough, form the mouths of excellent harbours. Galveston Island, on the easterly point of which the town is situated, is one of these sand-bars. It is forty miles long, not more than two miles across in the widest place, nor twenty feet, in the highest, above the Gulf. It is merely a long and almost perfectly straight bank of sand, pebbles, and shells, thrown up by the easterly gales of the Gulf of Mexico. Behind this bar is a bay fifteen miles across, into which several rivers empty. But for the shallowness of the water it would be a noble harbour. Steamboats bring cotton, sugar, and cattle down the rivers and across this bay, to be transferred to ships and the New Orleans steamers.

The pretty town of Galveston is built here on the sands of the sea. The wide streets are sand, rounded pebbles, and shells. The bricks and stones for building are brought from the mainland. The lovely tropical gardens, where the *Palma Christi*, instead of being an annual shrub, as at the North, grows to a great spreading tree, where the orange-trees mingle golden fruit and odorous flowers, and the banana was drooping its rich clusters of delicious fruit, were made with great trouble by scraping together the scanty soil. Town, gardens, everything was bright and new. Trade was brisk. Settlers were thronging into the country, and its great staples were flowing out. It was the germ of an empire.

The beach on the outer edge of Galveston Island is one of the finest I have ever seen. It is an almost perfectly straight line of forty miles, smooth and level, and the sand so hard that the foot of a horse or the wheel of a carriage scarcely makes a mark upon it. The sea-breeze is delicious, and the long white rollers extend as far as the eye can reach. In a gale the surf breaks with a sublime thunder; and at every shock the whole island trembles, while the long high banks of foam, bursting and breaking, have the grandeur of a thousand Niagaras. Fancy a canter on horse-back along this line of foam, with every wave washing your horse's feet, and the spray driving over you in showers! Or fancy a calmer carriage-ride by moonlight, in a gentle breeze, or the wind off shore. The young Galvestonians have fitted up wheeled carriages with sails to run along this beach, and in the steady trade-wind breezes could run down to the other end of the island

and back at the rate of about fifteen miles an hour. On a similar island, farther down the coast, the beach, seventy miles long, is used as a post-road, with a daily line of mail-coaches; and no thanks to Mr. M'Adam, for the road was finished in the time of Adam, without the Mac.

Texas is a region of great fertility, with a climate so soft that people can sleep under the trees the year round. Consumptions and rheumatisms are unheard of. Away from the low and malarious region on the coast, no country in the world, probably, is more healthful. Meat will scarcely putrify in its pure atmosphere, and thousands of square miles were found by the explorers covered with parks and prairies, with streams of soft water, and scarcely requiring the hand of man, to make a second Eden. Flowers cover the earth, grapes and delicious fruits grow spontaneously, while the whole country was stocked with deer, turkeys and wild horses and cattle. Texas is one of the finest cotton, wheat, and grazing countries in the world. At this time there are Texan cattle dealers who employ thousands of men and count their flocks and herds by millions.

Attractive as the country was, it had its perils. The Comanches on the western borders are the most numerous, enterprising, and terrible of the Indian tribes. Mounted on their trained mustangs, the fleet and untiring horses of the prairies, they swoop down upon the settlements, kill all who oppose them, capture the women and children, plunder the goods, stampede the cattle, and are off like a whirlwind, leaving desolation and death behind. In early days it was only by keeping a large force of Texan rangers, who are a match for the Comanches, upon the frontier that the settlements were safe.

In the smallest and most distant or out-of-the-way American towns the society, though limited as to numbers, is as good in other respects as in the largest Atlantic cities. The clergymen, lawyers, physicians, bankers, and merchants are likely to be among the most devoted, ambitious, enterprising, and intelligent of their classes. At a dinner-table at Galveston I met, among others, two remarkable men, who are sufficiently public characters to warrant mention. One was the Roman Catholic Bishop of Galveston, afterwards Archbishop of New Orleans; the other, M. Victor Considerant, a French socialist of the school of

Fourier. Both conversed freely upon their specialties. The bishop had a flock scattered over a territory as large as France, and he could preach to them and administer spiritual consolations in English, German, French, Spanish, and also in some Indian dialects. His annual visitation of his diocese occupied him several months, and was made on horseback to stations hundreds of miles apart. Now it was an old Spanish town; now a new German settlement. One day he would fall in with a party of poor Mexican Indians, driven into Texas by civil war, or the raids of the Comanches. They might be destitute and almost starving; the bishop could do no less than distribute among them the provisions of his journey, and then be himself obliged to appeal in turn to the hospitality of some wandering tribe of Apaches. Thus, travelling through those vast regions, camping at night under a tree, or sharing the wigwam of the savage, the shepherd fed his flock.

M. Considerant had hoped to found in Texas a French Phalansterian colony, where, with a genial climate, an ample and fertile domain, and the largest liberty, he expected to see the triumph of attractive industry, and a magnificent social reorganisation. He bought a tract of land large enough for a principality, and brought over his colony, but had been compelled to modify his views as to the practicability of an early realisation of his plans of social reform, and was now endeavouring to colonise his lands in the usual civilised fashion, trusting to the future enlightenment of his colonists for the foundation of a society from which repulsive toil, degrading poverty, and all other social evils should be for ever banished. He was not the first French socialist who had looked to Texas as the scene of a triumphant social experiment. Cabet had been there before him, and had failed and led his communists, or such as consented to follow him, to Nauvoo, a city he bought of the Mormons, on the Upper Mississippi.

The Texan War of Independence was one of the most remarkable on record. The recognised, if not real, hero of the war—Sam Houston—defeated the invading Mexican army, and took General Santa Anna prisoner in the decisive battle of San Jacinto. That battle, which decided the fate of a country larger than Great Britain and Ireland, was fought between a Mexican advance-guard of 1600 men, commanded by General Santa Anna, and the whole Texan army of 783 men, including a cavalry force

of 62, and a field-battery of two six-pounders, under General Houston.

The whole Mexican force was annihilated, scarcely a single soldier escaping. Of nearly 1600 men who commenced the action, 630 were killed, 208 were wounded, and 730 were made prisoners. Of the Texan force only eight were killed, and seventeen wounded. Santa Anna fled from the field of massacre, rather than battle, and was taken a prisoner next day, while wandering alone, unarmed, and disguised as a common soldier. His captors did not know him. He asked to be taken to General Houston, who was found sleeping on his laurels and a blanket, under a tree, with a saddle for his pillow. The hero of San Jacinto received his captive with dignity, and offered him a seat on a medicine-chest. When Santa Anna had quieted his nerves with a dose of opium, he said to General Houston—"You were born to no ordinary destiny; you have conquered the Napoleon of the West!" This speech, and others equally adroit, with the most solemn promises of the acknowledgment of Texan Independence, saved his life, forfeited by the cruel massacres of Fannin's men and the garrison of the Alamo.

Houston's small army of undisciplined border ruffians had retreated three hundred miles in such a panic that they destroyed their luggage, when, on a sudden impulse, they turned at bay and forced their commander to fight. The "Hero of San Jacinto," afterwards governor, senator, and candidate for the presidency, was an extraordinary character. A few months after his marriage with the daughter of an ex-governor of Tennessee, he abandoned her without giving a reason, and went to live among the Cherokee Indians beyond the Mississippi, by whom he was adopted as a chief. In Texas he was known as an inveterate gambler, a drunkard, a liar, whose word could never be trusted, and, as I have been assured, was as great a coward as he was a rascal. His adopted Indian fellow-citizens gave him the name of "Big Drunk." But he was tall, handsome, plausible, eloquent in the highest degree, and swore with equal profanity and sublimity—swore as a Homer or a Milton might. This man, who was often seen dirty, drunken, living with debased Indians and squaws, borrowing half a dollar of any stranger who would lend it, and losing it the next moment at the gaming-table,—so utterly debased and so utterly cowardly and dishonest, had yet that gift of elo-

quence by which he could control the people as he willed, and induce them to elect him to the highest offices in their gift.

General Houston, late in life married a young and beautiful wife, who had influence enough to make him a teetotaller, a Church member, and a reputable member of society.

Though largely colonised from the Northern and Eastern States, Texas at the period of my visit was a thoroughly slave State. No free negro could lawfully reside within its boundaries. A short time before my visit to Galveston a law had been passed, banishing every free negro or person having a perceptible show of negro blood from the State, under penalty of being reduced to slavery. I inquired particularly the effect of this enactment, and found that few negroes had left the State in consequence. They have strong local attachments. What they did was to choose their masters, selecting persons in whom they had confidence, and becoming nominally, and in fact legally, their property. They were as free as ever, only that they paid over to these masters a small sum out of their wages, and the masters became responsible for their good behaviour, care in sickness, and support in old age. It was a kind of character and life assurance. Two negroes in Galveston were excepted by common consent from the operation of this law. One was the most fashionable barber in the place, and the other a musician and dancing-master, who had taught them all to dance, and played the fiddle at every social party.

There were several fashionable assemblies given during my stay in Galveston, but the one most talked about, and beyond comparison the most gorgeous in costume and extravagant in expenditure, was the grand ball of the coloured aristocracy. The make-believe negro minstrels are well enough in their way. Negro life has been passably well represented, under the auspices of Mr. Dion Boucicault, on the stage; but a genuine negro ball in a Southern American city must be seen. No description can do it justice, and no counterfeit give more than a faint idea of the reality. The dress, the manners, the airs and graces are all exaggerations of polite society, with the natural *insouciance* and *abandon* of the negro character. The law which reduced the whole coloured population to the same condition was considered a wise one by the whites, and I am not aware that it gave much trouble to the coloured race. President Lincoln very honestly

expressed the common feeling, North and South, that the two races cannot live together on terms of equality. In other words, free negroes are a nuisance. Mr. Lincoln's own State of Illinois has forbidden the immigration of free men of colour, and Mr. Lincoln wished to banish them out of the country. He regretted but still asserted the necessity, and contemplated the exodus of four millions of negroes.

Leaving Galveston for New Orleans, I did not forget the short berth of the Berwick Bay steamer, and took a larger vessel, and the route of the Mississippi, with a few hundred bales of cotton and a herd of Texan cattle, going to supply the markets of New Orleans. Then out once more on that bright blue sea, pursued by a cloud of gulls that followed us ten hours on the wing, flying fifteen miles an hour without reckoning their wheelings and alightings in the water to gobble up every particle of food thrown overboard from the steamer. I lay in my berth on deck and watched them through a glass, flying just alongside, keeping up with the steamer without apparent exertion, and wondered what their pectoral and dorsal muscles were made of. But do not the wild geese fly from Hudson Bay to Florida in autumn, and back again in Spring? I am sure I have seen millions of them in long regular lines, careening across the sky; seen them all day, flock after flock, and heard them in the deep night, flying high with the drifting clouds, nor caring for the tempest. How they find their way and back again—how they know when to start, early in early seasons, and late in later, telling us of long cold winters, or bright early springs—how they form their squadrons and are marshalled by their old gander leaders, who shall tell?

The Gulf was rolling with long, easy swells, the waves scarcely white-capped by the soft and gentle breeze. Nothing could be more beautiful and luxurious than this little voyage; but the Gulf is not always in this quiet mood. I have seen it swept by tempests. The steamers of this line, though strong, fleet boats, have not always been fortunate. One was lost by collision with another of the same line; one was burnt at sea; a third turned completely over in a hurricane, and went down with all on board except one old negro, who was picked up eight days after, just alive, floating on a bale of cotton. But for him she must have been added to the long catalogue of ships that have sailed gaily out upon the great sea, and "were never heard of more."

It was deep in the night when we arrived off one of the passes of the Mississippi, fired a gun, and blew our steam-whistle for a pilot. As often happens, a dense yellow fog hung over the river's mouth—a fog worthy of the Thames. Heaving the lead, tolling the bell, blowing the whistle, and guided by the horns of the ships and pilot-boats, we slowly felt our way. A pilot came at last, and took us over the bar and into the river, where we cast anchor by the oozy bank—playground of the alligator—which separates the river from the sea. Here we lay until the fog lifted in the morning, then up anchor and up river. What a river it is! For thirty miles there is only a narrow embankment of mud between the river and the gulf on either side; for thirty miles further the gulf on the eastern side is close at hand, but the river is above it. Higher up we come to more solid land, and the fringe of beautiful sugar-plantations begins. At sunset we pass the famous battle-ground where General Jackson "beat the British"; and the spires and domes and great crescents of ships and steamers tell us that we are once more at New Orleans.

## CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

### *MOBILE*

The steamboat route from New Orleans to Mobile is one of the most delightful in the world. The distance is about a hundred and fifty miles, through Lake Ponchartrain and along the coast of Mississippi; while a chain of islands, extending the whole distance, gives a wonderful variety to the prospect, and makes a continuous harbour or safe shelter from the Gulf typhoons.

We start from New Orleans by a short railway, traversed in ten minutes, through a swamp. But this swamp is picturesque and interesting. Long streamers of moss hang from the gloomy cypress-trees. The undergrowth is of stunted palms. Birds of bright plumage and unrivalled song are seen and heard among the flowering shrubs. We pass through a fishing-village, out to the end of a long pier, and walk on board the long, light, low-pressure steamer, built strong enough for this sheltered sea navigation, and fleet and powerful enough to run off eighteen or twenty miles an hour without perceptible exertion.

The negro porters, the property of the company, place my luggage on board, and I go to the clerk's office, pay five dollars, and receive the key of my state-room; an elegant little apartment on deck furnished with every convenience. In a few moments we are careering across the blue waters of the lake, whose low shores are scarcely visible. The spires of New Orleans are fading in the sunset.

Then comes a dinner set out for two hundred people, with

great elegance and a greater profusion. The strange and delicious fish of these Southern waters, and the wonderful oysters, are among the choicest luxuries, but nothing is wanting necessary to a substantial repast. The sun is down, and up rises the yellow moon. It is a glorious night: the sea is like glass, only that long swells come in from the Gulf, while the faint land-breeze is loaded with the odours of the jessamine, which now fills the forests with its blossoms, and floods the whole air with its fragrance.

How our fleet boat cuts through the water! I walk forward to her stem, before which rises a slender stream—a little fountain, which falls in silver shower in the moonlight, with halos of faint lunar rainbows; aft, we leave a long line of glittering foam. Our rapid arrow-flight scarcely more disturbs the sea than the flight of a bird over its waters.

Music on the waves! Music and moonlight, beauty and fragrance on the star-gemmed southern sea. A group of ladies and gentlemen has gathered around the pianoforte in the great saloon. The fair Southerners are showing their musical accomplishments. Hark! it was "Ben Bolt" just now, and now it is "Casta Diva;" the next will be some negro melody. But this is not the only music. I hear the mellow twanging of the banjo forward, and the pulsing beat of dancing feet keeping time to the rude minstrelsy. Between decks are groups of negroes—men, women, and children—who have come down the river from Kentucky with emigrating masters, and are bound to new plantations up the Alabama. Some are asleep; others are reclining in picturesque groups, while a ring of whites and blacks is enjoying the music and dance. The owners of the negroes are making them comfortable for the night, or talking the eternal politics and chewing the eternal tobacco.

I fall easily into conversation with one of them. He is a fiery Southerner, and there is no measure for his contempt of Northern politicians. Trust Douglas? Never! The time has come when the South must control her own destinies. The Northern democracy must join with the South, and elect a Southern President, or the Union is gone for ever. They have borne too much; they will bear no longer. There was much more, but it is not needful to recite it. It was the quiet but determined expression of the spirit that two years later covered the battle-fields of that fair Southern

land with the corpses of thousands of her devoted sons, that carried desolation and mourning into thousands of Southern homes.

When I asked him about slavery and the condition of the negroes, he pointed to the groups lying around us.

"There they are," said he; "look at them. We have four millions of such; and in some way we must take care of them. If we can contrive any better method for all parties concerned, you may be mighty sure we shall adopt it. We claim that we, who live among our negroes and were raised among them, understand their condition and necessities better than people thousands of miles away. We are all in the same boat, and we must sink or swim together."

It was clear that his mind was full of the sense of injury and injustice, and that he, like all Southerners I ever met, believed that he understood the whole subject of his own domestic institutions better, and could manage it more wisely, than his near or distant neighbours.

At dawn we were passing up Mobile Bay. Great cotton ships were lying at anchor outside the bar, some miles below the city, and steamers were bringing down their loads of cotton. If Mobile had but a channel of twenty-five feet of water over her bar, she would be the great cotton city of the South. The bay closes in, and we glide up to the wharves. It is early; few are stirring, and the city is silent; but the view up the long, shaded garden streets, lined with white villas, with their green blinds, is enchanting.

It is too early for breakfast, but the steward has his smoking coffee-urn on a table set out with small cups, and he politely offers us a cup of *café noir* and a biscuit before we go on shore. The passage-fee has paid for everything, but I pass a dime to the negro steward with my empty cup. It is worth it to see the grace and dignity of his salutation of thanks. I really think there cannot be found anywhere a more perfect manner than among the better class of Southern negroes; but why the manners of the Southern slaves should be superior to those of the free negroes of the North, I will leave to others to determine. The fact is unquestionable.

Mobile is one of the oldest cities of the Southern States. Le-

moine d'Iberville, a brave French officer, planted a colony at Biloxi, on the coast west of Mobile, in 1699. In 1701 he removed his colony to the site of the present city of Mobile. The Spanish had, a few years before, built a fort at Pensacola. Mobile is older than New Orleans; but I will not write its history. It has now a population of over thirty thousand, a large commerce, and as it lies at the mouth of two rivers, navigable for hundreds of miles through the richest cotton regions of the South, it is, with respect to this trade, one of the most important of American cities. The streets are broad and finely built, with a profusion of shade-trees and shrubbery. The drives around are exceedingly fine, as the land rises gradually from the sea. The hedges are of the Cherokee rose, which climbs over everything and covers the trees with its rich foliage and flowers.

There are, as in all American cities, immense hotels, each with room for hundreds of guests, and an abundance of churches, the principal one being the Roman Catholic Cathedral. The Catholics, descended from the oldest French and Spanish families, are numerous and influential. They have a large hospital, orphan asylums, a Jesuit college near the city, where young men are educated, and a spacious Convent of the Visitation, with its boarding-school for young ladies.

One of my first visits was to a lady, who, though she spends much of her time in Northern and European cities, is a thorough Southerner, and takes special pride in Mobile. She is a clever writer, but still more interesting in conversation. She speaks all necessary languages, and knows everybody in the world worth knowing. In her drawing-room, surrounded by the souvenirs of her travels and acquaintances, and listening to her lively anecdotes, you are sure to meet, under the most favourable circumstances, just the people you most wish to see. And the little lady, who has made for herself a position quite regal, is not obliged to be exclusive. You are as likely to be introduced to an actress, a singer, an artist, or a man of letters, as a mere person of fashion, titled or otherwise. Indeed, if her manner was warmer to one than another, her voice kinder, and her smile more cheering, it was to the struggling genius, who needed just such encouragement and just such influence as she could give.

When the Prince of Wales was in New York, this lady chanced

to be there, and was invited to a seat in the private box set apart for His Royal Highness, who was observed conversing with her with singular animation. Some one said to her afterwards, "How was it that the Prince, so silent with others, talked so much with you?"

"For a very good reason," she answered. "You asked him how he liked the country and what he thought of us?—questions which embarrassed him. I asked him about his mother—to whom I had been presented—and his brothers and sisters. Of whom should a young man talk with animation, if not of those he loves?"

It was this delicate tact that made her one of the pleasantest women I have ever met; and this, with her warm Southern manners and hospitality, made her a universal favourite. She has written a clever book of foreign travels; but such a woman finds her best sphere in society.

In the suburbs of Mobile I remember, and shall never forget, a group of white cottages, shaded by immense live oaks, stretching out their giant arms a hundred feet. It was a cluster of gardens. The proprietors could sit under their own vines and fig-trees, for there were plenty of both. Here lived one of my hospitable entertainers, in this patriarchal suburban Eden, surrounded by his children and grandchildren; and in one of the cottages lived his mother, a woman of eighty, whom this son of sixty kissed with the tenderness of a lover as often as they met. It was a pleasant thing to see this family of four generations gathered at dinner, or all kneeling together at church. The gentlemanly young negro who waited upon me seemed a humble member of the family. The cook was in her department an artist of the Franco-American school, with some African modifications. It would require a painter's pencil, with a palette plentifully charged with ivory-black, to do justice to the boy of eight who waited upon the table, or the younger contraband of six, whose important business it was to wield a long whisk and make war on every fly that dared to alight in his vicinity.

One day we made up a nice party to go on a small steamer down the bay. It was a charming voyage. The princess of the *fête* was a little girl nine years old, an orphan grand-daughter of my host. He was taking her to see a score of negroes, who were part of the property left her by her father, and of whom he had the care. "I did not like to hire them out," said he. "Hired

negroes are liable to be worked too hard, and badly treated. A man does not take so good care even of a hired horse as of one he owns. So, as I had an island down here, with plenty of clay on it, and bricks were in good demand, I hired a Yankee overseer, and set the boys to making bricks. The women cook and take care for them, and I go down every week or two to see how they get on, and carry them some little comforts—tea, coffee, and tobacco."

"And how does the Yankee overseer?" I asked.

"Very well, now. He wanted to drive too hard at first, and thought the negroes ought to work as much as he did. He pushed them so, and kept them on such a short allowance, that two of the boys stole a boat one night, and came up to town to complain of him. They said they couldn't stand it. But I promised to make it all right, and went down with them. I told him he must not expect negroes to work as hard as white people; and he has done very well since. These Yankees are great workers themselves, and hard masters to other people."

Our little lady was joyfully received by the whole coloured population. She distributed her presents of tea, tobacco, and gay kerchiefs among her property, listened to their stories, heard a long impromptu song composed in her honour, with a banjo and breakdown accompaniment, and as we left in the golden sunset, her kind, graceful, and affectionate good-byes were answered by showers of thanks and blessings.

The whole scene and the events of my visit were vividly recalled to my mind by a letter I received some years later from the gentleman whose hospitality I so greatly enjoyed. "We are in the midst of a long, I fear, and terrible, war," he wrote; "but we are united and determined. My sons and sons-in-law are with the army, and when there is a call for more soldiers I am ready to buy me a pair of revolvers, and follow them. We may be defeated—we never can be conquered."

## CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

### *UP THE ALABAMA*

It was a soft, bright, warm evening in March (which corresponds to the June of England's colder clime) when I started for a trip up the Mobile and Alabama rivers to Montgomery, the beautiful capital of the State of Alabama, and, for a time, of the Southern Confederacy.

As I approached the pier, the air was filled with the music of a steam organ on one of the boats, played by a German musician, engaged by the year, at a handsome salary. It is a strange music that fills the air with a vast body of harmony, carrying with it the impression of the power that gives it birth in the range of long cylindrical boilers—of which the organ is the melodious collection of escape pipes and safety valves. Some are played by machinery, like barrel-organs.

The Mobile river, an estuary into which flow the Tombigbee and the Alabama, is broad and deep, and was now bank full. There were scarcely any visible shores. We steamed through a vast forest, which opened before us in picturesque reaches of the richest semi-tropical foliage, and the air was thick with the odour of the orange-blossom and the jessamine. The two rivers which unite to form the Mobile, have, like it, preserved their Indian names, but how could the tribe that found for two of them such musical designations as Mobile and Alabama ever name a river the Tombigbee?

The captain of our steamer was an Irishman—tall, handsome,

eloquent, and thoroughly and enthusiastically Southern American in his views and feelings. For twenty years he had steamed up and down the Alabama, and he could not have been more devoted to his adopted country, or the section to which he belonged, had he been born upon the banks of the river.

As we sat forward of the pilot-house, on the promenade deck, enjoying the soft and perfume-laden evening breeze, he told me his story. When a boy of nineteen, he found himself, a raw immigrant, with five dollars in his pocket, on the banks of this river, looking for work; and the first, hardest, and roughest he could find was that of a deck-hand on a steamboat. He became one of a gang of white and black, who stood ready to land and receive freight, take in wood, and feed the furnaces. This hard and rapid work came at all hours of day or night, and the fare was as hard as the work. I have seen the men, a group of negroes on one side of the boat, and of the white hands, Irish or Germans, on the other, seated on piles of wood or bales of cotton, eating their bread and bacon, and drinking black coffee from an iron pan.

But the wages, to a poor Irish boy, were a strong inducement. They gave him forty dollars a month, and found, in a rough fashion; bacon for food, and for his bed a dry-goods box or cotton-bale. He went to work, and was so sober, active, and intelligent, that the mate had no excuse to knock him into the river with a billet of wood.

He had been a week on the boat, when, one dark night a fire was seen, and a shout heard, on the bank of the river. The mate would not land at the inconvenient place, but sent Patrick ashore in the yawl. Standing by the signal fire at the river-side, attended by two or three grinning negroes, was a planter, who handed him a package, and said, "Here is thirty-four thousand dollars. Give it to the captain or clerk, and ask him to deposit it for me in the Planters' Bank, as soon as you get in. Tell them not to forget it, as it is to pay a note that falls due tomorrow."

Patrick put the money into his bosom, and pushed off into the dark and lonely river. Doubtless he might have got ashore, and away, and perhaps he thought of it, as he felt the fortune under his jacket; but he pulled straight for the boat, as she lay, blowing off steam in mid channel. And while he rowed he thought of what he must do when he should get on board.

"What was it all about?" asked the mate, as he sprang on the low deck.

"A message for the captain, sir," said Patrick.

"Then go into the cabin and give it to him, and be quick about it," said the not over-polite officer.

Patrick went up the companion way to the cabin, on the second deck, where he found the jolly captain, with a group of planters and merchants, busy at a game of poker, and more busy with the punch. He turned to the clerk, who was deeper in both punch and poker than the captain.

"Faith, an' this will never do," said Patrick. "If I give them the money to-night, they will lose it at poker, and never remember it in the morning." So he went forward on deck again, and stowed the package of bank-notes at the bottom of his clothes-bag in the forecastle, if so small a hole can be dignified by such an appellation.

In the morning, when the officers were awake and sober, Patrick handed over his money and message.

"What is all this?" said the captain; "where did you get this money?"

"I went ashore in the yawl for it last night, sir."

"And why did you not bring it to the office at once?"

"I did, sir; but you and the clerk were both very busy."

The passengers, who had been engaged in the same line of business, had a hearty laugh.

"Young man," said the captain, "how long have you been on this boat?"

"A week, sir."

"And how much money have you got?"

"Five dollars, sir."

"Very well—go to your work."

In three weeks Patrick was second mate; in a year, first mate; and not long after, captain; and now, as we sat talking on the Alabama, he had a wife, children, a plantation, and two or three steamboats; and thought Alabama the greatest state, and Mobile the most promising city in the world.

The Alabama flows through one of the richest cotton regions in America. It winds about as if it had taken a contract to water or drain as much of the State as possible, and give a good steam-boat landing to every plantation. Our general course from Mobile

to Montgomery was north-east, but we were often steaming for hours south-west, and in every other direction. The distance, as the crow flies, is a hundred and sixty miles; by the river it is little less than four hundred. The banks of the river are low in some places; in others high and precipitous, and everywhere covered with the richest and most luxuriant vegetation. There were a thousand landscapes in which a painter would revel.

The passengers were a curious study. Here was a swarthy planter, taking his newly-purchased gang of hands up to his newly-bought plantation. First he bought a thousand acres of wild land for twenty-five thousand dollars—five thousand down; then four or five families of negroes at New Orleans, twenty-five thousand more—half cash. And now he was ready to clear away the forest, and raise cotton, to buy more negroes, to raise more cotton, to buy more negroes, to raise more cotton; and so on, until tired of the monotonous accumulation.

There were Virginians, also, who had been spending the winter in New Orleans, and were now returning home before the hot season should commence. They were attended by their servants; and nicer, better behaved, more intelligent, gentlemanly and lady-like people of colour it would be difficult to find anywhere.

We had politicians and preachers, and three Sisters of Charity, going home to their mother house in Maryland. All over the South these Sisters travel free. Where there is yellow fever they have friends, and no Southerner would touch their money.

At last we are at Montgomery. It is a beautiful little town, of ten thousand inhabitants, built upon more hills than Rome, with deeper valleys between them. It is a city of palaces and gardens; not crowded into a narrow space, but spread out broadly over the hills and valleys, with wide streets, handsome villas, elegant shops, and such gardens as only the South, with its glorious wealth of foliage and flowers, can give. A large and handsome domed state-house crowns one of the finest eminences.

Montgomery is the centre of one of the best cotton districts, in the best cotton state—a state of sixty thousand square miles—and the plantations, which stretch away on every side, were in the highest state of cultivation. Every negro could make five or six bales of cotton, besides raising his own corn and bacon. A hundred negroes, therefore, besides their own support, made five or six hundred bales of cotton, worth twenty-five or thirty

thousand dollars, which represents the clear profit of a well-conducted plantation. The yearly export of the single town of Montgomery was 106,000 bales, amounting to 5,300,000 dollars a-year. Well might it be prosperous and rich. There may have been poor people, but I saw none. In a thousand miles of that country one never sees a hand held out for charity. On every side is abounding wealth. The population of such a city is like nothing in Europe. There is more wealth, style, and fashion in a town like Montgomery, of ten thousand inhabitants, than in a European town of eighty or a hundred thousand.

The cotton lands are ploughed into beds in March—the seed is sown in drills, and the plant, when it first comes up, is as tender as the bean, which it slightly resembles in its early growth. It soon becomes hardy, grows very fast, acquires a strong stalk, with widely spreading branches. In May it begins to flower on the lower branches, the blossoms opening white, and in one night turning to a beautiful red. A boll, shaped like a hickory-nut, succeeds the flower, and this, as it ripens, opens in four or five compartments, showing the white cotton which envelopes the seeds. The cotton on the lower parts of the shrubs is fit to pick while the upper part is in blossom, so that the picking commences in August and continues until Christmas. As fast as it is picked in the field it is separated—the fibre from the seed, by the gin, a collection of saws acting between the bars of a grate, and the cotton is pressed in bales, ready for the market. Good land produces two bales an acre, weighing four hundred pounds each, and usually worth about thirty dollars a bale. Planters raise from fifty to a thousand bales.

During my visit I made several excursions into the surrounding country and among the plantations. The fields were being ploughed for the cotton planting. The ploughing was done by the mules and women. They took it very easy. I could not see that they hurried to the fields or in the fields. The overseer planned and directed the work. He rode from field to field, when it was going on, to see that the men with their hoes, and the women, driving the mules, or guiding the ploughs, did their work properly. He had a whip, but I never chanced to see him use it. If I wished to paint a picture of careless enjoyment, it would be a portrait of a young negress I saw riding afield on her mule, on a plantation in Alabama. Her figure, attitude, ex-

pression—all told volumes of a care-free life of easy, saucy, animal enjoyment.

Montgomery, like most of the considerable towns in America, has its cemetery laid out like a park or pleasure-ground, which was becoming filled with ambitious marble monuments. A portion of the ground is set apart for negroes, and they, too, have their grave-stones, which record their humble virtues. I was struck by the original form of a marble monument which an honest German had raised to an adopted son who had been drowned in the river. The epitaph was so peculiar that I copied it:—

“Stop as you pass by my grave. Here I, John Schockler, rest my remains. I was born in New Orleans, the 22nd of Nov., 1841; was brought up by good friends; not taking their advice, was drowned in this city in the Alabama river, the 27th of May, 1855. Now I warn all young and old to beware of the dangers of this river. See how I am fixed in this watery grave; I have got but two friends to mourn.”

I shall always remember Montgomery as a bright, beautiful, elegant, and hospitable city, and worthy, from its refinement and hospitality, of a prosperous, and noble destiny.

## CHAPTER NINETEEN

### *FROM CLEVELAND TO MEMPHIS*

Memphis, a beautiful little city of the South, rises before me like a picture, and I see again the sweeping torrent of its great river, the shore lined with busy steamers loading with cotton, the precipitous bluffs, or alluvial banks, rising a hundred feet from the river brink, the streets, the spires, the villas and gardens of a lovely town, in a fertile and beautiful country.

Memphis—the name carries us back thirty centuries to Egypt and the Nile. Our Memphis is of to-day, and carries us across the ocean to America and the Mississippi. When the old world peopled the new, the emigrants took with them the names of the places they discovered or peopled. In the West Indies and Spanish America we have San Salvador, San Domingo, Santa Cruz, Santa Fé. The French, in Louisiana and Canada, gave the names of saints and European cities, or adopted Indian designations. Thus we have St. Lawrence, St. Louis, New Orleans, Montreal, Ontario, Niagara, Cayuga, Ottawa, Penobscot, Minnehaha, Tonewanda, etc. The English settlers of the American colonies at first took English names, and the oldest towns are called Jamestown, Yorktown, Richmond, Charleston, Portsmouth, Plymouth, Boston, Exeter, Cambridge, Hartford, Albany, Baltimore, and a hundred others. These are repeated over and over. The names of several of the States evince their English origin, as New Hampshire, New York, New Jersey, Maryland, Virginia, the Carolinas, and Georgia. The Dutch, German and Scandinavian settlers also gave their own familiar names to their settlements. But as the number of towns and villages increased, it

was necessary to have more names, and people adopted those of every famous city in the world, from Babylon, Nineveh, Thebes, Memphis, Troy, Athens, Rome, Antioch, Carthage, Jerusalem, to Lisbon, Madrid, Lyons, Genoa, Florence, Smyrna, Moscow, and so on to Pekin and Canton. A few hours' ride on a New York railway will carry you through the famous cities of Troy, Utica, Rome, Syracuse, Amsterdam, and Geneva. As the proper names of the eastern hemisphere became exhausted, and the Washingtons, Jeffersons, Jacksons, and other popular American names had been repeated in every State, another rich supply was found in the often musical designations of the aboriginal languages. These were sometimes resorted to even in the early history of the country. Four of the great lakes retain their ancient names of Ontario, Erie, Huron, and Michigan. Massachusetts, Connecticut, Delaware, Ohio, Kentucky, Illinois, Wisconsin, Tennessee, Alabama, Mississippi, Arkansas, Missouri, Iowa, Kansas, Nebraska, Minnesota, Oregon, and Wyoming are Indian names of States.

Let us return, or rather proceed, to Memphis. I was in the pretty town of Cleveland, on the south bank of Lake Erie, in Ohio, when the summons came. The distance is about eight hundred miles, and I had my choice of several routes. I could go a hundred miles to Pittsburgh and the rest of the way by steamer; I could take a steamer at Cincinnati; I could go west, by Chicago, to the Mississippi, and so down that river; but I took the most direct and rapid route, by rail across Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois to Cairo, and thence on the Mississippi.

The cars, as the Americans designate their railway carriages, on the road from Cleveland to Cincinnati, were about the nicest I have ever seen. They were not only brightly painted, gilded, comfortably seated, and furnished with retiring-rooms, but warmed in winter, cooled in summer, and thoroughly ventilated always. In the warmest days of an American summer, with the thermometer at a hundred and the train enveloped in clouds of dust, these cars were kept clean, airy, and cool. By ingenious machinery a constant current of air was cooled and washed clean from dust by being made to pass through showers of water. In winter they were warmed and ventilated with hot air.

Each of these cars has seats for fifty or sixty passengers. The conductor walks through the entire train when it is in rapid motion, to examine tickets; so does the boy who sells newspapers,

books, and sugar-plums, and the coloured gentleman who supplies the passengers with water, when that luxury is not kept in well-iced reservoirs in every car. But the lack of exclusiveness is compensated to the traveller who wishes to see the people of the country he is passing through. In the car in which I was seated there were near me, as I gathered from the conversation, a judge, a member of congress, and an ex-governor of some State. They were talking politics very freely. On the seats before me were a Chinese woman, who could speak a little English, and two children, a bright boy and girl ten or twelve years old, who spoke nothing but Chinese, though their father was an American. They had been sent from China to Kentucky under the sole charge of their Chinese nurse, where they were to be educated under the care of their antipodal grandparents. The enterprising Kentuckian had made a fortune in China and married a Chinese wife. She could speak no English, and the children had learnt only their mother tongue. It was curious to study in the faces and actions of these two interesting children the intermingled characteristics of the two races.

Two persons on the seat behind me were more amusing. One was a New York lady, young and pretty to the last degree, of the most delicate type of American beauty, with its pearly complexion, exquisite features, and little hands and feet. She was dressed for a long journey, and in a fashion singularly perfect. Her face was thoughtful as well as beautiful, her manner perfectly self-possessed, and a little that of a spoiled child, and she had a wonderful faculty of wrapping her pretty person in a full supply of shawls and making herself comfortable. Her travelling companion puzzled me, both in himself and in his relation to the fair lady. He called her "*Mees Fannee*," and treated her with a mingled politeness and familiarity. She kept him to English as much as possible, but he shied like a restive horse into French and Spanish. He turned out to be a Mexican general, whose name I had often seen in the newspapers, on his way from New York to take part in a civil war then in progress, and his somehow cousin, *Mees Fannee*, was going to New Orleans under his escort to visit her married sister.

Arrived at Cincinnati, we took the western road for Cairo. Forests dark and drear, newly-cleared farms, and newly-built villages, form the monotonous scenery of a Western American

journey. The prairies have a monotony of their own. Your eye searches vainly all round the horizon for the joyous blue peak of a far-off mountain. You cannot even see a tree. The railway itself is tiresome in its straight-lined and dead-level uniformity. A deep cut, a high embankment, a heavy grade, or a sharp curve, would be a relief. The only variety we had was that of the violent motion caused by the displacement of the ties by frost. This was so great at times as to set all the cars dancing, and almost to throw the passengers from their seats.

After six hundred miles of rail—and some of it of the roughest—we arrive at that little, forlorn, sunken fragment of a city, Cairo. It is built upon a point of land recovered by huge embankments from the floods of the Ohio and Mississippi, which here form their junction, and it is the Southern terminus of the Illinois Central railroad. Here lay the steamers from Cincinnati and St. Louis, waiting for the arrival of the trains with Southern passengers. I chose the finest and fastest from St. Louis. What a luxury to the tired and dusty traveller was that great palace-like boat, with her saloon two hundred feet long, light, lofty, and elegantly furnished; rich carpets, soft lounges, huge mirrors, cut-glass chandeliers, pictured panels, marble tables, vases of flowers, pianoforte—everything to give repose or promote enjoyment. I was shown to a large and thoroughly-furnished state room, as comfortable as any bed-chamber need be.

The tables were set for breakfast from eight to ten o'clock, and every one ordered what he required from a printed bill of fare, containing a great variety of dishes. It was a Southern boat, and the negro waiters were perfectly trained to their duties. They spring to anticipate your wishes, they gently suggest some favourite dish, they seem delighted to make your meal agreeable.

After breakfast there is the promenade on deck, with the panorama of river scenery; the lounge on the balconies, with the new friend or new novel; a game of chess or cards in the saloon, or music. So we glide along till the early dinner at three o'clock. This sumptuous meal is served with all the formalities. Oval tables are set across the saloon, each table for twelve persons. Each one's name is written upon a card, and placed beside his plate. A careful clerk has assorted the whole company with the nicest tact. Each table has its own party of persons suited to each other. The courses come on in due order, and all the

luxuries of fish, flesh, and fowl, and an admirable dessert. There is tea at seven o'clock, and after the tables are cleared, the waiters, who are all musicians, come into the saloon and play quadrilles, waltzes, &c., for an hour, and the passengers dance if they are so inclined. Then music and conversation grow lively aft, and cards still livelier forward. The price of the passage pays all expenses. No waiter expects a fee. The only extras are boots and porter; but ladies at the end of a long trip usually give a small gratuity to the cabinmaid.

On a high, bold bluff, we descry two miles of handsome buildings, and our boat rounds to, so as to bring her head up stream, and in a few moments we land at Memphis. The shore is thronged with carriages and porters. The hotels are not half a mile away, and the fare demanded is the modest sum of \$2.50. The Southerners are devoted to free trade. I have known New Orleans cabmen to ask and get twenty-five dollars for taking a load of passengers a few rods. It was late at night, and in a rather heavy shower: in fact, the rain amounted to an inundation, and the water in the streets was two feet deep. The excuse for high fares at Memphis was, that it was muddy.

There was no mistake about that. The streets are broad, the side walks well laid, the buildings fine, but the streets had never been paved, and the stumps of the forest trees were in some of the public squares. Paving was a difficulty. In the alluvial valley of the Mississippi stone is rare. Flag-stones for the side walks are imported from Liverpool as ballast to the cotton ships. The clay loam of the finest streets of Memphis was cut into ruts, two feet deep, by the mule teams and waggons which brought the cotton from the railways to the river.

How beautiful the city was, how lovely the country, with its villas, gardens, and flowering and fragrant forests around it, I cannot describe. The soil is rich; the climate bright and genial. Roses bloom all winter in the gardens, and cotton and maize grow abundantly in their season. Money was plentiful; wages high; there was work for all in that land of plenty: so it was before the war. Criminals and paupers were almost unknown. The former earned more than their expenses in prison, and the latter were scarcely a burthen.

In the long and almost perpetual summers of the South, ice is a luxury of the first order. Every morning the ice-cart comes

round as regularly as milkman or baker: ice is on every table at every meal. Stored in great warehouses, built with double walls, filled in with spent tanbark or sawdust, it is made to last from year to year, even in a climate where the thermometer ranges for weeks at nearly a hundred degrees. But whence comes the ice? A thousand miles up the river the winters are long and cold. The ice, two feet in thickness, is cut out in blocks, and stored up for the opening of navigation. Loaded in immense flat-boats or rafts of boards, it floats down with the current to Memphis. Two men, on each flat-boat, keep the frail craft in mid-channel, signal the steam-boats that might run them down, and lazily while away the weeks of this slow voyage. President Lincoln was one of the flat-boat navigators of the very river down which he afterward sent his victorious gun-boats.

The first Sunday spent in a gay Southern city was a curious social revelation. You walk out toward evening, the sky is blue, the air is balm, but a thousand rainbows of gay and flashing colours have broken loose; all negrodom has put on its wonderful attire of finery, and come out to take the air. Slavery had its fascinations, and one of these was to see the whole negro population of a rich city like Memphis out on a Sunday afternoon. The negroes not only outdo the whites in dress, but caricature their manners; and sable belles and sooty exquisites appropriate the finest walks, and interpret the comedy of life in their own fashion.

There is a handsome theatre at Memphis, very fashionably attended when there are attractive stars. The coloured population occupies an exclusive gallery, and takes an intense satisfaction in the drama, and I have seen a full gallery of them rapturously applauding the make-believe negro minstrels. But the circus, with its trained horses, spangled finery, and broad farce of the clowns, is, perhaps, their strongest attraction. There came up the river from New Orleans while I was at Memphis, a flourishing circus, with ring, boxes, pit, and gallery, a full stud and company, all propelled by steam. It steamed from town to town along the thousands of miles of the Mississippi and its branches, staying a day or two at small towns, and weeks at large ones. When its great steam organ which could be heard three miles announced its arrival at Memphis, the whole juvenile and negro population was on the *qui vive*. I was visiting at the residence of a gentle-

man, two miles in the country. In came Harry, a handsome black boy, fat and lazy, who would go to sleep currying his horse or over his rake in the garden, with his—“Please, massa, de circus am come.”

“Well, Harry, I suppose it has come, what then?”

“Please, massa, give me a pass to go and see it.”

“A pass! Ay, but who is to pay?”

“Oh! I’se got two bits for de ticket.”

So the good-natured massa filled up a blank pass, which would allow Harry to be abroad after nine o’clock at night without being arrested by the police.

Harry was hardly out of the library before there came another visitor, a black little nursery-maid, twelve or fourteen years old.

“Please, massa,” said she, in the familiar, wheedling way of children and slaves, “Harry’s goin’ to de circus.”

“And you want to go, too?”

“Yes, please, massa.”

“I’m afraid you will get into trouble. It’s a long way, and you will be out late.”

“Oh! no, massa; I wont get into no trouble, I wont, indeed: I’ll keep by Harry—*please*, massa!”

“Have you got any money?”

“No, massa; you *please* give me two bit, massa.”

Of course, the two bits came, and with them another pass for the circus.

Slavery, as seen by the traveller in the South, presented only its softest and most amiable aspects. There was something fascinating in the respect with which every white person was treated, and the obsequious alacrity with which he was served. Every negro, to whomsoever he might belong, was required to be respectful and obedient to any white person. The superiority of race was asserted and acknowledged. If there were hardships and cruelties in this servitude, they were rarely seen by a stranger. The negroes are careless and happy, or stolid and stupid. Some slaves were trusted with untold gold—some, I am sure, ruled their masters and mistresses, and had things pretty much their own way. The servants of old families, where generations of blacks had served generations of whites, had all the pride of family and ancestry, and looked down with aristocratic contempt upon the common niggers of the *nouveaux riches*. That slavery

had either a strong fascination, or some redeeming features, may be judged from the fact that English, Irish, and the Northern American emigrants to the South, whatever their former opinions, generally followed the customs of the country, and became the owners of slaves.

The wealth and importance of the cities of Southern America are not to be estimated by their population. Memphis in its palmiest days before the war had only twenty-two thousand people, but the wealth and business were immense. There were five daily newspapers, and many other periodicals. The stocks of goods were large, the commercial buildings spacious, the style of living fast and luxurious.

## CHAPTER TWENTY

### *NEW YORK*

It was late in the winter of 1836-7 when I came from New Haven, through Long Island Sound, and "put-up" at the Astor House, then the finest hotel in New York. It was my first steam-boat trip, and I remember it the better because the weather had been so intensely cold that the Sound, though from ten to twenty miles wide, was frozen over. All through the night the steamer went ploughing, crashing, and grinding through the thin ice. I lay in a berth forward, in the cabin below deck, with only a thin plank between me and the breaking ice. Sometimes we came to an open glade, and then the steamer shot forward with her usual velocity, but soon we went crashing into the ice again, and her speed was again retarded.

The Astor House, near the City Hall, and opposite the Park Theatre and the American Museum, (afterwards Barnum's) and now the office of the *New York Herald*, was at that time in a central position. There were few shops on Broadway above Canal-street, and the fashionable quarter had moved no farther north-west than to get "above Bleecker," and cluster around the Washington parade-ground and Union-square. The city had about one-third its present population. Brooklyn was a small village; now it has a population of over 300,000. Jersey City had a few cottages, it is now a city of 60,000 inhabitants; and Hoboken, then the verdant expanse of Elysian Fields, where we went to enjoy rural solitude, is now a compact town of 20,000 people.

Perhaps I cannot give a better idea of New York at that time than by relating my own experience of it. I was in my twenty-first year, and a perfect stranger in the greatest city on our Continent. I knew little of the world, or, for that matter, of anything; but I had, nevertheless—and all the more perhaps—an idea, very common to young Americans, that I could do anything I chose to attempt. I was full of health, vigour, hope, and self-confidence, and on the look out for work.

One day I saw in the *New York Herald*, a notice that an assistant editor was wanted. I wrote a very frank letter to Mr. Bennett, of whom, and of whose paper, I knew almost nothing. He requested me to call at the office; we dined together in a little cellar restaurant and he engaged me at a salary of twenty dollars a week, which, at that day, was considered very good pay for a newspaper writer. Mr. Bennett had conceived the idea of issuing an *Evening Herald*, with matter almost entirely different from that of the morning paper. He gave me charge of this, and, after a few days, gave himself no further trouble about it; not even looking at the proofs, and only giving me now and then a subject or a hint for a leading article. I must say that he treated me extremely well.

I went to the office in Ann-Street every morning at half-past seven o'clock. The compositors arrived at about the same time, and I wrote with one or another at my elbow every few minutes, taking the slips as they were thrown off, until I had completed my daily task of three newspaper minion columns, by which time the proofs began to come down, and they were corrected, and the paper put to press by one o'clock, P.M.

I can speak better of the quantity than the quality of what I wrote, chiefly on local and social matters, with plenty of short paragraphs in the American fashion, light and lively. It was so much in Mr. Bennett's style, in thought and expression, impudence and egotism, that my paragraphs were copied and credited to him about as often as his own; and he was supposed to write every day the entire editorial matter of two fair-sized daily newspapers. "What a wonderful man that Bennett is!" people said—and they said truly. He was really, in those days, a man of energy, extraordinary wit, and various ability. He was as remarkable for research and an orderly arrangement of facts, as for spirit and egotism. Few men understood America so well.

When my morning's work was done, I enjoyed whatever there was of novelty or pleasure in our New York life. Sometimes I lounged on the battery, under the elms and willows, inhaling the sea-breeze, and watching the stately ships, the graceful yachts, and the noble steamers, as they swept round on their way up the north or east rivers, or down the bay. Sometimes I sat on the walls of the old fort, which we persisted in calling Castle Garden, because it had neither shrub nor flower, only vanilla ice-creams and fragrant mint-juleps. Sometimes alone, or with a friend, I took a sail-boat, and sailed out upon the sparkling waves, and met the swell that came with the sea-breeze up the Narrows.

In the evenings we had music, moonlight, and beauty. Dodworth's band played at the Atlantic Garden, close by the Bowling-Green, where the leaden statue of George III. had been dragged down by the mob at the beginning of the Revolution and melted into bullets. The iron railing is still there from which the crown-shaped ornaments were broken off. Many warm afternoons, when the thermometer ranged near ninety degrees, I found cool walks and pleasant breezes across the Hudson at Hoboken. Then there were moonlight steam-boat excursions, with music and dancing. The theatres were all open to me, and we had a French pantomime and ballet company at Niblo's Gardens, then quite out of town, but now in the centre of business Broadway. There was the great Gabriel Ravel, and there I first saw the now more famous Blondin.

There are two elements of New York and American life which English tourists can never appreciate, nor English readers comprehend. They are ice-creams and oysters. It is impossible, in a cool climate like that of England, to imagine the luxury of ice, iced drinks, and frozen food and sweet-meats, in a hot one. For four months in a year Americans eat ices and drink iced drinks. Ice is everywhere. The first thing in the summer morning in Virginia is an immense mint julep sparkling with ice. It is passed from hand to hand, and lip to lip. I remember well the first time I was offered this social glass. It was by President Tyler. It had been brought to him early in the morning. He drank a little, smacked his lips, and handed it to me. I had never been initiated into the Virginia custom, and in my confusion declined the honour; but the handsome daughter of one of the cabinet ministers, coming in at that moment, took the glass, drank to the presi-

dent's good health, and passed it on, until it made the round of the party.

But the ice-creams are the most ubiquitous luxury. They are served in public gardens, in saloons that hold a thousand people, at the confectioners, at the uniform price of sixpence, and generally of excellent quality and flavour.

By far less than ice-creams can benighted Europe understand the American luxury of oysters. The American oyster is an entirely different bivalve from its English namesake. They do not look alike; still less do they taste alike. Those who are fond of one cannot endure the other. Captain Marryatt never learned to eat the American oyster. Dr. Mackay, under better auspices, came to be so fond of them, that he eagerly accepted the offer to become the New York correspondent of the *Times*; but Dr. Mackay is a poet, and has some idea of "a good time coming, boys." I know nothing droller than the disgust of Americans when they first land in England and make a rush at an oyster-shop. They are disgusted at the looks of the absurd, little, round, flat jokers, and still more disgusted at the salt, harsh, coppery, acrid, and altogether, to their tastes, un-oyster-like flavour.

The American oyster, from New York to New Orleans, is large, bland, sweet, luscious, capable of being fed and fattened, and cooked in many styles, and is eaten for breakfast, dinner, supper, and at all intermediate hours. Oysters are eaten raw, pure and simple, or with salt, pepper, oil, mustard, lemon-juice, or vinegar. At breakfast they are stewed, broiled, or fried. At dinner you have oyster-soup, oyster-sauce for the fish, fried oysters, scolloped oysters, oyster pies, and when the boiled turkey is cut into, it is found stuffed with oysters. Some of these oysters are so large that they require to be cut into three pieces before eating. Four or six of them, broiled and served on toast, really make a respectable meal; and the larger they are the better the flavour. They are also, in comparison with English oysters, cheap. The regular price of a stew, containing equal to three dozen of natives, cooked with butter, milk, biscuit, and the proper condiments, and served with bread and butter and a salad, used to be sixpence. In New York we formerly had a cheap class of oyster-cellars, where they were served on what was called the "Canal-street plan," named from a wide street which crosses Broadway, in which such cellars abounded; and this plan was to

give a customer as many raw oysters as he could eat for six-pence. He paid his sixpence—York shilling, or Spanish eighth of a dollar—and swallowed the bivalves as they were opened, until he cried “enough!” There is a tradition that the dealers sometimes hurried this exclamation from an unreasonably greedy person, by giving him, when he had got his money’s worth, an unsavoury oyster.

Cellars or underground basements for business purposes, are very rare in London and very common in New York. The sandy soil allows that buildings which are six or seven storeys above the surface should be two or three below. The oyster-cellars, to which you descend from the side-walk of Broadway, are twenty-five feet in width, by a hundred or more in length, and many of them are fitted up with great luxury—plate-glass, curtains, gilding, pictures, &c. Here you may have oysters in every style, and in great perfection, as well as all the delicacies of the season, and all the drinks which American ingenuity has invented. The fashionable saloons upon the ground floor—some of which are as large as the great music halls in London, and are frequented day and night by ladies as well as gentlemen—deal as largely in oysters during the months which have an R, as in ice-creams during June, July, and August.

But oysters in New York are never really out of season. They are brought from the shores of Virginia, and planted to grow and fatten, so that every quality and flavour can be produced by the varying situation of the banks, and the time of planting and the depth of water regulates the season of the oyster, and keeps the market in constant supply. Gentlemen living upon the rivers, sounds, and inlets in the vicinity of New York, have their oyster-plantations as well as their gardens, peach-orchards, or vineyards. Making a visit to a gentleman whose mansion was on the bank of a New Jersey river, I found upon his table a daily supply of oysters, from the river-beds which were a continuation of his garden.

It is not only in seaport towns in America that oysters are eaten in enormous quantities, but towns a thousand miles from salt water have an abundant supply, and an oyster supper is as regular a thing in Cincinnati or St. Louis as in New York or Baltimore. Even before the railways annihilated time and space and made oyster-lovers happy, there were oyster expresses from

Baltimore across the Alleghanies, which beat the Government mails in speed, and supplied the distant settlements. At Buffalo and the lake towns the supply was differently managed. Oysters were brought by the canal, and the winter's stock put down in cellars, and fed on salt water and Indian corn-meal; growing, week by week, as I beg to assure all pisciculturists and the Acclimatisation Society, more fat and delicious.

The oysters in the Gulf of Mexico are larger and more delicious, if possible, than in the sheltered bays of the Atlantic. They are also more abundant. On the Florida coast they attach themselves by millions to branches of trees which droop into the water. You have only to pull up these branches and pick them off. The traveller's story, that oysters grow on trees in Florida, is thus a perfectly true one. I found them excellent at Mobile and New Orleans, where the fish-markets also have beautiful and delicious varieties of the finny tribes, quite unknown to these northern regions. I do not say that they are better than English salmon and turbot, but the New Orleans and Mobile fishermen could send two or three kinds that would be welcome on the dinner table, as well as very beautiful additions to the aquarium.

It may seem absurd to write so much about a shell-fish; but how could I remember the city in which I have passed so many happy days without also remembering so important a part of its good cheer as the oyster? Really, I cannot help thinking that a few ship-loads of American oysters and clams strewn along the coasts of England and Ireland might be one of the best investments ever made by a paternal Government, some of whose children and subjects do not always get enough to eat.

## CHAPTER TWENTY-ONE

### *NEW YORK INSTITUTIONS*

The City of New York has some institutions which I humbly think may be worthy of imitation even in the metropolis of the world. The Central Park, though commenced only a few years ago, and wanting that grandeur of ancient trees which only time can give, combines the finest features of Hyde Park, Regent's Park, and the gardens at Kew, with the additional beauty of some points of bold and striking scenery.

The Croton Waterworks would do honour to any city in the world. A mountain stream of soft pure water, forty miles north of New York, is turned into an aqueduct, and led through hills, over valleys, and across an arm of the sea, into great reservoirs in the centre of New York, from which it is distributed to every house, not once a day into a water-butt, but into every storey of the tallest houses, in a full, free current, running all day, if you please, and giving such facilities for bathing and cleanliness to poor as well as rich, as exist in few European capitals.

The Astor Library in New York, founded by the bequest of its richest merchant, John Jacob Astor, is not so extensive as that of the British Museum, but it is a good beginning, and open and free, without restriction, to all who choose to enter.

Near the Astor Library, the munificence of Peter Cooper, another New York merchant, has provided such a free reading-room as I have not been able to discover in England—a room which will accommodate some hundreds of readers, and is supplied with files of daily and weekly papers, magazines, &c., in

several languages. A free library is connected with the reading-room, and a picture-gallery and school of art.

The squares of New York, like Russell-square and Lincoln's-inn-fields, are all open and free to the public; which I certainly think is a striking improvement upon the London fashion of laying out a square with shady trees, pleasant walks, shrubbery and flowers, and carefully locking it up against all comers.

Every great city has its festivals. London has several—Good Friday, Easter Monday, Whitsunday, Christmas and the Derby. New York, and all the towns west of New York which follow its fashions, have five—Christmas, New-year's, Washington's Birth Day, Decoration Day, and the Fourth of July. New England retains too many Puritan traditions to make much of Christmas; Thanksgiving takes its place. New York, which was at first Dutch, then English, and now largely Roman Catholic, cares little for the annually proclaimed Thanksgiving day, but makes a real festival of Christmas; but as it is kept much as in London or Paris, I need not describe it.

New-year's, however, is a peculiar festival. I think it came from Holland. All business is suspended, more than on Sunday or any other day in the year. From highest to lowest, from Fifth Avenue to the most obscure street in the suburbs, the ladies are dressed to receive visitors from 10 o'clock, A. M., to midnight, and every gentleman is expected to call on that day, if on no other, on every lady of his acquaintance. The streets are full of men walking or in carriages, or sleighs, if there is snow, making calls; the bells are jingling in every house, for knockers are obsolete; the servants are busy attending the door; the ladies are surrounded with visitors, who stay five or ten minutes, taste a glass of wine, eat a piece of cake, or chicken, or lobster salad, or a few pickled oysters, and then go to make more calls. Some make a dozen, some a hundred. The young ladies keep books, and put down every caller. It is the list from which to make out invitations for the coming year. For the whole day, after mass in the Catholic churches, it is very rare to see a woman in the streets. As night comes on, many gentlemen give evidence of having tasted refreshments too often. The "compliments of the season" are not so glibly given. These mistakes are charitably excused; and all New York, for one day, has been friendly and sociable. If a stranger in any American town happens to have a

friend with a large circle of acquaintance, he cannot do better than to accompany him in making his calls. He will never see American life to better advantage.

Fourth of July is another affair. Great numbers of people get out of town to avoid the noise, but their place is more than filled by the country people, who flock in to enjoy what others wish to avoid. It is the celebration of the Declaration of Independence, when the thirteen American colonies declared themselves "Sovereign and Independent States"—declared that "All government derives its just powers from the consent of the governed"—asserted the supreme right of revolution—the right to alter, abrogate, and abolish any Government which failed to secure the interest, safety, and happiness of a people.

The annual iteration and illustration of these principles commences on the third of July at sunset, by the firing of Chinese crackers, squibs, Roman-candles, rockets, pistols, guns, and cannon of every calibre, and the making of a furious din and a bad smell everywhere. This however, is only a rehearsal of preparatory service. The celebration begins in earnest on the Fourth at sunrise, when all the bells ring for an hour, and salutes are fired from the forts, ships of war, and by volunteer batteries. These bell-ringings and salutes are repeated at noon, and again at set of sun. In the meantime Chinese crackers are fired by millions and by tons. Singly, in packets, and in whole boxes they keep up their patriotic din; while thousands of boys, with pistols, and pockets full of gunpowder, load and fire as rapidly as possible, and keep up a rattling *feu-de-joie*, or, as nervous people who have not escaped think, a *feu-d'enfer*, in every street and square of the city. The air is as full of the sulphurous smoke as that of a battle-field. The pavements are literally covered with the *débris* of exploded fire-crackers.

At ten o'clock the volunteer regiments, to the number of eight or ten thousand men, parade on the Battery, and march up Broadway. The display on this really brilliant street, which runs straight as a line for nearly three miles, is imposing. Some of the regimental bands number seventy performers, and a motley throng of spectators is swept along with the torrent of sound. There are orations, speeches, dinners, amid the din; but it is when the last evening salutes have been fired, and the evening bells have rung out their peals, that the beauty of the celebration cul-

minates. Exhibitions of fireworks are given in five or six of the principal squares, at the expense of the city, each attended with a band of music; but all New York, and its environs for miles around, is one exhibition of pyrotechnics. The whole sky is lighted with fireballs and rockets: they are sent up from thousands of places. The spectacle from the roofs of the houses, or any commanding position, is one of singular beauty; and this scene, it must be remembered, is not confined to one or to twenty cities. It is repeated in every town, village, and hamlet across the continent, and the "Glorious Fourth" is celebrated with as much enthusiasm on the Oregon and Sacramento, as on the Hudson and the Kennebec.

Evacuation Day, the 25th of November, was formerly celebrated in New York by a military procession; but I believe it has been discontinued since the civil war. It kept in memory the humiliating fact that the British kept possession of New York during nearly the whole eight years of the Revolutionary war, and peacefully marched out and embarked for England six months after the cessation of hostilities, and the recognition of American Independence. In celebrating such an event it must be admitted that the New Yorkers were hard-up for holidays.

The Birth Day of Washington, the commander-in-chief of the rebel colonies—and first President of the Federated States—was not kept with much enthusiasm until since the war of secession. The failure of the second rebellion made the first more glorious, and the memory of Washington became the more honoured, after Jefferson Davis and General Lee had been defeated. Before this, party politics had obscured the fame of the revolutionary leader, the arch rebel of the first secession. The democratic majority looked coldly upon the virtues and services of the Federalist leader. But when the second secession had been defeated, the victors revived the memory of the successful hero of the first, and Washington's birth day has since been celebrated with an enthusiasm scarcely less than that which greets the noisy anniversary of the rebellion of 1776.

The war of 1861-5 has given New York and the country, north and south, a new anniversary. It is not the celebration of victory by the North, not altogether a commemoration of defeat in the South, but in both sections a beautiful mode of paying honour to the heroes of the strife, who lost their lives fighting

for Union and Empire on one side, and for Freedom and Independence on the other. The new festival is Decoration Day. On the same day the people of North and South assemble, and deck the graves of their dead soldiers with flowers.

If there is anything New Yorkers are more given to than making money it is dancing. During the season, that is from November to March, there are balls five nights a-week, in perhaps twenty public ball-rooms, besides a multitude of private parties, where dancing is the chief amusement. The whole city is made up of clubs and societies, each of which has its balls. When Englishmen have dinners, Americans have balls. Englishmen support their charities by eating, Americans by dancing.

Formerly, before the introduction of a paid department there were in New York fifty or sixty companies of volunteer firemen, each with fifty to a hundred members; and each company every winter gave one or more balls, in which their friends, and, of course, feminine acquaintances took part. There were twenty or thirty regiments of military volunteers, and each one had at least its annual ball. There were hundreds of lodges of Freemasons, Odd Fellows, Sons of Temperance, Druids, and various national, trade, and benevolent societies, which had their annual dance in winter, and excursion or pic-nic in summer. Then there were assembly-clubs of young men who united for the sole purpose of dancing, subscribed for a dozen cotillion parties, and were as exclusive, if not as select as the lady patronesses of Almacks. Besides all these, were the great balls, held at the Academy of Music or largest theatres—as the General Fireman's ball, the ball of the Irish Benevolent Society, &c.

The price of tickets for the greater number of these balls was one or two dollars; to the great balls five dollars. A ticket admitted a gentleman and two ladies. Single gentleman's tickets are not sold, though extra ladies' tickets may be had by any gentleman who wished to take more than two. At the "society parties," where the lovers of dancing clubbed for the pleasure of dancing, and where the names of the ladies were submitted to a committee of managers, tickets could not be bought; but invitations were sometimes given. I have been to such balls where all their arrangements were as exquisite as possible; where every gentleman was a good dancer, and every lady was young and beautiful, rivalling each other in grace and elegance of costume; where the

music was as carefully selected as the ladies, the supper, and the wines; where, moreover, the most perfect respectability of character was as necessary to obtain the *entrée* as grace or beauty.

Of that grace and beauty it is a matter of some delicacy to speak. Every country has its own standards of loveliness. The American ladies, of the class of which I am writing, have small hands and feet, exquisitely delicate and lovely forms, and are brilliant and graceful beyond my power to describe. They are not as robust as the English ladies; it is impossible that they can wear as well; but from the age of fifteen to twenty-five they are inexpressibly beautiful.

This gift of beauty is by no means equally distributed over the American States; it is as rare in the country west of the Alleghanies as in North Western Europe. But along the whole coast of the Atlantic and the Gulf, and in all the country settled for more than a century, it is common; and in the oldest towns and rural districts, settled for two hundred years or more, beautiful women, or at least beautiful girls, are so numerous as to become almost the rule rather than the exception. No person can visit Portland, Salem, Providence, or Baltimore without being struck with the vast number of exceedingly beautiful women; and there are regions of the rural districts as wonderfully blessed as the towns I have mentioned.

## CHAPTER TWENTY-TWO

### *EXCITEMENTS AND SENSATIONS*

New York, with the other American cities which follow its fashions, as most of them do, even down to the town of ten thousand inhabitants, has its occasional excitements, as well as its stated holidays and seasons of festivity. Of these I remember several of a more or less striking character.

The first great popular excitement I can remember in America, was that caused by the visit of the Marquis de Lafayette. This distinguished Frenchman, at the age of twenty, chartered a ship, loaded her with military supplies, left his wife and sailed away to America, to offer his sword and fortune to Washington. The hero of the American Revolution was not an impulsive man, but he took the generous Frenchman to his heart, and gave him an important position in the continental army. Lafayette fed and clothed his naked and suffering soldiers. When the ladies of Baltimore wished to give a ball to the gallant and generous foreigner, he said, "I should be delighted to dance with you, dear ladies, but my men have no shirts." The fair Baltimoreans, then as now the most beautiful ladies in America, laid aside all thoughts of dancing, took up their scissors and needles, and made shirts for the naked soldiery.

Such traits made the young marquis very popular in America. He gave to the cause all the money he could get of his own, or borrow of his friends. His influence, and that of his family, no doubt had something to do with inducing Louis XVI. to recognise American Independence, and send fleets and armies to aid in securing it. The eight years' war was ended at last, and General

Lafayette returned to France full of Washington and the New Republic of the West; and the French King who aided the American rebels died on the scaffold.

It has been said that the French Revolution was caused by the American; but revolutionary principles existed in France before they took effect in America. I believe that England was the true source of both revolutions. The actual leading spirit of the American Revolution was Thomas Paine, an Englishman. He had more to do with giving voice, form, consistency, and purpose to the revolution than any other man engaged in it. He was "the pen of the war." Few men in England or America could have written as he wrote—none reached so large a public. Had not Thomas Paine written his *Common Sense*, Jefferson might never have had the opportunity to write the American *Magna Charta*. It was a trumpet-peal that awoke the colonies to the thought of independence. Paine was the disciple of Rousseau, but Rousseau only gave French vitality to the ideas of English philosophers. The principles of the revolution, born in Europe, had their experimental trial in America, and the success of the experiment no doubt hastened the French Revolution of 1792 in which Thomas Paine again figured as a Member of the National Convention, and he barely escaped the guillotine by the death of Robespierre. Not only Lafayette, but hundreds of French officers who had served in America, went home full of enthusiasm for the new republic of Washington.

Lafayette, had he been a strong, heroic man, instead of a vain and weak one, might have been the Washington of the French Revolution. Failing a Washington—having instead a Danton and a Robespierre—there came the need of a Napoleon. Lafayette was, in the course of events, immured in an Austrian prison, and was set free at the request of the American Government. In 1824 he accepted an invitation to revisit America. He was received with the honours due to the guest of the nation. I remember well the excitement and enthusiasm of his welcome. He made a triumphal tour, visiting nearly all the States. Bells rang, cannon thundered, bonfires blazed, thousands of pretty maidens strewed his path with flowers, and the grey-haired veteran was happy to see the great nation which he had aided to establish. The children and grand-children of his companions-in-arms gathered around him, but there were also hundreds who had served under him—

old men like himself—who came to embrace their now aged but then young and gay commander. Congress voted him a township of land, and some hundred thousand dollars in money, as a small acknowledgment of his sacrifices and services.

The progress of General Jackson, when President, was an occasion of as great, though not such general excitement, as that which attended the welcome of Lafayette. When it lost in unity it gained in intensity, by being, to some extent, a party manifestation; but the hero of New Orleans had been successful and became popular, and, in America, even when the man is despised the President is honoured. New England cursed and scorned John Tyler of Virginia, the traitor, as they considered him, to the party that elected him; but New England turned out none the less to welcome John Tyler the President. Andrew Jackson had stronger claims. He had been twice elected President, which Americans have no doubt at all is the highest place, and the most dignified office, on this planet, and he was also the Hero of New Orleans.

The completion of the Erie Canal was not a national excitement, but New York, and the whole country bordering on the lakes, celebrated it with extraordinary enthusiasm. Every town and village from New York to Buffalo, along a line of five hundred miles, joined in the celebration. The bells were rung, processions marched, cannon, placed a mile apart for the whole five hundred miles, fired salutes, orators "orated," and at Albany, the State capital, where the canal enters the Hudson river, Lake Erie was solemnly married to the Atlantic Ocean with appropriate ceremonies; the old connexion by the way of Niagara Falls and the River St. Lawrence being looked upon as irregular and illegitimate. The canal, with its numerous locks and strong embankments, appeared to the orators of the day to be the more civilized and respectable arrangement.

I have always thought that the reception given to Mr. Charles Dickens in New York, some thirty years ago, was a good thing; and though it had a tinge of extravagance and a strong spice of pardonable vanity, and not inhuman self-glorification about it, I am still of opinion that it was, on the whole, an ovation honourable to the givers as it was to the receiver.

True, the Americans had stolen his writings. They had printed and sold millions of copies of his books, and laughed and cried

over them, and grown the better, it is to be hoped, for reading them, without giving him a penny for the privilege. They gave him praise, gratitude, honour, everything but cash. The temptation to get all the best, as well as the worst, books written in Europe for nothing was too strong to be resisted. The interests of native authors were sacrificed to this greed of cheap literature. Manufacturers of cotton, woollen, and iron could get plenty of protection while writers were starved by a competition which was a denial of justice and a robbery of genius in both hemispheres. No one felt this, and no one had a right to feel it, more bitterly than Mr. Dickens. An international copyright thirty years ago would have doubled the rewards of his genius and industry. Later, the very greed of American publishers, their desire to secure a virtual monopoly and a higher price, gave him some remuneration.

But has there been no blame except with the American Government? Has British diplomacy, in all these years, found no opportunity to secure the rights of British authors and artists, the men of genius who contribute so much to the strength and influence, the prestige and power of the British nation? I cannot but think that an equitable treaty of international copyright might have been secured many years ago, had British ministers and diplomatists been alive to the interests of her men of letters, or had authors and artists been in any fair proportion among her ministers and diplomatists. And if at this auspicious time, a literary Prime Minister were to send a literary ambassador to Washington, there might be granted to both English and American authors, if not some reparation for the past, yet some security for the future. Surely, there ought to be one law of copyright for the whole English reading world, if not for the whole world of letters.

Whatever their feelings about copyright, the great body of the American people were anxious to do honour to Mr. Dickens, when he made his first visit to America, and being fonder of dancing than of eating, they naturally welcomed him with a ball. A public dinner to Mr. Dickens could not have assembled more than three or four hundred persons. A ball allowed ten times that number to see him and be seen by him, which was, perhaps, almost as important a consideration.

So it was a ball at the Park Theatre—the Old Drury of New

York, where the Cookes, and Keans, and Kembles had delighted us, that was fixed upon. There was a supper of course; and there was a series of *tableaux vivans*, representing some scenes in the *Pickwick Papers*, and the earlier novels of the "immortal Boz." I remember the immense crowd of the "beauty and fashion" of New York that filled the theatre from its temporary dancing-floor, laid over stage and pit, to the gallery. I remember the mixed committee, made up of official, fashionable, and literary gentlemen, and some who aspired to all these distinctions. I think Irving and Cooper were there—I am sure of Halleck and Bryant. Willis sported his ringlets there, and can I ever forget the beaming, rosy, perspiring face of the "American Körner," General George P. Morris?

There was a rush near the door, a flutter through the crowded theatre, a hush of expectation, a burst of "See the conquering hero comes," and the author of *Pickwick* and *Edwin Drood*, with all of humour and pathos that lie between, burst upon our astonished and delighted vision. Then the cheers and waving of handkerchiefs from floor to gallery gave what expression was possible to the enthusiasm of the hour. It was hard to open a passage where thousands were crowding to see, and be near, and, if possible, shake hands with him, but with great difficulty he was escorted around the room.

We tried to dance. Mrs. General Morris honoured the thrice-honoured author with her fair hand for a quadrille, but the idea of dancing was absurd. I remember being in a set with two young army officers who were afterwards heroes in Mexico, but even their prowess could do little toward carrying their partners through the galop in such a crush. Happily it was before the age of crinoline, and what room there was we made the most of; but it was like dancing in a canebrake, the poor girls clinging to their partners to avoid being swept beyond their power to protect them.

Mr. Dickens came home, and wrote *American Notes* and *Martin Chuzzlewit*, and did not show himself sufficiently grateful, some thought, for the enthusiasm of his reception. I have no complaint to make. With all that was true and just in his representation of American life and manners, Americans ought to be satisfied. They did not wish to bribe the author and artist with their hospitalities to be false to his impressions. Mr. Dickens had

to choose between writing truly, according to his perception of truth, or not at all; and if he had chosen to be silent, I fear my too thin-skinned countrymen would not have been satisfied. What a man writes of a country or picture is a picture of himself, as well as of what he writes about; and in Mr. Dickens's accounts of people and places we find always a great deal of Dickens.

There was, the reader will sadly remember, a later visit to America, and a reception not less triumphant, but attended with labours which made *Edwin Drood* a fragment, and filled prematurely a grave in Westminster Abbey.

The reception of General Winfield Scott and the returning New York Volunteers from the conquest of Mexico, was one of the most genuine and impressive spectacles I ever saw in a city so fond of public manifestations. The Mexican War was a series of brilliant victories to the American arms. The forces engaged were small in number, it is true; but there was hard fighting, at great odds, against strong positions, and at times with heavy losses. General Scott entered the city of Mexico at the head of scarcely eight thousand soldiers, most of them raw volunteers. Peace was made, with the transfer of California and New Mexico to the United States. The New York City Volunteers came home—what were left of them. They went to Mexico a thousand strong, and two hundred and forty sallow, ragged, crippled boys and men, with their flags torn in pieces, landed at the Battery and marched up Broadway.

The whole city turned out to welcome them. There was an escort of ten thousand gaily dressed troops of the city regiments, all sparkle and glitter, on whose arms was no speck of rust, and whose beautiful flags had never been soiled by the smoke or torn by the shot of the battle-field. Then came General Scott, looking worn and twenty years older with his hard campaign; and then, in thin and straggling ranks, with arms in slings, with scarred faces and worn-out uniforms, came the poor boys who had marched through a series of battle-fields from Vera-Cruz to Mexico, had seen their flag waving in triumph over "the halls of the Montezumas," and had left three-fourths of their companions to the vultures and the worms. As they came in sight of the vast crowd of men and women that filled windows and streets and pressed to see them, the excitement became over-

powering. They marched up Broadway through a storm of hurrahs and a shower of tears. Ladies threw their bouquets into the streets, which were picked up and placed in the musquets of the soldiers. They waved their white handkerchiefs, then wiped their eyes and waved them again. Poor fellows, they had one day of glory for all their hardships.

The last visit of Henry Clay to New York was the occasion of an extraordinary ovation. He was about to retire for ever from public life. His last chance of reaching the long-sought goal of his ambition, the presidency, had departed. Political animosity was ended, and all parties united to do him honour. The governor's room in the City Hall was made his audience-chamber, and there the Kentucky statesman received all who chose to call upon him. Thousands shook him by the hand. The women came as well as the men—came in immense crowds. Mr. Clay, now a white-haired old man, had always been a favourite with the ladies. He would have been President long before, if women could have voted. They were not content to shake hands with him—they began to kiss him. When one had kissed him, the next of course followed the example. Locks of his silvery hair began to fall to the click of furtive scissors, and but for the interference of attendant policemen, it seemed probable that he would not only have been smothered in kisses, but lost all his hair.

The welcome to Kossuth was as enthusiastic as any revolutionist could desire. New York turned out its million of spectators, and its twenty regiments or so of citizen soldiery, to honour the illustrious Magyar. He had a triumphal progress, with brilliant processions, eloquent speeches, grand banquets. We had an immense dinner at the Astor House, with abundance of mutual glorification; but it did not last. Kossuth wanted money. The Americans were ready to spend a million—they did spend millions in a popular manifestation, of which he was the centre and occasion; but they did not believe in or care enough for him or his cause to give him a tenth part of the money they were ready to expend in dinners and processions. Besides, Kossuth travelled *en prince*. He had a suite of nearly a hundred persons, who drank costly wines, smoked the best of cigars, and lived like fighting-cocks. The hotel bills were enormous; people got tired of paying them; the Hungarian stock fell flat, and Kossuth left

very quietly the country that had a few weeks before received him in a frenzy of excitement.

The Atlantic Telegraph celebration was as characteristic an affair as I remember. My countrymen believe—firstly, that Dr. Franklin invented electricity; secondly, that Mr. Morse invented the electro-magnetic telegraph; and thirdly, that Mr. Cyrus Field laid down the Atlantic cable. They would allow, perhaps, that some Englishmen, on a sharp look-out for good investments, took a few shares of the stock, and that, from motives of policy or politeness, a British Government steamer was permitted to assist in laying the wires; but that the real glory of the enterprise and its triumph were American, we had no manner of doubt. Franklin, Morse, and Field were Americans; the telegraph was American; and to unite Europe to America was the greatest favour that could be done to that effete, benighted, monarchial, and down-trodden continent.

The success having been achieved, was, of course, to be celebrated. It was a national affair, and the whole nation joined in it. On the night appointed, at a signal given by telegraph, cannon were fired everywhere, bonfires lighted and cities illuminated. In New York there was a procession, with Cyrus Field, the hero, in an open chariot, drawn through tornadoes and Niagaras of hurrahs. The fireworks were of such unprecedented magnificence that they set the City Hall on fire. Every city was illuminated. Towns beyond the Mississippi were in a blaze of light. Probably the celebration cost more than the making and laying down the wire-cable under the Atlantic.

The reception of the first Japanese Ambassadors in the American cities, from San Francisco to New York, was what people in Europe can scarcely form an idea of. In America it is the sovereign people who give receptions in their own fashion. There was a novelty in the Japanese embassy that excited the imagination. It was determined to astonish the barbarians. There was a tumultuous, extravagant popular manifestation, as remarkable in its way as the reception of the Prince of Wales in America, or of the Princess of Wales in London.

But what shall I say of that great and wonderful reception of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales in America? It was a compound of several elements. There was great curiosity to see a live prince, the eldest son of Queen Victoria, and heir-apparent

to the British crown. There was a greater vanity and ostentation in the wish to show him the most wonderful country in the world, and to astonish him with such a welcome as he never had before, and never would have again.

"The poor boy has never hurt us," they said, "and never can. Why should we bear him malice because we licked his grandfather? Come, let us be generous. We will show him what he has lost. We are powerful, and as he has come to see us, let us patronise him."

I need not describe the processions, the balls, the immense displays, civic and military, which amused or amazed His Royal Highness. No young gentleman in his teens, royal or otherwise, ever behaved, under peculiar and often embarrassing circumstances, better than did the Prince of Wales on this American tour. He "conversed affably," as English reporters say—how would they have him converse, I wonder?—with all who approached him, and he danced indefatigably. He danced at St. Louis, at Cincinnati, and finally at New York. They gave him, sometimes, more old women than he liked for partners—the wives of civic dignitaries, etc.; but he manfully put them through their antique paces, and then took his pick of the pretty girls, only less beautiful and graceful than the lovely princess whom England so joyfully welcomed to be the partner of his life.

The Americans wished to treat the eldest son of Queen Victoria as an honoured equal—neither more nor less. America at that time had no reason to feel envy or ill-will to England. Bygones were bygones. We had beaten her twice—we were her equals—and would soon be her superiors. She could not expect to increase in population beyond forty or fifty millions. We should soon be a hundred millions. We could afford to forgive all the injuries and insults of the past, and to be generous to a power that could not hope long to keep up with us in the great race of empire. Personally there was a cordial good feeling to the quiet, gentle, princely youth, whose appearance and manners were, apart from all prestige of rank and position, an open letter of recommendation. A torrent of poetic welcomes poured into the newspapers.

There was a magnificent, but too-crowded, ball at the Academy of Music, the New York Opera House, of which yet another poet gives a lively description, telling us how gaily the Prince

danced with all the most distinguished and beautiful ladies of New York, who are duly catalogued in verse—

“All hearts beat time to the first quadrille,  
And the Prince confessed to a joyous thrill,  
As he danced with Mrs. Morgan.  
“Then came the waltz—the Prince’s own—  
And every bar and brilliant tone  
Had music’s sweetest grace on;  
But the Prince himself ne’er felt its charm  
Till he slightly clasped with circling arm  
That lovely girl, Miss Mason.”

And so on of the rest until—

“With Mrs. Kernochan he ‘lanced,’  
With Mrs. Edward Cooper danced,  
With Mrs. Belmont capered;  
With fair Miss Fish, in-fairy rig,  
He tripped a sort of royal jig,  
And next Miss Butler favoured.”

The visit of His Royal Highness, in company with the President, to the grave of Washington, was too striking an incident not to find celebration in verse, immortal or otherwise. I copy some stanzas by Mr. R. H. Stoddard, now Editor of the *Aldine*.

“The soft rays of the autumn sun  
Fell goldenly on land and wave,  
Touching with holy light the grave  
That holds the dust of Washington.  
“A stately, silent group was there—  
The nation’s Ruler, crowned with years.  
And England’s Prince amid his peers,  
Uncovered in the reverent air!  
“Two friendly nations met in them,  
Two mighty nations, one of old;  
Cast in the same gigantic mould,  
Shoot from the sturdy Saxon stem.  
“Twas gracefully and nobly done,  
A royal tribute to the free,  
Who, Prince, will long remember thee,  
Before the grave of Washington!

Finally, Oliver Wendell Holmes, the Boston poet and humourist, contributed a Yankee version of the British National Anthem, to which the following is the concluding stanza—:

Lord, let war’s tempest cease,  
Fold the whole earth in peace  
Under Thy wings!  
Make all Thy nations one,  
All hearts beneath the sun,  
Till thou shalt reign alone,  
Great King of kings!

## CHAPTER TWENTY-THREE

### *RECREATIONS AND AMUSEMENTS*

The public amusements in the United States are not very different from those in England. There are no fairs, but there are every year state and county agricultural exhibitions, with trotting-matches for horses, and prizes for the best female equestrianism. Hunting, as practised in England, with horse and hound, scarcely exists out of Maryland and Virginia, where English customs are best preserved, but there is no lack of game or sportsmen. There are, however, no game laws, except the prohibition to kill in certain seasons. These are no preserves or licenses, and every one shoots or fishes where he likes. Warnings against trespass are unheard of. Racing is a custom of the middle States and the larger cities. There are race courses near New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and New Orleans, and in many places in Tennessee and Kentucky. In New England and most of the North, horse-racing is supposed to have been prohibited in the decalogue, and the few races that take place are not very reputably attended. Circuses traverse the country and diffuse a taste for gymnastics, and there is no lack of menageries of wild beasts, performing ponies, and monkeys.

There are a few cricket-clubs, mostly made up of "British residents," but the American game of base-ball is played by hundreds of clubs. There are bowling-alleys in every village, and in the larger towns some are kept expressly for ladies, who also play with gentlemen at the watering-places. Billiards everywhere. There are a few yacht-clubs, and rowing-clubs are more numerous. Nearly all Americans ride well, and are fond of driving.

Morphy made chess fashionable. The Germans excel in gymnastics, and hold Turner festivals with abundance of waltzing, and more abundant *lager bier*, which Americans are also learning to drink instead of whisky.

New York has an opera-house larger, I think, and certainly more splendid, than any in London, and a dozen or more handsome theatres. There are theatres in every considerable town, and plenty of wandering stars, but scarcely any strolling companies; and they have an abundance of Music Halls, Negro Minstrels, German Concert-Gardens, and a sort of theatres called Varieties with a rapid succession of songs, dramatic scenes, gymnastics, etc.

America can boast of some novelties in the way of amusements never seen in Europe—floating theatres and circuses, propelled by steam, going from town to town on the great western rivers, and carrying not only stage, auditorium, scenery, &c., but lodging and accommodations for the company, and, in the case of circuses, stabling and forage for the horses. The bills are posted weeks in advance. On the appointed day the floating theatre comes in sight, flags flying, band playing, or a steam-organ filling the whole region with its obstreperous harmonies.

The huge floating monster steams round, with its head up stream, moors to the bank and throws out its gangways. A crowd of idlers, black and white, gathers on the shore to stare at it, and get glimpses of the actors and actresses, or riders and tumblers, low comedy-man or clown, as the case may be. The hour of performance arrives at last, and a procession of gaily-dressed people issues from the broad streets of the town, and boards the floating show, which has been “floating down the river, the O-hi-o,” and the Mississippi, Missouri, Red River, and Arkansas, and their tributaries. White people fill the boxes and parquette, while every negro within five miles, who can raise the indispensable two-bits, is packed into the gallery. Orchestra strikes up, curtain rises, tragic sensations, screaming farces, roars of laughter, rounds of applause, and under all the great current sweeping onward to the Gulf.

Since my remembrance, nearly every dramatic or operatic star of any magnitude has made the American tour, which extends from Boston and New York along the Atlantic coast to Charleston and Savannah, then west to Mobile and New

Orleans, sometimes by way of Havana, in Cuba, then up the Mississippi, across the continent to Utah and California, and back by the Lakes—a tour of four or five thousand miles; or once on the Pacific, they go to Japan, China, and Australia. We have had singers from Malibran to Patti, both of whom, by the way, made their first successes in New York; actors from the elder Kean and Kemble to the young Kean and Mathews; actresses, from Fanny Kemble to Lydia Thompson, Celeste, Fanny Ellsler—how can I remember all the dancers? We had a visit from Rachel, and later from her rival, Ristori. Then we have had stars of our own—Booth, Hackett, Forrest, Jefferson, Miss Cushman, Miss Bateman, and many more whose names may not have been heard of on this side of the Atlantic.

For many years all our actors and actresses were from England. In the first companies I knew, scarcely any were born in America. Now, probably two-thirds are Americans. Still, our best actors have been, and perhaps still are, English. Some have preferred Booth to Kean, and Forrest to Macready, but I do not think we ever had American actors like Dowton, who delighted us when past seventy. It seems impossible that America should ever produce such a low, such a *very* low comedian as Jack Reeve—scarcely such a comedian as Power. We have done better in tragedy and eccentric drama. It should be observed that many reputed American actors are of English birth, and have taken their first lessons on the English stage. Nearly all the so-called American actors I have seen in London were born in England or Ireland.

Music is more cultivated in America, up to a certain point, than in any country in the world, except Germany. I am sure there are ten pianofortes in every American town or village to one in England. Singing is taught in the public schools, and the number of bands and amateurs is very great. As to a national music, I can say little. The negro melodies are nearly all we have to boast of. These have a charm that has made them popular everywhere. Are they really negro? Yes, in their origin, undoubtedly. The negroes have plaintive, simple airs, which they sing to the rude accompaniment of the banjo. The instrument is native African; so, in its rudiments, is the music; but both have been improved upon. The negro melodies are the product of a cross between African Paganism and American Methodism. Then

the airs, as composed by the negroes, have been refined by white performers, and others have been composed in the same spirit. These last constitute the greater number.

Some of these airs have a very singular character. There is "Dixie's Land," for example. I do not know its origin, but have no doubt that its germ, at least, was negro, and that it came from the South. When it was first played in St. Louis, the effect was very remarkable. It was at the theatre. The leader had got hold of the air and arranged it for the orchestra. It was played between the acts. The audience listened in breathless silence, and then, waking from their astonishment, suddenly burst into one simultaneous yell of delight, and made the band play it over eleven times before they would be satisfied. It was one of the last tunes I heard in America, and the first I heard in London; the next, I believe, was also an Africo-American air, the "Prairie Flower."

There are American composers of operatic music, but they have the same difficulties in obtaining recognition as American authors. Why should a manager risk the production of an American opera, and pay for it, when the *chefs d'oeuvres* of Mozart and Rossini, Verdi and Gounod, Hervé, Lecocq and Offenbach, are ready to his hand? There are not many original dramatists or composers in England; it is a wonder that there should be any in America.

In art we are a little better. There are several clever American sculptors, and more painters. I see no better English landscapes than I have seen in America. Cole and Durand of the older landscape artists, and Church, Kensett, and Cropsey of the younger, may place their works by the side of most I have seen in the Royal Academy.

American summer resorts ought to be reckoned among their recreations and amusements. Once, thousands of Southerners, planters and merchants, used to come North in the summer-time. The more patriotic came no farther than the Virginia Springs, but the more fashionable were seen at Saratoga and Niagara, Atlantic City and Newport. The New Yorkers leave town by the 4th of July. They scatter along the sea-coast or make the tour of Lake Champlain, Montreal, and Niagara. They camp out among the Adirondacs, or visit the wonderful scenery of the Yosemite in California.

One of our favourite summer resorts was the Catskill Mountain House. Take the day-boat at New York, one of those magnificent twenty-knot steamers, and glide past the palisades and through the highlands, until the Catskills rise like a cloud before you. At three o'clock, P.M., you land at a sleepy village, and get into a stage-coach, which, after a picturesque ride of two hours, sets you down at a great hotel, standing on the brow of an overhanging precipice, two thousand feet high, while the peaks of the mountains rise a thousand or fifteen hundred feet more. You dine, and then take a chair out on the naked rock, as close to the edge of the cliff as you like, and have a view over an expanse of three thousand square miles—a view bounded by the mountains on the horizon. The Hudson, from twelve to thirty miles away, is like a thread of silver at your feet. Next morning, you go back to the Catskill Falls; the day after, you ascend the mountain peaks—that is, if you like the roughest sort of climbing.

The next place to do is Saratoga. It is a nice village of white houses with green blinds, wide streets, shaded by the American elms, those broad, stately, and graceful trees, that throw out their branches like the pillars of a Gothic cathedral, and hotels—hotels which accommodate, in the aggregate, eight or ten thousand people. As we go to Saratoga for health, we rise early, go to the bubbling springs, and drink from six to twelve tumblers of Congress water. Then breakfast; then a drive to the lake, or the bowling-alley, or billiards, or mere lounging, with the necessary mint-juleps or sherry-cobblers, until an early dinner gregariously eaten in the American fashion. After dinner, the band plays under the trees, and we saunter or lounge and read the New York journals. An American gets all possible chairs, and makes himself comfortable. Then tea; and after tea a dance—a hop they call it—just a little gentle exercise, such as the Schottische, the waltz and the polka can give, and so, with more or less of flirtations, ice-creams, mint-juleps, or other cooling beverages, the day gets through. The next is the same, ditto repeated, and so on, *ad libitum, ad infinitum*.

I think I will not describe Niagara. No one describes it; they only tell how they felt when they saw it. The tailor's exclamation—"Gods! what a place to sponge a coat!"—is as good as another. So the painters have tried to give an idea of it. The pictures of

Cropsey and Church remind you of Niagara, if you have seen it. They give little idea otherwise. It is too big a thing to put into words or on canvas.

But when you go to Niagara, dine once, if never more, at the International Hotel. It is on a scale to match Niagara. The drawing-room is a gorgeous immensity of plate-glass, gilding, and upholstery. You walk over a prairie of carpeting. But the dining-room gives the best idea of infinite space, infinite eating, infinite clatter. A vast regiment of negro waiters parades, marches, counter-marches, and goes through a series of distracting evolutions, to the music of a full band playing in an alcove. There is a march for them to enter; a three-four movement for soup; a *piscicato* passage for fish; the covers came off to a crash of trombones, cymbals, and gongs; and so the whole dinner goes off to appropriate music, with an accompaniment of champagne corks like the firing of skirmishers. Altogether, it is a tremendous affair, even to an American, used to taking his dinner with a few hundred people about him. I can imagine what it must be to an Englishman. The expense of such a dinner, with a bill of fare that would fill four of my pages, is seventy-five cents, or perhaps a dollar—but the wines are extra. An American, who means to do the thing handsomely, takes champagne. No other wine is worth his drinking. A lady, wishing to give an idea of an American she met in Montreal, described him as “the *sort* of man that would take champagne with his soup!”

Newport is the nicest of seaside and bathing places, but Atlantic City is, perhaps, the most popular. At each there is a beautiful sea-beach, with the Atlantic surf rolling upon it, and with no shingles to cut the feet. Americans have no bathing machines, but long ranges of dressing-rooms on shore. Ladies and gentlemen put on their bathing-dresses in these rooms, and then go into the surf together, let the waves roll over them, if they cannot swim—if they can, they plunge through and swim outside. Many of the ladies are excellent swimmers. At New York there are lady teachers of swimming, who give public exhibitions, when their pupils swim for prizes. The Newport season begins after the Saratoga season has ended. A grand ball closes each.

We talk in America of our great, our enlightened, our free, and, above all, our happy country! I never thought America *was* a happy country—only that it ought to be. In all the years

of peace and plenty we were not happy. In no country are the faces of the people furrowed with harder lines of care. In no country that I know of is there so much hard, toilsome, unremitting labour; in none so little of recreation and enjoyment of life. Work and worry eat out the hearts of the people, and they die before their time. It is a hard story, but it is a true one.

The scarcity and high price of labour compel the small proprietors, called farmers, to do their own work. They raise large crops with heavy and continuous labour. The owner of a hundred acres is a slave to his land, a slave to his cattle, a slave to the necessities of his position. His family must live as well and dress as well as their neighbours. The harvests press upon the reapers.

It is seldom that an American retires from business to enjoy his fortune in comfort. Money-making becomes a habit. He works because he always has worked, and knows no other way. Of the few who retire, many become hypochondriacs, and some commit suicide. An American millionaire, on being congratulated on his immense possessions, said:—“Would you take care of all my property for your board and clothes?”

“No,—certainly not!” was the answer.

“Well,” said the Yankee Croesus, “that is all I get.”

It is all that most wealthy Americans get. Whatever the amount of their fortunes, they get board and clothes—no better, often not so good, as others.

Then why the universal and everlasting struggle for wealth? Because it is the only thing needful; the only secure power, the only real distinction. Americans speak of a man being *worth* so many thousands or millions. Nowhere is money sought so eagerly; nowhere is it so much valued; and in no civilised country does it bring so little to its possessor.

The real work of America is to make money for the sake of making it. It is an end, and not a means. The value of a dollar consists in its power to make dollars. “Get money, honestly if you can, but get it.” To the preacher, “a loud call” means the offer of a large salary. To the politician, a good office is one which offers the highest pay or the richest perquisites. In politics and business, and, I am afraid, in many other matters, money is the great object, and scruples are thrown to the wind.

Certain conventional notions of morality are regarded. There are few men of position in America who would like to have it

known that they had made their money by gambling at cards, but they would have no scruple against the most odious cheating, the most gigantic frauds, on the Stock Exchange. One may be a "bull," or "bear," in Wall Street; but it will not be so respectable to keep a faro bank in Broadway; though I have known one professional gambler to go to Congress, and another to hold an important office under the Federal Government. Nearly all Americans trade and speculate. They are ready to swap horses, swap watches, swap farms; and to buy and sell anything. Talleyrand said America was a detestable country, where a man was ready to sell his favourite dog. I think the habit of fixing a price to everything may have misled the diplomatist. A man might be very unwilling to sell his dog; but he would be very likely to describe him as worth so many dollars. A mocking-bird that fills a house with the songs of a hundred birds, besides the barkings of dogs, the mewings of cats, the filings of saws, and the noises of the knife-grinder, is declared, in addition to all his accomplishments, to have cost twenty-five dollars. Everything, whether for sale or not, has a money value. Money is the habitual measure of all things. I believe the American husband unconsciously values his wife in the Federal currency; and a pretty child is associated with some such idea as a thousand dollars.

The first element of happiness, or the enjoyment of life, is contentment. There is no such thing in America as being contented with one's position or condition. The poor struggle to be rich, the rich to be richer. Every one is tugging, trying, scheming to advance—to get ahead. It is a great scramble, in which all are troubled and none are satisfied. In Europe, the poor man, as a rule, knows that he must remain poor, and he submits to his lot, and tries to make the best of it. In England the peasant does not expect to become a noble. Most men live and die in the position to which they are born. The exceptions are too rare to excite much effort or discontent. Not so in America. Every other little ragged boy dreams of being President or millionaire. The dream may be a pleasant one while it lasts, but what of the disappointing reality? What of the excited, restless, feverish life spent in the pursuit of phantoms? What of the wide-spread demoralisation, with its Tweeds and Fiskes, its cormorants and "carpet baggers"?

The chief source of human happiness is the enjoyment of the

domestic affections. In the countries of the Old World the loves of parents and children for each other—the family affections—make up a large portion of the enjoyment of life. America is strangely destitute of these affections. Whatever may be the causes, there is no doubt about the fact. Travellers have observed, and natives have deplored it. It would be too much to say that Americans were without natural affection; but it is strange how little they appear to have.

Our Puritan ancestors had much to do with it. The settlers of New England were a cold, hard race. They conscientiously suppressed the expression of their natural affections until they starved them out. A faculty unused is lost. The Puritans lost the power of loving, as the fishes in the dark river of the Mammoth cave have lost their eyes. The blue laws of Connecticut punished a man for kissing his wife or child on the Sabbath day. What was forbidden on Sunday was considered a mark of human frailty on all other days.

Then the grim Pilgrims were Calvinists of the most rigid type. I do not wish to enter upon the thorny paths of religious controversy, but few men can doubt the tendency of a belief in the doctrine of eternal reprobation to harden the heart. Why should the father or mother love the child possibly doomed before its birth to endless perdition? I am certain that the early creed of New England made the people hard, harsh, and inhuman. The effect has lasted beyond the cause.

In the Northern States especially the ties of family are so often broken that they are loosely held. New England, for a hundred years, has been the hive that poured its swarms of emigrants over the new regions of the West. Families are scattered far and wide. One son settles in Wisconsin, another goes to Texas, a third to Oregon. One daughter marries an Alabamian, another settles in California. This separation of families, which was the infrequent and exceptional hardship of slavery, is the habitual lot of the Northern people.

Socialism, in America, in its various forms, has been a protest and reaction against Mammonism and a growing and almost universal selfishness. As families were scattered, as society scarcely pretended to exist, as politics became more and more debased and despicable, as wealth failed to satisfy and could not purchase what was not in the market for sale, men naturally inquired if

there were not some other form of social life less exhausting and fuller of enjoyment. A few tried Owenism or Fourierism. The former was generally repugnant, because the Americans, holding to equality in theory, all the more resolutely reject it in practice. Fourierism they could not understand, and, at the period of its introduction, were unprepared for. Fourierism has a religion and morality of its own, and Americans twenty years ago were not quite ready to abandon the religion and morals which they had all professed, if they did not all practise.

Instead, therefore, of rushing into communities and Phalansteries, they emigrated. As fast as they were disgusted with the older communities they founded new ones. There were far-spreading lands of promise in the West. There were broad prairies ready for the plough. Great States were building up beyond the Mississippi. The lawyer who could not get clients in New York could be a Member of Congress from Minnesota. I knew a little infidel spouter in New York who became a United States senator from Oregon. Men seemed to expand as they increased their distance from the older States, as balloons grow larger when rising into the rare heights of the atmosphere. Sometimes, in the one case as in the other, they burst and collapsed in the process. America is a great country ; it has been, and for a long time to come can scarcely fail to be, a prosperous country ; but I fear no one can, without a sad mental reservation, conscientiously sing —

“Hail Columbia, happy land!”

## CHAPTER TWENTY-FOUR

### *THE PERIODICAL PRESS*

In our days the life and thought of civilised countries find expression in newspapers, and no one can form a correct estimate of America without a knowledge of its periodical literature. I have not at hand the statistics of European nations, but I believe there are more newspapers in America than in the whole world besides. In 1869 there were 89 daily newspapers published in the United Kingdom; 22 in London, 63 in England, 1 in Wales, 11 in Scotland, 13 in Ireland, and 1 in one of the smaller British islands. In 1861 there were 450 daily newspapers in the United States. There were more than 4000 weekly papers, and 356 monthlies and semi-monthlies. The whole number of periodicals was 5233. Now there are 7340, in fourteen different languages.

The State of New York, with a population of less than four millions, a little larger than that of Scotland, and about two-thirds that of Ireland, had 851 periodicals, 72 of which were daily papers. Illinois, a new State on the Mississippi, with a population of 1,700,000, had 453 periodicals, of which number 28 were daily newspapers. Even the new State of California, on the Pacific, had 17 daily papers, 87 weeklies, and 11 monthlies.

Nashville, Tennessee, with a population of 23,000 before the commencement of the civil war, had 21 periodicals, 4 of them dailies. Richmond, Virginia, with a population of 38,000, had 26 periodical publications, 4 of which were dailies. St. Louis, a city beyond the Mississippi river, with a population of 162,000, had 55 periodicals, 11 of which were dailies. This city has doubled its population, and equally increased the circulation if

not the number of its periodicals. New Orleans, before the war, with a population of 170,000, had 48 periodicals, including 9 daily papers. Chicago, Illinois, when it had 100,000 inhabitants, had 11 daily papers and 53 periodicals. Its present population is close upon half a million.

Large as are the numbers of papers published in the towns and cities, a much larger number is scattered over the country, and in the small towns, which in America are called villages. There are one or more papers in nearly every county. Thus Wisconsin, a north-western State, settled almost entirely within thirty years, and admitted into the Union in 1848, had, in 1861, 130 weekly newspapers; while Texas, which has received the great bulk of its population more recently, had 119 weeklies, Indiana, an almost entirely rural State, without one considerable town, had 262 periodicals, of which 23 were daily and 230 weekly, and the adjoining State of Ohio had 32 dailies and 348 weeklies.

The circulation of a large proportion of these weekly newspapers is confined to the county in which they are published. The State of Indiana has ninety-four counties. As many of these counties have too small a population to support a local newspaper, the larger counties may have two or three. As a rule, each political party has its newspaper organ in every populous county.

These county papers, folios of four pages, printed on cheap paper, and more than half filled with legal, local, and medical advertisements, were published before the war at a yearly subscription price of \$1.50 or two dollars—since the war, prices have nearly doubled. For reading matter they contain tales and poetry copied from the English and American magazines—the news, political leaders, agricultural matter, and communications on topics of local interest. The printer is generally the editor, but in many cases some ambitious village lawyer writes the political leaders. Scissors and paste, however, do most of the editing. These papers, according to the population of the district and the energy with which they are conducted, circulate from five hundred to as many thousand copies.

The daily and weekly papers published in the large cities have, of course, a much larger circulation. Those published in New York circulate everywhere, and a large portion of their daily, semi-weekly and weekly editions is mailed to yearly subscribers. This postal circulation of newspapers is greatly favoured

by a much cheaper postage than in England, paid quarterly, not by the publisher, but by the subscriber. The shops of newsmen in St. Louis, New Orleans, and the most distant towns are regularly supplied with bundles of the leading New York journals. In this respect, New York is a true metropolis; it is the London of the West—in comparison with it all other American cities are provincial. The daily papers of Boston are seldom seen out of the Eastern or New England States. The Boston weeklies and monthlies, however, go everywhere. The Philadelphia dailies scarcely go beyond Pennsylvania and southern New Jersey, but certain Philadelphia weeklies vie with those of New York, and its monthlies at one time had a larger circulation.

A curious law is observed with respect to all periodicals, As much of the staple news and thought goes to America from Europe—all American papers go from east to west, with the sun, and scarcely ever in the opposite direction. The best periodical that could be published in the Mississippi valley, would never cross the Alleghanies, while the west is covered with the publications of the Atlantic sea-board. The Cincinnati periodicals find their circulation around and westward of that city. So a paper in St. Louis must find the greater part of its readers beyond the Mississippi. New Orleans, for social and commercial reasons, has sent its newspapers up the Mississippi and its branches, over the great region of which it is the natural seaport.

It would scarcely be expected that the Slave States would have had as large a number of newspapers in proportion to their population as the Free States, yet such appears to be the fact. There were before the war 1441 periodicals, mostly weekly newspapers, published in the Slave States, with a white population of about eight millions. Making a fair deduction for the papers of the large Northern cities which circulate over the whole country, there were less than 3000 papers for the twenty millions of population in the Free States and territories.

In America, where the press is free from all restrictions, any man could "start a paper"; a very small capital, or even a little credit was all that was required. Some of the most successful journals in New York were commenced with less than five hundred dollars of borrowed capital.

Every man is free to print and publish; but a libel may subject him to fine, imprisonment, and a civil action for damages.

In some States a writer or printer may be prosecuted for blasphemy. There are laws against immoral productions. A few years ago anti-slavery papers were mobbed in Northern cities; pro-slavery papers, or those which advocated the right of the Southern States to independent action, have been destroyed by mobs, and the editors treated with personal outrage, more recently. At the outbreak of the War of Secession, editors were imprisoned by order of the Washington government, and some journals were not permitted to be sent by post, and were seized if sent by rail. I asked a democratic editor in New York, soon after the taking of Fort Sumter, if he thought the Government would put down his paper. "I think it must," said he; "for if it don't put us down, we shall put down the Government." The Government seemed to view the matter in the same light, and, a few days afterward, suppressed the journal.

Of the five thousand newspapers in America, four thousand are only free to advocate the tenets of the sects, or the platforms of the parties, to which they belong; they are free, like hand-organs, to play the tunes upon their barrels, when the crank is turned. Party is more exacting in America, perhaps, than in any country where parties exist. Every member of a party or sect is expected to "toe the mark," and at the least sign of independent action the cry is heard—"Shoot the deserters!"

It follows that the party journals have a wonderful sameness of character. There are certain leading organs, and all the rest play the same tune. An article in a leading journal will be copied into a thousand papers, and in that way get an enormous circulation. There are, perhaps, two thousand Republican and about the same number of Democratic papers, all publishing the same matter from week to week—all playing the same tune, with very slight variations.

The daily newspapers of the large cities, even when of a partisan character, have more individuality and independence than the press in general, and for a few years past independent journalism is hopefully increasing. But no journal can be *quite* independent as long as it *must* suit a sufficient number of readers to ensure its support. "Stop my paper!" is a cry of terror to an American editor, and there are very few beyond its influence. It is said that a popular London magazine, some years ago, lost three thousand of its circulation by publishing a single article.

There are facts of public interest which even English journals, with all their independence, dare not publish, and very important subjects they dare not discuss. Public opinion is far more sensitive in America than in England, because it has more power for good or evil. In America every man who has an opinion has also a vote at the back of it. In England the opinions of great numbers of the people, so far as the Government of the country is concerned, are of very little consequence.

The best known and most widely circulated newspaper in America is the *New York Herald*. It was established some twenty-years ago, by James Gordon Bennett, a shrewd, clever, and not too scrupulous Scotchman—a man of remarkable character and abilities, and one of the ablest journalists in America. He was very poor—he had failed in several enterprises, and when he started the *Herald* as a penny daily, afterwards raised to two cents, he was determined, by any means, to succeed. He give his paper the interest of local news, and the piquancy of personality. Public balls, private parties, the affairs of families, the peccadilloes of politicians, scandal—everything that would make a paper sell was served up daily. The murder of a prostitute charged upon a young clerk, worked up in skillful reports and printed in many extra editions, gave the *Herald* its first considerable start in circulation. It became a sensation paper, and has never quite lost this character. Mr. Bennett attacked his enemies and rivals, and the “rascally politicians” with virulence, and sometimes suffered the penalty of personal chastisement. But the *Herald* sold more and more, and its large circulation soon brought it a profitable advertising custom.

It must not be supposed that a paper would go on for twenty-five years, with a remarkable and increasing success, without some striking merits. The *Herald* was the first American paper to give daily articles on finance and trade. It was one of the first to use extraordinary exertions to get the earliest news and correspondence from all parts of the world. If Mr. Bennett was determined to make money, he also spent it with a lavish hand when it would serve his interests. He was the first New York editor to publish full reports of congressional proceedings, and to have important public meetings and speeches reported, though held at hundreds of miles distance. He seized upon the telegraph as soon as it was established, and sometimes incurred very heavy

expenses in getting exclusive or the earliest intelligence. When His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales was expected at Niagara Falls, *via* Quebec and Montreal, on his way to New York, Mr. Bennett instructed his special correspondent to secure the telegraph. This could only be done by keeping it at work, on the principle of "first come first served;" but there was nothing to report, and the correspondent asked what he should do. "Send on the Book of Proverbs," was Mr. Bennett's answer. The Book of Proverbs was telegraphed, and the correspondent added, by way of postscript—"No sign of the Prince—what next?" "Give us Ecclesiastes," was the reply; and the operators were kept at their long and unusual scripture lesson, at a heavy price, until the cannon thundered, and the heir of England's throne came in sight of the great cataract.

In politics Mr. Bennett was a democrat. This, however, did not hinder him from opposing Mr. Van Buren, and advocating the election of General Taylor, and also of General Fremont, to whom his influence was not, and perhaps was not intended to be of much avail. The *Herald*, before the war, had always been favourable to the South and it opposed the election of Lincoln, and the war which followed, until a mob compelled it to hoist the "star-spangled banner," and give its support to the Union. Mr. Bennett died a few years ago at an advanced age, and left the *Herald* to his son, who has since managed it with the same enterprising spirit and liberal expenditure that distinguished its founder. He sent Mr. Stanley to Africa to find and relieve Dr. Livingstone, and has joined with the proprietors of the London *Daily Telegraph*, to send him on another Central African exploration.

The *New York Tribune* was established in 1841, by Horace Greeley. It was built up on the basis of a weekly campaign paper, edited by Mr. Greeley to advocate the election of General Harrison. This paper, called *The Log Cabin*, printed at a very low price, had an immense circulation. It published all the songs and many of the speeches of the political campaign, and Mr. Greeley became known by its means over the whole union as an energetic, earnest, out-and-out Whig. An ardent protectionist, he was a not less ardent abolitionist, and fought with equal zeal for duties on foreign imports and the freedom of the negro. Singular in his personal appearance, eccentric in his dress and

manners, eloquent from simple earnestness, benevolent, credulous, and sympathetic, Mr. Greeley was one of the most popular and influential public men in America; no man did so much to elect Harrison, or Taylor, or Lincoln. He secured the nomination of the great rail-and-union-splitter at the Chicago convention, because he was determined that William H. Seward should not be President. Mr. Greeley had desired to be postmaster of New York, senator, governor, and President; but Mr. Seward and his friend Thurlow Weed, editor of the Albany *Evening Journal*, had defeated these ambitious aspirations. The time came when Mr. Seward wished to be President, and might have been elected, could he have got the nomination of his party, and then Mr. Greeley, who had bided his time, defeated him, and paid off his long arrears.

In America, until very recently, nearly every journal of any importance was identified with its leading editor. The *Tribune* may have had twenty able writers, but its views were attributed to Mr. Greeley. In its early days, it was the organ of Socialism, especially in the form of Fourierism, of Free Soil, of the Anti-Renters, of Woman's Rights, of Abolition, of Teetotalism to the extremity of Maine Law coercion, of Protection to American industry, by high duties on imports, of Irish Nationalism, of Red Republicanism, Black Republicanism, and the most ultradoctrines of radical democracy.

At the beginning of secession, Mr. Greeley, in the simplicity of his honest democracy, declared that, according to the teachings of the Declaration of Independence, the Southern States had as good a right to separate from the Northern as the colonies of Great Britain had to separate from the mother country; and that, as "all government derives its just powers from the consent of the governed," there was no right to coerce them to remain in the Union. But Mr. Greeley was an ambitious politician, as well as a republican philanthropist. Perhaps his associates, who held stock in the *Tribune*, had some power of coercion over him; at any rate, he took back his words, and became one of the most extreme and remorseless advocates of the conquest, subjugation, or extermination of the Southern people. But when peace came, the benevolence of the man came out: he became one of the bondsmen of Jefferson Davis, and gave all his influence on the side of mercy to the vanquished.

The *Tribune*, during the life of Mr. Greeley, had a very large circulation, extended over the Northern and Western States among people who sympathised more or less with its responsible editor. It was the favourite paper of the movement party, or ultra-reformers—the followers of Garrison, Wendell Phillips, Henry Ward Beecher, Theodore Parker, Fourier, Owen, Proudhon, Ledru Rollin, or Victor Hugo. Among its contributors have been Margaret Fuller, George Ripley, Bayard Taylor, Richard Hildreth, Col. Hay, and many others among the best American journalists.

The *New York Daily Times*, which started a few years later than the *Tribune*, now rivals it in circulation and influence. Its first editor was Henry J. Raymond, who was also an active Republican politician, and became Lieutenant-Governor of the State of New York, Speaker of the House of Representatives, and aspired to be senator—probably to be President. Like Mr. Greeley, he was a native of New England, and he had the advantage of a more regular education. He served his editorial apprenticeship, first with Mr. Greeley, afterward with Mr. Webb, of the *Courier and Inquirer*, once an important political and commercial newspaper, which was merged in the *World*, when Mr. Webb, on the accession of Mr. Lincoln to the Presidency, accepted the post of Minister to Brazil. The *Times* had the reputation of being the special organ of Mr. Seward, and Mr. Raymond supported his claims to the Presidency.

Since the death of Mr. Raymond, a few years ago, his business partner, Mr. George Jones, has managed it with such ability as to increase its circulation and influence, and make it one of the most important journals in America.

There are a dozen or more of daily newspapers in New York, and several in its twin city, Brooklyn, to supply the insatiable demand of the greatest newspaper-reading public in the world.

Several of the large Book Publishing Houses in America, Harpers, Appletons, Scribners, Lippincotts, publish magazines, and some of them weekly, literary, and illustrated papers, some of which have immense circulations. The most popular English serials are published simultaneously in America.

A curious instance of success in periodical literature was shown in the case of Bonner's *Weekly Ledger*. Mr. Bonner, an industrious printer, with what small capital he had saved

from a journeyman's wages, commenced a weekly paper, fashioned apparently after the English models of the *Family Herald* and *London Journal*. For a year or two it was vigorously advertised and puffed, but had no marked success. It was then given out that "Fanny Fern," a clever, eccentric, and rather audacious writer, a sister of the well known author, poet, and journalist, N. P. Willis, had been engaged to write for the *Ledger*, for which she was to receive the quite unprecedented, and in America at that time almost incredible, price of a hundred dollars a column. This astounding fact was stated and commented upon in three or four thousand newspapers, and became known to all the millions of newspaper readers. Fifty thousand dollars expended in advertising would not have given so much publicity as this startling case of a writer's good-luck, and a publisher's generosity or reckless extravagance. The result was, that everybody wanted to see a paper whose publisher could afford to pay such a price, and the articles that could command it. The *Ledger* went at once to a circulation of three hundred thousand, and Mr. Bonner was able to keep his fast horses, and employ fast authors, male and female, to write for him at sensation prices. This was some time before a London magazine paid Mr. Tennyson, with, we may presume, a similar object, ten pounds a line for a poem—very fine no doubt, but not worth, in any high sense of worthfulness—each couplet more than Milton had for the whole of *Paradise Lost*. Mr. Bonner followed up his success by paying Hon. Edward Everett, a Massachusetts statesman and orator, who had been Secretary of State and President of Harvard University, ten thousand dollars for a series of articles—the money, however, being given and received as a contribution for the purchase of the Washington estate of Mount Vernon. Horace Greeley wrote for the *Ledger*; the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher wrote for it; in fact, there were few literary notabilities who did not write for it. But these were not Mr. Bonner's real attractions. He used them as baits; advertised and puffed with them; but the two writers he chiefly relied upon were Mr. Sylvanus Cobb, jun., and Mrs. E. D. N. Southworth. Their romantic, intense, sensational stories, full of incident, adventure, and sentiment, were what Young America required; and nine-tenths of the readers of all papers of this class are boys and girls, between the ages of ten and twenty.

The success of the *Ledger* of course created a school of imitators, all worse than itself, and none of them so successful. The outbreak of the war, with realities more strange and terrible than fiction, deprived them of a large part of their circulation.

Comic papers, like *Punch* or the *Charivari*, have never prospered in America, not for want of humour or its appreciation, but rather, I think, because the demand is otherwise supplied. It is because all the papers are more or less of a comic character. *Harper's Magazine* has in each number a few pages of comic matter and engravings, partly original, partly taken from *Punch*, and other comic English papers. *Harper's Weekly* has one page, at least, of comic engravings. Nearly every paper in the country, except the religious press, which is at times absurd enough, has its department of fun. Short and spicy paragraphs appear in the editorial columns. A joke from the New Orleans *Picayune*, Louisville *Journal*, or *Alta Californian* is copied by the whole press, and one finds columns of these queer American jokes in English periodicals. The humours of "Major Jack Downing," "Artemas Ward," "Ezekiel Bigelow," "Orpheus C. Kerr," "Mark Twain," etc., crop out in various journals. It is this diffusion of the comic element that hinders the success of a paper devoted to it as a speciality.

The religious press includes a great number of weekly newspapers, and has an important influence. Every sect, and every subdivision of a sect, has its organs. Presbyterians, old school and new school, North and South, have their religious papers, which fight their battles. The Methodists have immense printing establishments, and papers which circulate by the hundred thousand; so of the Congregationalists, Baptists, Unitarians, Universalists, etc., for there are too many to enumerate. There are Episcopalian papers, High Church and Low Church, and a considerable number of Roman Catholic newspapers, and periodicals.

Some years ago one of the most noted of what may be called the semi-religious newspapers was the *Independent*, then edited by Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, assisted by a staff of clerical and lay writers. Its circulation was probably a hundred thousand. It combined the elements of news and commerce with religion and philanthropy.

In his Brooklyn tabernacle, Mr. Beecher could preach his peculiar and attractive doctrines to three thousand persons.

In the far-reaching pulpit of the *Independent* he could address every week possibly a million of readers. In one case, his voice filled the space within the four walls of the temple which seemed to have been erected chiefly to the honour and glory of Mr. Beecher; in the other, his words were read on the plains beyond the Mississippi and by the shores of the far-off Oregon.

Not only every sect in religion, but every theory of reform has its organs. Some years ago, there were violent No-popery papers, but they have died out, because the great mass of Americans to-day, either caring not much for any religion, or thinking one kind about as good as another, look without dread upon the rapid spread of Roman Catholicism, which bids fairer than any other to become, not many years hence, the dominant faith over the whole American continent. There are Temperance papers, urging the passage of Maine laws, and other coercive measures, not only against drunkenness, but the manufacture or sale of any liquid that intoxicates. There have been numerous journals devoted to Spiritualism, Socialism, Phrenology, Homœopathy, Hydrotherapy, Anti-rent, Bloomerism, Woman's Rights, Odd Fellowship, Masonry, Anti-masonry, and all the notions, movements, and sensations of a very active minded community.

English travellers in America have declared that they saw no good American papers. The Americans, on the other hand, find the English papers wanting in variety and vivacity.

If there is no country where the press is so universal as in America, there is none, perhaps, in which more consideration is given to the higher class of its conductors. There is scarcely a better profession than the editorial, and no more direct road to influence and distinction. In my younger days, Isaac Hill, an able editor of a Democratic paper, who began as a practical printer, rose to be governor of New Hampshire, senator in Congress, and a Cabinet Minister, and for twenty years he was the leader of the dominant party in his State. In the days of Jackson, Amos Kendall, editor and postmaster-general, was said to be the power behind the throne. Mr. Greene, editor of the *Boston Post*, filled high offices in the State. In New York, Thurlow Weed, editor of the *Evening Journal*, and Edwin Crosswell, of the *Albany Argus*, both printers, and then editors, wielded the power of the Empire State, as their respective parties acquired majorities, and made governors, senators, and presidents.

They did not seek offices for themselves, but kept, it was said, the slate on which were written all the important appointments. Schuyler Colfax, the printer and editor of a weekly newspaper in Indiana, was lately Vice-President of the United States. At various times the members of Congress from the city of New York have been editors of newspapers, and many editors have held diplomatic and other appointments under the Federal Government or been elected to important State and Federal offices. Very satisfactory, no doubt, to the individuals concerned; but it is my opinion that a press less intimately connected with government offices and appointments would be more independent, useful and honourable.

## CHAPTER TWENTY-FIVE

### *BOOKS AND AUTHORS*

With the exception of educational works, nine-tenths of all the books printed in America have been reprints of English works. As there is no international copyright law or treaty, most of these books cost nothing to their American publishers. The histories of Alison and Macaulay, the novels of Scott, Bulwer, Disraeli, Dickens, etc., have been reprinted in cheap editions, and sold by hundreds of thousands, making fortunes for papermakers, printers, and publishers.

For example, a three volume novel, published in London at a guinea and a half, and sold to the extent of fifteen hundred copies, has been issued in New York in twenty-four hours after its arrival, in a dime or quarter pamphlet, and an edition of twenty to fifty thousand copies. Within a few years, the authors of serial works have been paid, not for a copyright, which they could not give, because there is no law to secure it, but for advanced sheets, which give the publisher a practical monopoly. The most popular English serial writers in this way derive, in an irregular and surreptitious fashion, some profit from American reprints.

What could American authors be expected to do in the face of this powerful competition? Suppose an American writer takes a manuscript novel to a publisher, his ready answer is—"Why should I pay you for a book, when I can get at least as good a one, and one with the prestige of European success, for a few shillings?"

Only books of a local interest or a very peculiar character,

such as cannot be found among English publications, could have any chance of success in America. A history of the United States, fresh travels and voyages, works like those of Prescott—or novels racy of the soil, like those of John Neal, J. Fenimore Cooper, Hawthorne, or Holmes, could alone be expected to find a market—or tales of the local, sensational, or humanitarian school, like those of Mrs. Beecher Stowe.

The first person of the much venerated class of authors I remember to have seen, was an old farmer who lived among the mountains of New Hampshire, and made almanacks; the second was the quaint and sweet New England poetess, Miss Hannah F. Gould. She lived, and I hope still lives, at Newburyport, Massachusetts, and I went to see her, as visitors to London used to go to the Tower to see the lions. I had in my youthful imagination gifted her with all the charms of youth, beauty, and genius. I found her in a plain old-fashioned house, herself a plain old-fashioned old maid, sitting by the fire in a homely dress, knitting grey woollen stockings. It was my first disenchantment, and I think she knew it, and quietly enjoyed it. She was very kind, but not in the least like my idea of a beautiful young poetess.

It must have been about this time, nearly forty years ago, that I saw the Quaker poet, Whittier, a writer whose strong, nervous, intense verses contrasted strangely with his broad-brimmed hat, shad-bellied coat, and the mild and peaceful doctrines of the sect of which he was an exemplary member. He was, and ever since has been, a fervid Abolitionist, and this man of peace has done as much, it may be, as any other to deluge his country in a storm of war. He would not fight, but he has urged others to fight with words of fire—words that have carried desolation and mourning to many a Northern and many a Southern home. The American Quakers would never, perhaps, have abandoned their peace principles for white men—they have done it for negroes; and I do not remember that the English Quakers very severely reprobated a war that ended in the political enfranchisement of the Afro-American race.

John L. Stephens, a clever and enterprising New York lawyer, author of *Travels in Russia, Greece, etc.*, and of *Central American Antiquities*, and afterwards President of the Panama Railroad, made his entry into the world of literature in a rather whimsical fashion. He had been, many years ago, in Eastern

Europe, upon I know not what business. After his return to New York, he happened one day to be in the publishing house of Harper Brothers, when the senior member of the firm, Mayor Harper, fell into conversation with him about literature—that is, the sort of books he sold most of, which was his special interest in the matter.

"Travels sell about the best of anything we get hold of," said he. "They don't always go off with a rush, like a novel by a celebrated author, but they sell longer, and in the end, pay better. By the way, you've been to Europe; why not write us a book of travels?"

"Never thought of such a thing," said the lawyer. "I travelled in wild out-of-the-way places, on business, and went very fast. I made no notes, and should have very little to write about."

"That's no matter," said the publisher, who had taken a fancy that he could get hold of something racy from the fast New Yorker; "you went through, and saw the signs. We have got plenty of books about those countries. You just pick out as many as you want, and I will send them home for you; you can dish us up something."

He did dish up three volumes of very amusing travels, and in due time three more, and the Harpers paid him some twenty-five thousand dollars as his portion of the profits of the enterprise—which was by no means the lion's share. Encouraged by this success, Mr. Stephens made an expedition to explore the ruins of Palenque, in Central America, taking an artist with him to do the illustrations. His work on those mysterious antiquities may be more accurate than the Oriental Travels, but it is not half so amusing, and as it was an expensive illustrated work, I doubt if it paid as well.

One day I called to see a lawyer, in Wall-street, New York—a young and ardent politician, whom I had met often on the stump in the recent political campaign, and who had just received the appointment of Secretary of Legation to the American Embassy somewhere near the Court of St. James's. I congratulated and condoled with him on his appointment. It was a step upward and forward in the public life to which he aspired; but he was poor, and the salary was scarcely enough for his gloves and cab hire.

In the course of my visit, a younger brother and partner told

me they had a third brother, whom I had never seen. He had been "a little wild," and some years before had run away to sea, sailing first to Liverpool and then in a whaler to the South Pacific. This was nothing strange—what followed was.

"He got home a few months ago," said the young lawyer, "and has been writing something about his adventures among the cannibals. Would you like to look at it?"

I had a couple of hours to spare, and at once sat down and opened the package of the sailor boy's manuscript. It was "Typee," and the runaway brother of my Wall-street friends was Herman Melville.

I read "Typee" at one sitting, and had, of course, no doubt of its success; but the better to assure it, I advised the diplomatic brother to take a copy to London, and have it issued there simultaneously with its publication in New York. I felt sure that the reviewers of the English press would make its American success, and I was not at all sure that the process could be reversed. It was accordingly brought out by Mr. Murray, in London, as "Life in the Marquesas," and Harper Brothers in New York, and made at once a brilliant reputation for the author. It was one of the few instances of the first work of an unknown literary adventurer making for him a very desirable reputation. I met Herman Melville often, after I had read "Typee," before and after its publication. He was a simple-hearted, enthusiastic man of genius, who wrote with the consciousness of an impelling force, and with great power and beauty. He married a daughter of Chief Justice Shaw, and retired to a rural residence among the hills of Western Massachusetts, where he carried on his farm and wrote a book every year until 1860, when, either getting short of materials or tired of life on shore, he started off again on a whaling voyage round the world.

One day I was passing through that small triangular patch of green, in the lower part of New York, which, not being a square, is called "The Park," going to the Post-office, which then stood in a corner, near the City Hall, when I was accosted by an original named George Washington Dixon. He was born in Maryland; had the suspicion of a drop of the warm blood of Africa in his veins, but too little for identification; was gifted with a musical voice, and a talent for mimicry, and was at one time patronized by Mr. Clay and the magnates at Washington. He was,

I think, the first to bring negro melodies upon the stage, and sang "Old Zip Coon" at the theatres. He gave concerts with songs, imitations, and ventriloquism; but the passion of his life was to be a journalist and man of letters. There was a slight obstacle to the realization of this ideal, which was that he could not write. I am not sure that he could write at all, but he certainly could not put together two grammatical sentences with his pen, though fluent enough in conversation.

In spite of his literary deficiencies, George was unwearied in starting newspapers and publishing sensation extras. He indulged in second and third editions; he delighted in a crowd of noisy newsboys. On the other hand, as he could not write, and seldom had money to pay even his rent or printers, his publications soon came to grief. He started a journal in Connecticut, and failed, of course. Then he gave concerts until he got a little money, and started another in Lowell, Massachusetts. The pretty factory-girls bought a few copies of his dingy sheet; but as the same matter was printed in successive numbers, they got tired of it.

Then he went to Boston. Finding a vacant shop in Washington-street, he got possession of the key on a pretence of examining the premises; and without further ceremony bought some types on credit, found some printers wanting work, and began to issue a newspaper. He burnt the gas day and night for lack of other fuel; was fed by a succession of trustful bakers and milkmen; got copy of a broken-down writer of some ability whom he somehow managed to supply with the necessary stimulants, while the paper on which he printed his many editions was rescued by his own hands from a burning warehouse, which he was strongly suspected of setting on fire for the purpose. Never was a newspaper got out under the pressure of more numerous difficulties. His unpaid printers bolted, but the indomitable George Washington worked off new editions from the old forms on a venerable Ramage press he got hold of under the pretence of wanting it for a museum. But the landlord, bakers, milkmen, and police proved in the end too strong for him, and George came to New York, as fresh, handsome, and sanguine as ever, and as determined as ever to be the greatest journalist in America. His next ambition was to be on familiar terms with literary men; therefore, with an urbanity all his own, and an affability such as

the reporters of the London newspapers are in the habit of attributing to royal highnesses at the slightest indication of common sense or decent manners, Mr. Dixon saluted the present writer, observing that the weather was pleasant and noticing that the day was warm, as we went towards the Post-office.

On the steps stood a slender, pale gentleman, with a pear-shaped head, the broad part upwards, a delicate mouth and chin, beautiful grey eyes, and the whitest of hands, with long tapering fingers.

Seeing that we did not recognise each other, George Washington was equal to the occasion. With more than Brummellian elegance he introduced Edgar Allan Poe and the present writer to each other, and after the usual compliments went forth to achieve his destiny, which was ultimately to die very miserably of yellow fever in New Orleans.

Poe was a Southerner, and a man of rare genius, with some faults of character and one great misfortune—a temperament so sensitive that, as with other poets I have known, a glass or two of wine made him not merely intoxicated, but insane. He had a beautiful wife, whom he tenderly loved, who died of poverty and consumption. He was wayward, unworldly, and strangely incapable of taking care of himself, or of keeping the friendship of those who wished to serve him. He was sure always to do something to mar his fortunes. One day he sold an ingenious scientific hoax to a newspaper publisher for fifty dollars. The publisher brought it out in an extra; and Poe, crazed by a glass of wine, stood on the walk before the publisher's door, and told the assembling crowd that the extra was a hoax, as he personally knew, for he had written it himself. The crowd scattered, the sales fell off, and the publisher, on going to the door, to ascertain the cause of failure, saw his author making what he conceived to be the necessary explanations.

Engaged to be married to a lady of wealth, position, and a genius worthy of his own, he took the precious opportunity to invoke his familiar demon the day before the wedding was to have taken place, and to make such an exhibition of himself in the street before the lady's house as to show that he was much fitter for a madhouse than for matrimony. The match was broken off with such circumstances of mortification as he did not long survive. Thus died the author of "The Raven," and "Lenore,"

and some of the finest writings in American literature. Poor Poe! he was much blamed, but those who knew him best felt for him much more of pity. He lived a sad strange life, and died a sadder death.

One of the sturdiest of Americans was the novelist, J. Fenimore Cooper. He was an old-fashioned New York Democrat of the Conservative type, a Churchman of strong religious sentiments, and a politician of very decided principles. No American writer has defended what he considered to be the true doctrines of Republicanism with more vigour, and no one has more earnestly exposed the evils that he saw increasing and threatening the life of the Republic. He was no believer in universal suffrage, or an elective judiciary, or the rule of the majority. He held that the constitutions of the States were compacts of the people of those States with each other, and a recognition of the great principles and fundamental laws that should govern society, and that they were made for the protection of minorities. Majorities, he contended, had no right to decide any but matters of minor importance. The advocate of religious liberty, he saw society disorganized by sectarianism, for which he could find no remedy. The church of which he was a member claimed authority without pretending to infallibility; and while it planted itself on the right of private judgment in matters of faith, how could it blame a score, or a hundred, of sects for their varied exercise of this right?

Mr. Cooper muddled himself in his efforts to reconcile opposing principles, but he was always brave and honest. If he defended America and Americans from what he considered the unjust criticism of foreign writers, he did not spare the faults of his countrymen. No one has censured them with more severity. He saw, with pain and mortification, the growth of political and social corruption, and predicted the consequences with great truth and earnestness. Proud of the real achievements of his country, he satirized its vainglorious spirit with an unsparing hand. Attacked by the American press, he determined to show its conductors that liberty was not license, and brought numerous libel suits, in which he was so generally successful that editors who had anything to lose were glad to let him alone. No one, I think, can read the works of Mr. Cooper without having a sincere respect for his character as well as for his genius.

One of the most esteemed of the poets of America was Fitz-Greene Halleck. When I knew him for some years in New York, he was a confidential secretary to the richest man in America, John Jacob Astor, who also, at one period, gave employment to another distinguished and most genial American writer, Washington Irving. Irving and Halleck began to write half a century ago, when New York was but a small town. Irving pursued a literary career to the end of his life: Halleck wrote but little, but that little was full of fire, wit, and humour. I used to meet him at one time almost every day at a quiet little French café, in Warren Street, near the City Hall. He came there to take his *demi-tasse* and *petit verre*, and read the evening papers. On the walls hung pictures of the barricades of Paris, surmounted by the tricolour. In the rear were billiards clicking from morning till midnight. At the marble tables Frenchmen, Germans, and a few English and Americans who had got into continental habits, played chess and dominoes, and sipped absinthe, or, in the warmer weather, iced claret punch or orgeat. It was the stillest public-house, I believe, in New York. You might sit for hours and hear nothing but the click of the billiard balls, the rattle of dominoes, and the "check!" of the chess-players. The landlord was silence personified. He seldom got beyond a grunt. His face beamed with good-nature, but his voice was heard only in some obscure mutterings. But Halleck was too thorough an American not to talk, and was full of anecdote and fun. He told stories of Napoleon and Wellington, both of whom were his favourites. He knew the late emperor when he was in New York, and thought him "rather a dull fellow," as, in fact, he seemed to many persons who did not know what he was "up to." Halleck was a bachelor, living in modest lodgings, and avoiding society; very regular in his habits, even, it was said, to an exact number of daily glasses of brandy-and-water; but I have met few men who have talked better, or lighted up in conversation with a finer enthusiasm. A wit, and a *bon vivant*, he was also deeply religious, and though educated a Connecticut Puritan, became a Roman Catholic, and maintained that every man who really thought upon the matter must come to the same conviction. "You must allow, then," I said, "that there are very few men who really think about it."

"Of course" he replied, "we know that. The great masses of the people of all countries believe as their fathers believed before

them. Not one in a thousand ever chooses his religious faith."

William Cullen Bryant, who also began his literary life with Irving, Halleck, Drake, Cooper—the men of the last generation of writers, contemporaries of Scott, Byron, Campbell, and Moore—still lives in New York, or at his country seat in Long Island. Living on a simple diet, with bathing, regular exercise, strict temperance, and a careful observance of all the conditions of health, he bids fair to live a century. He is the editor of the *Evening Post*, and for many years was the able advocate of the Democratic party; but he became a Republican before the war, and sustained the Government of Mr. Lincoln, and denounced the rebellion as fiercely as if he had not been all his life maintaining the right of every people to have the Government of their own free choice.

Mr. George Bancroft, the historian, has been for several years the United States Minister to Berlin. He was a Democrat also in Federal Massachusetts; wrote a History of the United States to glorify the rebels of 1776, but did not the less denounce those of 1861. An English M.P., who has travelled in America, and written a book upon his travels, says of him:—"If Channing be the Addison of America, Bancroft is the Hume. His volumes bear evidence of diligent research, ease in composition, and historical accuracy." I can give Mr. Bancroft credit for abundant research, but his history is too evidently written in the interests of a party not to excite some suspicion of a partial colouring. I smiled at "the ease in composition," for I happened to have had the opportunity of inspecting some of the historian's manuscripts and proofs, and to know his method of procedure. Mr. Bancroft, after studying his authorities and arranging his facts, writes out his narrative. He then goes over it, erasing, interlining, correcting, until the whole paper is covered with blots and new matter. His secretary takes this draft, and copies it out in a fair hand, with the lines wide apart. The historian goes over this, erasing, interlining, and polishing every sentence. Then it is set up in type, and a clean proof sent to the author, who makes his last corrections, which are often so numerous that it is less work to set it all up anew than to correct it in the ordinary manner. The result is what strikes the reader as "ease in composition."

I need only mention the names of Emerson, Longfellow, Lowell, Hawthorne, and Motley, who are almost as well known in

England as in America. Some of them have received high honours from English Universities; all have visited England, and Hawthorne and Motley resided here for years, one as American Minister, the other as Consul to Liverpool. None of them can complain of any lack of appreciation in England, however they may have felt annoyed at the cheap pirated editions of their writings; but they had their own Government to thank for that. England would gladly give full copyright to every American author, as she does to all who reside here, if America would be just to English writers and thereby protect her own.

It is surprising that the Americans, forever boasting of their independence of England, and even of their hatred of English institutions, should be so dependent upon and so sensitive to English opinion. Well, perhaps it is *not* so very surprising. There can be but one real centre of English literature and English thought. Even the Edinburgh publishers must have their principal business houses in Paternoster Row. English thought and English literature reach wherever the language is spoken.

Mr. Irving was thought a clever man before he came abroad, but it was when he went back to New York, with the prestige of English success—after Mr. Murray had paid him two or three thousand guineas for a book, that all New York turned out to welcome him as a man who had conferred honour on his country. So Mr. Cooper's American fame was the echo of European success.

One would think that, of all others, an actor was most dependent upon the feeling of his audience, and the least upon foreign opinion; yet I have seen poor Charlotte Cushman toiling year after year as a stock actress at fifteen dollars a-week, playing all sorts of parts at Bowery theatres, leading an army of Amazons in the *Naiad Queen*, when she really played better than she did ten years afterward, when she had become famous; yet only the judicious few, who were judges of good acting, gave her the credit she deserved. In a bitter despair she came to England, and made a success; and when she returned to America, in a year or two, no price was too great for her services—no theatre could hold the crowds that went to see and applaud her. She received as much for one night's performance as had been paid her, two or three years before, for the arduous labours of a whole season.

It is the old story. A prophet hath no honour in his own city. Americans, as a rule, and in matters not connected with their own local affairs, require foreign, and especially English endorsement. A paragraph of praise of an American writer from an English review would go farther with the American public than the puffs of the whole American press, daily, weekly, monthly, and quarterly, in all its seven thousand separate publications.

Great efforts have been made by both English and American writers to induce Congress to pass an international copyright law. The English author would get paid for his work, the American would not have the disastrous competition of stolen wares against him. The American author, like the bothered broom-maker, may steal his stock of ideas; but he cannot expect to sell his commodities to a publisher who steals his wares ready-made. "Free-trade" has nothing to do with the question.

And why, it may be asked, is there not passed a law, or made a treaty, so just and so much demanded by authors on both sides of the Atlantic? Simply because the American public wants cheap books, the publishers prefer getting them for nothing to paying for them, and Congress is controlled by those who have money or votes. American publishers like the Harpers and Appletons, have many thousands of dollars invested in stereotype plates and stocks of reprints of English books. It would seriously derange their business if they were obliged to acquire a right to print them from the authors; and a law or treaty of international copyright, to be just, must include the works of last year as well as those of this or next. The readers of the works of Thackeray and Dickens, were delighted to see these gentlemen when they visited America; but I have never heard of any anxiety to pay them in solid coin for the pleasure and profit derived from their writings.

Under these discouraging circumstances, it is, perhaps, a matter of wonder that America has done so much in literature, and produced so many authors of whom she may be justly proud. Griswold and Duyckink have embalmed their names and works in goodly volumes, and the list of American books in the British Museum fills two good-sized octavos, and might be further extended.

The American copyright law is less liberal to foreigners than the English. An American author residing in England may secure

the benefit of a copyright without renouncing his nationality. Not so an Englishman in America. When a distinguished novelist was in New York, some fifteen years ago, he proposed to sell a manuscript novel to an American publisher.

"I should be happy to pay you a good price for the book," said the American; "but you, as an unnaturalised foreigner, cannot secure me a copyright. The law requires that you should at least have declared your intention of becoming a citizen."

"Is that all?" said the man of many romances; "that is soon settled:" and he walked over to the City Hall and, with all the requisite formalities, declared his intention of becoming in due time an American citizen. I cannot say that the gentleman had not at the time a *bona fide* intention of renouncing his allegiance to her Majesty Queen Victoria, but if he had, he must have changed his mind, as he afterwards accepted the post of her Majesty's consul at a pleasant European city. He sold his book, however.

The powerful competition of English authors whose works could be had at free cost, forced American writers to be original. Under the pressure of this necessity there has grown up something like a national literature. Emerson has been called an imitator of Carlyle. I do not see much resemblance—not more than one might find between a many-bladed knife and a ponderous piece of artillery.

No English author could have written the *Bigelow Papers* of James Russell Lowell. They are not possible to any one but a born Yankee; and I do not see how they can be thoroughly appreciated by any other. Longfellow, Hawthorne, and Whittier might have written their works anywhere. No so Dr. Holmes, who can be as thorough a Yankee as Lowell. Mrs. Kirkland, Mrs. Child, and Mrs. Beecher Stowe, who are among the three best known of American female writers, have each of them a strong local colouring.

The Government in America has not done much for literature. By its neglect of an international copyright law, it has left publishers free to plunder foreign authors and starve their own. But if it has not done much in any direct way to advance the interests of American literature, it cannot be said to have treated its authors with neglect. Irving, Prescott, Bancroft, Paulding, Hawthorne, Motley, Willis, Hildreth, and many others, have

held Government appointments, some of them of the highest grade. Next to partisan services, the best claim to political distinction in America is a literary reputation. In the absence of a hereditary aristocracy, in a country of great intellectual activity, if not of the highest culture or attainments, the man of letters must always hold an enviable position.

## CHAPTER TWENTY-SIX

### *LAW, PHYSIC, AND DIVINITY*

The learned professions, so called—Law, Physic, and Divinity—have not the same consideration in America as in Europe. In England the various grades in the profession of law give a special dignity to its higher branches, as do the various professional appointments. There are similar distinctions in the medical profession. The clergy of the Church of England are functionaries of the State, and the highest rank, the bishops, have seats in the House of Lords, and take precedence in the peerage.

There is nothing of all this in America. A lawyer may practise every department of his profession. The same man is an attorney, solicitor, counsellor, barrister. He may draw up a deed or lease, defend a case of assault and battery, or argue a cause in the Supreme Court of the United States. In many of the States a man may be admitted to the Bar after a few weeks' study. The tendency everywhere is to remove restrictions and monopolies, and have free-trade at home, if not with foreign nations.

Law is a money-making profession, however, and money gives position. It is, moreover, the most direct road to political distinction. Thirteen Presidents of the United States out of sixteen have been lawyers. Four-fifths of all members of Congress and of the State Legislatures have been of the same profession. Lawyers have also filled a large proportion of all other offices which are filled either by election or appointment. During the late war, for example, the destinies of the Federal Government were in the hands of lawyers. President Lincoln was a lawyer, Secretary Seward, a lawyer; Secretary Chase, a lawyer; Mr.

Stanton, Secretary of War, a lawyer; General Halleck, Commander-in-Chief, a lawyer; General Butler, a lawyer; General Banks, a lawyer; General Sickles, a lawyer—and so on. Probably half the officers of the Federal army were lawyers.

It is not strange that great numbers of educated young men should select this profession, and that it should be held in the highest consideration. It is so necessary in America that a man should be and do something—the profession of a gentleman, or one who lives idly on his income is so disreputable—that thousands of young men who have no need to practise law still enter the profession, either as a pretence of doing something, or as the open road to political distinction.

In certain respects I think the legal practice in America preferable to that of England. There may be wisdom in a wig, but I cannot see the benefit of good-looking judges and barristers making such precious guys of themselves as they persist in doing in English courts of justice. That, however, is a matter of taste, and comes under the rule, "De gustibus," &c. But why a barrister should not deal directly with his client, civil or criminal, is not a matter of taste, and the pretence of prosecuting or defending causes without payment is, of course, a mere hypocrisy. I think also the American practice of appointing a prosecuting law officer in every district, paid by the State, for bringing offenders against the criminal laws to justice, is better than to leave such prosecutions to the injured parties.

Notwithstanding the fact that lawyers in America are so largely chosen as legislators, and for places of the highest trust, they can hardly be said to be popular. People consider them a necessary evil. An honest lawyer is proverbially a *rara avis*. "There is no greater curse to any community than a poor and unscrupulous lawyer," was the observation made to me in my boyhood by a lawyer who had been poor, was rich, and had not, it was said, been overburthened with scruples.

Some American lawyers and judges have acquired an enviable reputation for ability. Americans have a saying of anything very difficult, that it would puzzle a Philadelphia lawyer. The names of Storey, Kent, Livingstone, Wheaton, Wirt, Webster, &c., are known wherever English law, which is everywhere the basis of American law, is practised or understood.

The medical profession in America bears the evils of haste

and irregularity incident to so many of its institutions. It is a country of many and violent diseases. Large portions of the newly-settled country, and some of the oldest as well, around New York, are full of the malaria which produces intermittent fever. In the West and South-West there are, in swamp and bottom-lands, worse malaria, causing violent remittent bilious fevers. The cities and villages of the South, unless guarded by a rigid quarantine, are also subject to visitations of the yellow fever,—the terrible vomito of the West Indies and coast of Mexico. The North-Eastern States are, like England, subject to consumption. The North, with its cold winters, has multitudes of cases of rheumatism. Children die in great numbers—in towns of cholera-infantum, and everywhere of scarlatina and measles. Continued and typhoid fevers are not uncommon. Dyspepsia and female diseases are everywhere. Hard work, over-eating, bad cookery, pork and grease, strong coffee, tea, tobacco, and whisky, raw and adulterated spirituous liquors especially, are among the many diseasing influences. So, among a population of more than forty millions, there is work for a vast number of physicians. And the Americans, who do everything in a hurry, educate their doctors in their usual fashion. Nominally, it is required that the student shall read three years, under some regular physician, during which time he must have attended two courses of medical lectures. If, however, he pay his fees, exhibit a certificate as to the time he has studied, or pretended to study, and pass a hasty examination, made by professors who are very anxious that he should pass, he gets a diploma of *Medicinæ Doctor*. He has full authority to bleed and blister, set broken bones and cut off limbs. But in most of the States there is no need of even this authorization. Any one may practise medicine who chooses to set about it. No diploma is needed, and no licence required. This is the American idea of “free trade and no monopoly.”

But where diplomas of the highest grade can be procured at so little trouble, and at a cost not exceeding \$200 or \$250, nearly all physicians can legally sign themselves “M.D.” The dealer in quack medicines gets a diploma. There are no medical men, as distinguished from doctors. And also, as a rule, there is no distinction between physicians and surgeons. All practice medicine, surgery, and midwifery. This is necessary in a sparsely populated

country; and though there are in the large towns physicians who have adopted some speciality, and surgeons of noted skill, the general practice is as I have stated it.

There are also physicians of every school. There are allopaths of every class in allopathy; homœopaths of high and low dilutions; hydropaths mild and heroic; chrono-thermalists, Thomsonians, Mesmerists, herbalists, Indian doctors, clairvoyants, spiritualists with healing gifts, and I know not what besides. What is worse, perhaps, is the fact that there is no standard—no real science of medicine—no absolute or acknowledged authority. Every one may do what is right in his own eyes. As each of the thirty-seven sovereign and independent States has power to charter as many medical colleges as its legislature may consider necessary, every school or sect in medicine may have its college, professors, and diplomas. A few ambitious physicians, holding any medical theory, or pursuing any system of practice, can probably make interest enough with the legislature to get a charter for a medical college, and set up the manufacture of doctors. There are a few colleges which give medical diplomas to women.

But even in some of the oldest, largest, and most respectable medical colleges, there is no consistency of medical teaching. I knew one in which the professor of physiology was a vitalist, while the professor of chemistry also lectured on physiology, and based his explanations on chemical theories. The Professor of Theory and Practice was at sword's or lancet's point with the Professor of *Materia Medica*. One denounced blood-letting, and was in favour of a mild, expectant system of practice; the other was a sanguinary *Sangrado*, who held that the only way to get health into a man was to let the blood out of him, and that violent diseases were to be expelled by more violent medicines.

The result of so many various systems and no-systems is that thousands of young men are sent out to doctor their unfortunate countrymen with unsettled notions of disease and medicine; to kill or cure, or perhaps it would be safer to say, to kill or not kill, according to their prudence and good luck, rather than their science and skill.

This want of any absolute science or established practice in medicine, which leaves to every inexperienced doctor his right of private judgment in matters of life and death, with a no-system and chaos of universal empiricism, has the natural effect

of undermining the confidence of the public in all systems and "pathies," and leaving them a prey to the most vulgar, mercenary, and barefaced quackeries. The consequence is that the shops of druggists and general dealers are filled with quack or so-called patent medicines and nostrums. The newspapers are filled with their advertisements. Fortunes are made by the manufacture of sarsaparilla, pills, catholicons, bitters, cough elixirs, cures for consumption, &c. The box of pills that costs a penny is sold for a quarter. The decoction which would be dear at five cents sells for a dollar. The consumptive are dosed with preparations of opium; the dyspeptic find present relief in bitters, whose effects are chiefly attributable to the stimulating operation of whisky. The temperance reform, making it immoral and unfashionable to drink liquors, except as a medicine, made the fortune of the manufacturers of stomachic bitters and aromatic Schiedam schnaaps, highly recommended by well-fed members of the faculty.

One can scarcely conceive of an honourable profession reduced to a lower ebb than that of medicine in the United States. Anatomy is a natural, demonstrable science, and surgery rests on a very solid basis. But what can we say of physiology, or pathology, or still more, of therapeutics? There is no agreement upon any system, or even theory. Different medical colleges, even those known by the general designation of allopathic, teach different theories of disease and different modes of treatment, and this is sometimes the case, as in the instance I have mentioned, with the different professors of the same institution.

While medical science is in this chaotic condition in America, hygienic or sanitary science is generally neglected. The Government has other interests, and legislators of late years busy themselves little with matters which will not pay. Physicians, who are supposed to know most about the conditions of health and the causes of disease, cannot be expected to volunteer to work against their own obvious interests. They are paid for curing, or trying to cure, the sick. Prevention is doubtless better than cure, but who will pay them for devising means of preventing disease? Suppose the physician of a village could persuade the people to take such sanitary measures as would prevent an epidemic, which, by its prevalence, would put ten or fifteen hundred dollars in his pocket, who will make up his loss?

Physicians are as benevolent and disinterested as men of any other profession; but it is still the evident fact that they do not devote themselves to the prevention of disease. It is not their business. And, what is more, it never will be until they are paid for keeping the community in health.

It follows that as few other persons know much about the laws of health—as great numbers are interested in causing disease, or making it worse by pretending to cure it—sanitary science is in a very unsatisfactory condition. Churches, theatres, and places of public resort are, as a rule, very imperfectly ventilated. Even school-houses, crowded with children, are so badly cared for in this most vital particular, as to destroy the health of both teachers and pupils. I have listened to a college lecture on the vital uses of oxygen, in a room so badly ventilated that its air was pestiferous and disgusting. There was theory and practice with a vengeance. Some of the railway carriages in America have admirable machinery for ventilation, but the greater number of them are execrable in this particular. The cabins of steamboats on the Northern waters are often nearly as bad. The use of stoves and furnaces in dwelling-houses does away with even the imperfect ventilation afforded by open grates and fire-places. In the large towns the poor are supplied with the milk of diseased cows, tied up, without air or exercise, and fed into scrofula on the hot slops from the distilleries and breweries. Pork and lard, consumed in enormous quantities, and even by the poorest people, to an extent quite unknown in any country in Europe, cause much disease. Whisky made from spurred rye—rye infected with ergot—or from Indian corn, and charged with fusil oil, or doctored with strychnine, sulphuric acid, and other noxious drugs, is also a serious cause of disease, aside from its intoxicating influence.

A thoroughly educated, united, philanthropic medical profession, aided by the State governments, might do much for health in America. The climate, apart from malaria in certain regions, is not necessarily unhealthy. In many parts the air is pure, the water is soft, and the fruits and other healthful productions of the earth are abundant. Nearly all New England, and large portions of New York, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Virginia, Ohio, Michigan, Wisconsin, Iowa, Minnesota, &c., are healthful regions. So is much of the South. Portions of Texas, as well as California and Oregon, are of wonderful salubrity.

The Americans, like the English, have a lack of skill in cookery. They make dishes enough. A common breakfast bill of fare will comprise twenty. But butter and lard are so cheap that they are used with great profusion, and the best viands and vegetables are rendered indigestible. Hot bread, made with lard and strong alkalies, and soaked with butter; hot griddle cakes, covered with butter and syrup; meats fried in fat or baked in it; potatoes dripping with grease; ham and eggs fried in grease into a leathery indigestibility—all washed down with many cups of strong Brazil coffee—these are some of the nice things which Americans eat for breakfast, and when they fall ill—as of course they must—then come loads of all the medicines advertised in their newspapers or given by their doctors.

What seems as strange as any part of this matter is a vague superstition remaining in the minds of many people that the doctors are infallible, or, at least, that—however absurd and contradictory to each other they may be—they should be implicitly obeyed. If ten doctors should prescribe ten different medicines, or courses of treatment, as they likely enough would, in the actual state of medicine in America, one of these fanatics would imagine himself obliged to follow all their prescriptions. I can understand law, founded on statutes, precedents, and decisions, as entitled to respect. I can understand an implicit belief in the dogmas of an infallible church—and a church that is fallible seems to have little right to propound creeds or promulgate dogmata—but I see no possible sense in believing in or relying upon a medical system, or no-system, which does not pretend to unity, much less to infallibility.

What can I say of the American clergy? If they were all of one sect, or if there were a national church recognised as orthodox, though tolerating dissent, it would be an easier task to describe the clerical profession. One never hears the term dissenter in America. All are equal before the law.

The Episcopal Church, daughter of the Church of England, is in many parts of America the church of the richest, most cultivated, and respectable portion of the community. It is scarcely anywhere the church of the poor. It has very little if any hold upon the working-classes. Its clergy is highly educated, and it has many eloquent preachers. It has retained the Book of Common Prayer and Thirty-nine Articles, with slight modi-

fications, and, as in England, is divided into High Churchmen, or Ritualists, Broad Churchmen, and Low Churchmen. The High Churchmen accuse their Low brethren of being no better than Presbyterians; the Low aver that the High are on the high road to Rome; and it is doubtless true that they have a tenderness in that direction, and that not a few, both clerics and lay, have gone entirely over, to the great disgust of the more Protestant sections, who still profess and believe what is said of the Pope in the Thirty-nine Articles.

The Presbyterians and Orthodox Congregationalists have a regularly educated clergy; and even the Methodists and Baptists, who, within my remembrance, held book-learning in contempt, now have colleges and theological institutions. The most distinguished body for refinement of learning is the Unitarian. Dr. Channing was of this sect, and Edward Everett, Ralph Waldo Emerson, George Bancroft, George Ripley, and other distinguished men of letters, have been preachers of the same faith.

I need not speak of the Catholic clergy, who are always educated to a certain degree and in a prescribed system. Some of the American Catholic clergy have been educated at Rome, some at the Sorbonne, many at Maynooth, or in Germany or Belgium, and many also at the various American seminaries. It is a common thing for an American priest to be able to converse in four or five languages, and I have known those who amused themselves with Hebrew and Sanscrit.

American clergymen of all denominations, excepting the Episcopalian and Roman Catholic—and I am not sure about the former of these two—do not feel bound to keep to their calling unless it suits their inclinations. Some embrace other professions. It is common to see a preacher turn lawyer, or a lawyer turn preacher. Many take to politics, and get elected to the State Legislatures, to Congress, or fill Government offices. Some turn traders, auctioneers, photographers, or showmen. Many become editors and authors. There are, in fact, few professions in which you may not find ex-preachers.

I can remember many popular preachers famous for eloquence and eccentricity. Lorenzo Dow, who travelled from place to place, wearing a long beard when beards were seldom seen, and making appointments years beforehand, which he always filled to the hour, was before my day. The most striking celebrity of

my boyhood was a Methodist preacher, said to have been a Dublin tailor, who created a great excitement, was adored by the women, and made multitudes of conversions. He wrote his life, as was the custom of the noted preachers of that period, and I have never forgotten the mellifluous sentences of its opening chapter, the first of which ran thus:—

“From the romantic retreats of far-famed Erin, borne on the fickle winds of an adverse fortune, a lonely stranger brings his mite of sorrow, and lays the dew-starred treasure at Columbia’s feet.”

One can imagine the success of a handsome young Irish preacher, with curling hair and rosy cheeks and brilliant eyes, whose sermons were of this style of oratory, and whose conversation was if possible more delightful than his sermons. He was the Beau Brummel of preachers, and wonderfully preserved his good looks, which he did not fail to attribute to super-abounding grace. He died a few years ago, at Mobile, and left a son who was a gallant officer in the Confederate navy.

The Rev. Mr. Finney, a New-School Presbyterian revival preacher, and founder of a religious college for both sexes at Oberlin, Ohio, was a very striking and impressive preacher. I remember how he startled me, forty years ago, by saying abruptly one day in his sermon—“A thing is not right or good because God commands it. The principles of right are as eternal as God, and He is good because His being is in accordance with them. God cannot make anything right any more than He can make the three angles of a triangle equal to two right angles.”

Mr. Finney’s prayers were quite as original as his sermons. One day he astonished those who were uniting with him in prayer, by saying, in a quiet, familiar way—

“O Lord, I have been walking down Broadway to-day, and I have seen a good many of my friends and Thy friends, and I wondered, O Lord! if they seemed as poor, and vapid, and empty, and worldly to Thee as they did to me,” &c.

The Rev. Henry Ward Beecher at the present day has much the same popularity that attended Mr. Finney twenty or thirty years ago. He has more, perhaps, of the element of humour. There is a great deal of genuine waggery about him, and, out of the pulpit, he has the drollery and animal spirits of a big, clever, good-natured boy out for a holiday. He is full of unusual, and

unexpected, and sometimes not too reverent expressions. Of some difficulty with certain members of his congregation, he said—"I told my wife that God and I could lick them all out." He is what one might call instinctively popular, feeling the public sentiment, and always keeping just ahead of his people, and on the top of the wave. No one could make more of an excitement while it lasted, or quicker scent a coming reaction. His tabernacle in Brooklyn had to me no seeming of a house of prayer, and the appearance of the people who crowded every foot of it gave me the impression that for every one who came to worship God there were many who came to admire Mr. Beecher. There are not many other churches in America where Sunday congregations indulge in audible laughter, or give rounds of applause as at a theatre. Mr. Beecher professes to be an Orthodox Congregationalist, but he preached for Theodore Parker, and his creed, if he has one, must be an easy fit. He writes books, edits newspapers, and gives popular lectures all over the country, and I have heard his income from all these sources estimated at forty or fifty thousand dollars a-year.

A great number of American preachers, among Presbyterians, Baptists, Methodists, Unitarians, Universalists, have no hesitation in introducing political or social topics into the pulpit. They are often candidates for office, and not unfrequently take the stump in presidential electioneering campaigns. They are popularity-seekers, because popularity enlarges their congregations, increases their pay, and promotes them to more important fields of usefulness. A preacher who distinguishes himself on five hundred dollars a-year gets a call to a congregation that can offer him seven hundred and fifty. As he goes on and gains in notoriety he gets a louder call, to the amount of ten or fifteen hundred. A Baptist clergyman in Boston became so attractive from the notoriety he acquired in connection with a case of crim. con. that his church was thronged by people who wished to enjoy the sensation of seeing and hearing a clergyman preach and pray who had been tried for adultery, and who many believed ought to have been convicted. A Methodist revival preacher certainly drew larger houses by the scandal of his reputed amours.

The mingling of religion and politics has not been a good to either. Politics have grown more and more corrupt, and religion has suffered by the association. It is but just to say that the

Episcopal Church is but little liable to censure on this account, and politics are seldom if ever heard of in a Roman Catholic place of worship.

As religion in America is almost entirely disconnected from the General and State governments, the clergy depend upon the voluntary system for their support. There are no tithes or rates, and few foundations. Methodist preachers are appointed by their bishops, and the people must take such as are sent them. The pay is also limited by the same authority. The Roman Catholics have a similar system, and no clergy is harder worked or more poorly paid. In all the other denominations the Church or congregation hires the pastor and discharges him at pleasure. It follows that a minister must suit his people if he wishes to keep his place; must preach what they like rather than what they need to hear, and be the slave rather than the leader and former of public opinion.

But the people govern and judge. They select the minister as well as the ruler — by universal suffrage. A preacher comes, like a cook, on trial. He preaches his finest sermons, and prays his most elegant prayers, is canvassed at a hundred tea-tables, and accepted or rejected. Imagine St. Peter and St. Paul subjected to such an ordeal!

## CHAPTER TWENTY-SEVEN

### *SOCIAL THEORIES AND EXPERIMENTS*

It is a remarkable thing that no social experiment in America has had any permanence, or any considerable success, that has not been based upon the religious sentiment. The Rappites, who founded large communities and gathered wealth by industry, were the followers of a religious zealot, and yielded implicit obedience to his commands. They had the element of faith, and faith made them obedient to authority.

The Mormons are a living example of the power of the religious element. I do not speak of truth of doctrines, but of faith and zeal. The Mormons earnestly believe and zealously practice their religion. In one generation they have grown from one man, Joseph Smith, to be a nation. Their missionaries traverse the world. Converts flock to them from England, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, and, a very few, from the American States. Whatever may be thought of Brigham Young and his fellow apostles, there is no question about the earnestness, the zeal, the fanaticism of their followers. They triumphed over persecution, marched into the wilderness, and converted sterile deserts into a fertile and prosperous country, which is almost free from some of the worst vices of civilisation.

I have never seen a more curious people than the American Shakers. It was a few years after the American Revolution, when religion had taken the place of political excitement in New England, that Mother Ann Lee, an immigrant from Lancashire, England, declared herself to be the second Incarnation, or the female Messiah. As commonly happens to enthusiasts, she found

followers, who believed that in her was the second coming of Christ, that the church she formed was the millennial church, that was to come out from the world and be separate. She abolished marriage, and established celibacy as the unvarying rule for every member of her society. She revived the apostolic practice of a community of worldly goods. Her society grew, not rapidly, indeed, but with a slow and steady progress, until there are now scattered over the American States some twelve or fifteen Shaker communities of the disciples, followers, and worshippers of Mother Ann Lee.

In Cincinnati, Ohio, I met one day with a Shaking Quaker. He wore a broad-brimmed hat, and shad-bellied coat of a bluish-gray homespun cloth, with his hair cropped short before and falling into the neck behind. He was mild in manner, simple in conversation, and his communications were "yea" and "nay." He conversed freely on the doctrines and polity of the society, and gave me a friendly invitation to visit the Shaker village of Lebanon, twenty miles distant.

The wisdom of the ruling elders could scarcely have selected a finer spot for the domain of a community. The land in the Miami valley is of a wonderful fertility, and the whole region is a rich and well-cultivated country; still the domain of the Shakers was marked by striking peculiarities. The fences were higher and stronger than those on the adjacent farms; the woods were cleared of underbrush; the tillage was of extraordinary neatness; the horses, cattle, and sheep were of the best breeds, and in the best condition.

In the Shaker village are no taverns or shops, but large, plainly-built dwelling-houses, barns, work-shops, and an edifice for meetings and religious exercises. Simple utility is the only rule of architecture. There is not, in the whole village, one line of ornament. The brown paint is used only to protect the woodwork of the buildings. I did not see so much as an ornamental shrub or flower in the whole domain.

One house is set apart for the entertainment of strangers, who receive attention, food, and lodging as long as they choose to remain. The brethren and sisters who are appointed to fulfil the duties of hospitality, neither demand nor refuse payment.

The women, old and young, ugly and pretty, dress in the same neat but unfashionable attire. There are no bright colours;

no ruffles or flounces or frills; no embroidery or laces; no ribbons or ornaments of any kind. The hair is combed smoothly back under a plain cap; a three-cornered kerchief of sober brown covers the bosom, and the narrow gored skirt had no room for crinoline.

The rooms and furniture are as plain and homely as the external architecture. There is not a moulding nor any coloured paper; not a picture nor print adorns the walls, nor is there a vase or statue. The only books are a few of their own religious treatises, collections of hymns, and works of education, science, and utility.

But there is everywhere the perfection of order and neatness. The floors shine like mirrors. Every visible thing is bright and clean. There is a place for everything, and everything is in its place. This order and neatness is carried out in the workshops, the farm-yards, everywhere.

A community of two or three hundred industrious persons, all engaged in agriculture and useful manufactures, paying no rents, having no costly vices, producing for themselves all the necessities of life, and selling their surplus produce, cannot fail to grow rich. I found this community living in comfort and abundance, surrounded with a great wealth of houses and lands, flocks and herds, and, as I was told, with large sums invested in the best securities. Men, women, and children all work. There are no idlers, and no time is lost. As the honesty of the Shakers is proverbial, they have the command of the best markets for their wooden wares, agricultural implements, brooms, garden seeds, preserved fruits and vegetables, and the surplus of their cloth, leather, &c. There is nothing, therefore, to hinder them from accumulating property to an immense extent; as can easily be done by any honest community in any country.

As there are no marriages, all the men and women living together like brothers and sisters, their only increase is by the accession of new members from "the world," or by taking orphan and destitute children, sometimes children from the workhouse. People with whom the world has dealt hardly, widows, or wives deserted by drunken husbands, with families of children, go to the Shakers. They are never turned away. So long as they choose to remain, and comply with the rules of the society, they have the full enjoyment of all its material and

spiritual goods. So the Shakers slowly increase, and new domains are purchased, and brought under cultivation.

Curiously enough, while everything like art and beauty is ignored in the secular life of the Shaker, music and dancing make a part of their religious observances. But their singing is of the rudest character, and without any instrumental accompaniment. Their pious songs in praise of their Divine Mother who makes for them a fourth person in the godhead, are sung in rude choruses, which have little melody and no attempt at harmony. The dancing is as rude as the singing: it is merely a violent exercise, wholly destitute of corporeal grace, whatever may be its spiritual influences.

In this strange community I was received with a simple and hearty kindness; my questions were frankly answered; even my objections to the religious doctrines and social practices of the society were replied to in a kindly spirit. I found the dispensers of Shaker hospitalities, male and female, well up in their Scripture, and as zealous as other sectarians to secure a convert to their faith.

At dinner-time I was served at a private table with a homely but most substantial repast. Everything was of the best quality. One might travel far in any country to get so good a meal.

The Shakers of each family, living in one large house, eat at common tables, one for each sex. They enter the large dining-room in a certain order, and kneel down by the table, to ask a blessing; then sit and eat in silence. A similar order pervades all their occupations.

They made upon my mind the impression of great honesty and earnestness in their religious views; and from all I saw or could learn of them I have no reason to believe that there is any frequent violation of the ascetic rule of the society. They are fanatical, and I saw no evidence of hypocrisy. In a few instances, persons have proved unfaithful to pecuniary trusts; and I have heard of one or two cases in which male and female Shakers have left the society together to get married. I have no reason to believe that any of those who live in the community violate its rule of entire chastity.

The history of the Shakers is full of suggestions to the social reformer. It is certain that they have made an industrial community, a material success. They show us a large society living

in peace, plenty, and worldly prosperity. But how far are their religious system and ascetic life necessary to this success? Might not the Shakers change their faith, enjoy the sweets of domestic life, have music, pictures, and flowers, and still carry on their works of useful industry, and increase and enjoy their stores of worldly wealth?

Forty miles east of the city of New York, on the great central plain of Long Island, was, and is, if it still exist, the village of "Modern Times," founded by Stephen Pearl Andrews and Josiah Warren. Mr. Andrews, who secured the land on which Modern Times was built, and laid the foundations of what he hoped would become the centre of a higher civilisation, was a pupil of Josiah Warren, who had been a pupil of Robert Owen, but had seceded from New Harmony, and invented a social system of his own.

New Harmony, in Indiana, the experiment of Robert Owen, Frances Wright, and others, failed in an attempt at combination without the element of order. It was communism, pure and simple: communism based upon equality. It was the attempt to have a body without a head. It was democracy in its ultimation, which is chaos. Mr. Owen was a benevolent despot, but his theories compelled him to abdicate authority, and leave all government to the popular will, or the decision of the majority. But to arrive at the decision it was necessary to have freedom of discussion; and while the people of New Harmony were discussing, day after day, with interminable speeches, how they should cultivate their fertile lands, seed-time had passed, and they had no harvest. The discussions went on, and the time came when there was nothing to eat. The leaders, or those who ought to have been leaders, but who had abdicated in favour of "liberty, equality, and fraternity," were profoundly disappointed to find that a mob would be a mob, and that a body needed a head. As to the members of this acephalous agglomeration, they scattered—fled from the noise of their own discordance—fled, frightened at their own chaotic proceedings, and fled, also, from the hunger brooding over their uncultured fields.

Among the deserters from this army without a commander, and consequently without order, or discipline, or the first element of success, was Josiah Warren, an ingenious, thoughtful

little man, and a thorough Yankee. He could turn his hand to many things. He was a bit of a musician. He invented a method of stereotyping, and a printing press. Finally, pondering over the failure of the system of Owen, he invented a new theory of society.

The failure of communism, he held, had come from combination. Combinations required government. Government was opposed to liberty. Now, liberty was the very thing that was most wanted; and every system of combined society must be the death of liberty, because in every combined body there must be order, and the only possible elements of order in a combined society are authority and obedience.

His theory of society, therefore, was one of individualism—his doctrine, “the sovereignty of the individual.” That, he held to be more important than any society or government. There was no sufficient compensation for its abandonment. He wanted no government, no laws, no police. Persons, who chose to do so, might unite for mutual defence and protection, under an individual leader; but such combination must be voluntary, and abandoned at pleasure. Whatever of this kind was necessary would come naturally by the law of demand and supply. One man would undertake to protect and defend the public by contract; another to carry the mails; and others to supply water or gas. No government but this voluntary, spontaneous, free-trade kind was necessary or to be tolerated.

Of course, Mr. Warren, in carrying out his theory of individual sovereignty, could admit of no laws or regulations respecting religion or morals. Worship must be voluntary; marriage existed or was dissolved at the choice of the parties. There could be no taxes. Every man paid for what he had; and could not be obliged either to have or pay for more than he required. As far as possible every person must be independent of every other. Combination is the grave of liberty. Self-protection is the first right of nature. Freedom has but one rightful limitation. It must not infringe upon the rights of others. Every one may do what he likes so long as he does it at his own cost—so long as he does not inflict the consequences of his acts upon others.

The politico-economical doctrine of Mr. Warren and his pupil Mr. Andrews, was very simple. They had but one axiom

—“COST THE LIMIT OF PRICE.” A thing is worth, not what it will fetch, but what it has cost to produce. This is the actual value of every article of commerce, and the sole rule of exchange. The price of a hat is the labour it has taken to produce and place it in the hands of the wearer; and it is to be paid for by an equivalent amount of labour, thought, repugnance, &c., ultimated in some other article. Profit and interest are excluded from this system. Profit is the taking of something without giving an equivalent; interest is mere plunder. Wealth is an organised system of robbery, enabling a number of persons for generations, by rents and interest, to live in idleness upon the labour of hundreds and thousands who get no corresponding advantages.

All this system of civilised iniquity, supported by the tyranny of governments and laws, Mr. Warren proposed to sweep away by his axiom—*Cost the limit of price*, or a system of just and equal exchanges of labour for labour. He tried to introduce the principle by opening a cost grocery in Cincinnati, where every article was charged its exact cost, including the time spent in selling it. If customers were difficult they had to pay a higher price. A wooden clock ticked off the minutes, and Mr. Warren’s customers did not stand to gossip until they had finished their purchases. The stock was renewed as fast as sold, and the trader was paid fair wages for his work in weighing and measuring.

But so small an experiment did not satisfy Mr. Warren. Modern Times was founded to carry out the system as far as it could be done in one little village. Disciples came from New York and even from Boston. They bought lots of one to four acres at cost; they built houses of lime and gravel at cost; they exchanged labour and goods, grubbed up the scrub-oaks, and made the desert blossom with abundance of roses. The air was pure; an abundance of soft water was at a depth of thirty feet in the gravel. There were no churches, no magistrates. Every one did what was right in his own eyes. The women wore “*bloomers*,” or donned the entire male costume, as they found most convenient. As the sovereignty of the individual was opposed to all artificial, social, or legal restraints, families arranged themselves according to the law of attraction. Those lived together who chose to do so, and parted without giving

any trouble to the courts of law. The right of the State either to unite or separate was denied, and free love was placed in the same category with all other freedom. A man might have one wife, or ten, or more if he could take upon himself the proper cost or burthen; and the same freedom was asserted for women as for men.

It seemed very odd to find one's self, two hours from New York, among people who had deliberately discarded the common restraints and regulations of society, and where the leading spirits—the persons most admired and respected—were those who had the most completely acted upon their theories. But it was evident that *Modern Times* was a failure. It was wanting in the basis of wealth; the land was poor; there were no facilities for manufactures. The mere enjoyment of freedom, or the utmost realisation of the sovereignty of the individual, was not enough to bring or hold people together. They went where their interests called them. One most enthusiastic advocate of the principles of Warren and Andrews got an appointment in the New York police force, and became a humble instrument of the power he had long denounced. Others were attracted away by the chance of profit, or the hope of wealth. It was very well to teach that profit was plunder, and that to be rich only gave the power to rob others with impunity; that marriage was legalised adultery, and families petty despotisms. There were few who could resist the temptation to live upon the labour of others, and to preside over a despotism that society has stamped with respectability.

No theory of social organisation has had more attractions for American reformers than the system of association invented by Charles Fourier; and several hasty, crude, imperfect, and necessarily abortive efforts were made to carry it into practical realisation. I do not say that any efforts would have succeeded, but every system has a right to a full and fair experimental trial, if to any. Americans were enraptured with association, attractive industry, and the economics of the large scale. Albert Brisbane, a personal pupil of Fourier, lectured, wrote, translated, and made many converts. Horace Greeley advocated the system, as far as he was able to understand it, in the *Tribune*. George Ripley, Nathaniel Hawthorne, Charles A. Dana, Margaret Fuller, and other literary men and women in New Eng-

land, formed an association at Brook Farm, near Boston, which Mr. Hawthorne rather alludes to than describes in his *Blythe-dale Romance*. It soon came to grief. A larger society, in which Mr. Greeley was a stockholder, made a more persistent effort on an estate in New Jersey; but this also was unsuccessful. There were a dozen so-called Phalansteries in various parts of the West; rude and hopeless gatherings of disorderly reformers who could not live *in* civilisation and had a still worse chance *out of* it. The truth is that very few understood the system of Fourier and its requirements. It is a form of life that may exist on some other planet, but can scarcely be expected to take root on ours; yet no one can read Fourier without being fascinated with its beauty, splendour and apparent practicability.

It is scarcely known, I believe, in England, to what extent the anti-marriage theory has been maintained in the Northern States of America. I do not speak of the divorce laws of several States, under which married people can be released from their bonds for almost any reason—for desertion, or alleged incompatibility of temper—to marry again and be again divorced when the caprice may seize them; but the very prevalent doctrine that the relations of the sexes are matters with which the State, the Government, and the laws have no proper business. Every one, it is said, should be free to enter upon such relations without the interference of the civil magistrate. If marriage is held to be a sacrament, as among Roman Catholics, then it is an affair of religion, with which governments have nothing to do. Religious liberty requires that people should be left in freedom to follow the dictates of their own consciences. The right of private judgment in matters of the affections is sturdily maintained. So far as the State or the community is concerned a man may have no wife, or a dozen either at one time or successively. The only ground of interference is the right of society to protect itself from burthens that may be thrown upon it. Beyond this all legislation is held to be a needless and unwarrentable infringement of the liberty of the citizen, or the sovereignty of the individual. Consequently, marriage by a magistrate is a superfluous formality, divorce a common right that need not be questioned—no one's business but that of the parties concerned; while a prosecution for bigamy is an outrage on private rights. What those radical reformers think should be

done is simply to abolish all laws upon the relations of men and women, and pass one, if necessary, to define and protect the rights of children.

One successful community based upon this doctrine and carrying it out in practice was established about fifteen years ago at Oneida Creek in the State of New York, by Elder Noyes, a Congregational Minister educated at Yale College, who embraced the doctrine of perfectionism, and founded a religious society in which each man was the husband of all the women, and each woman the wife of all the men. Driven from Vermont, Elder Noyes and his disciples found refuge in the more liberal State of New York. For some years he preached and published a periodical devoted to the dissemination and defence of his doctrines, at Brooklyn, and had branches of his community up the Hudson and in New Jersey; but all are now gathered, I believe, at Oneida Creek, where they are undisturbed and prosperous.

Thomas L. Harris, whom I first knew as an eloquent and popular Universalist preacher and poet in New York, then a spirit medium who dictated volumes of verse in trances, then as a Swedenborgian denouncing Spiritualism as diabolic, came to London some years ago, and preached some new mystical revelations with such effect as to enable him to take back to America with him several converts, some of wealth and position, who live with him in a sort of community on the shores of Lake Erie.

The most advanced and intellectual portion of the "Party of Progress," chiefly residing in the New England States, but extending across the North on the same parallel, adopted most of the ideas of reform that I have mentioned, or went a little beyond them. The *ultras*, who were anti-everything, were called *COME-OUTERS*. They were for coming out of the old and entering into the new in everything. They were opposed to government and refused to pay taxes, do military duty, or serve on juries: to the Sabbath, churches, and religious ceremonials of all kinds: to marriage, the family, and all the arbitrary and conventional institutions of society. Property they denounced as plunder; trade and commerce, as generally conducted, were legalised theft; and law a system of oppression. Some went so far in their fight with civilisation as not only to renounce prop-

erty, and the use of money, but, in the warm season, to go without clothes, which they declared to be a social bondage unworthy of freemen and philosophers. This fancy did not spread far or last long; and many of these Come-outers, after a practical experience of the difficulty of carrying out their theories in the present state of the world, concluded to postpone them to a more convenient season and higher state of progress, and conforming, outwardly at least, to the regulations of a crude and imperfect society, became lawyers, editors, and politicians, and now occupy distinguished positions in the world they vainly tried to turn topsy-turvy.

Grant these reformers their premises, and it is not easy to escape the conclusions they press upon you with relentless logic. If all men are equal in respect to political rights—if they have the natural right of self-government—if all government derives its just powers from the consent of the governed—if the only source of power is the will of the people expressed by the votes of a majority, what are the institutions that may not be overthrown?—what are the institutions that may not be established? The whole people own the whole property; what shall hinder them from doing with it as they will? So the people are above their institutions, and may frame, modify, or abolish them according to their sovereign will and pleasure. Right is a matter of opinion, and to be determined by a majority. Justice is what that majority chooses. Apparently expediency is the only rule of conduct. The rights of man, as stated by Jefferson in the Declaration of Independence, are “Life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.” Liberty of conscience settles all duties.

While these theories of the largest liberty were being discussed, came secession, and the war; and the eloquent advocates of the rights of man and of woman were forced into the army by conscription, and sent to restore union with artillery and bring back brotherhood by the bayonet.

“*Fraternité, ou la mort!*”

## CHAPTER TWENTY-EIGHT

### *SPIRITUALISM*

It is impossible to give a truthful account of the moral and social condition of America for the past twenty years without some description of the rise and progress of Spiritualism, since it has affected the religion, philosophy, and, more or less, the morals and life of great numbers of the American people. It has been said that there were eleven millions of Spiritualists in America. This may be true if one counted all who believe in a future state, or all who have heard of the phenomena of Spirit Communication, and think "there is something in it."

There can be no doubt that Spiritualism has had considerable effect upon American thought, feeling, and character. It has changed the religious belief of thousands; it has influenced, more or less, the actions and relations of multitudes. Great numbers of those who, a few years ago, professed a belief in some form of Christianity, or were members of religious organisations, have modified or renounced such beliefs. Greater numbers, perhaps, who doubted a future state of existence, think they have found in the phenomena of Spiritualism proofs of its reality.

The English people, with inconsiderable exceptions, divide into two classes—philosophers of the school of Hume, who declare that the laws of nature are never suspended, its routine never departed from, and that what is called supernatural or miraculous is absurd and impossible, and not to be believed on any amount of evidence, not even the evidence of one's own senses; and the religious classes of Protestant denominations, who hold, with Middleton, that though there were miracles and

supernatural events for some thousands of years after the creation, there have been none since the days of the Apostles. Roman Catholics who believe that miracles are wrought in this century, and who pray to and for those who have departed this life, find no difficulty in believing the facts of Spiritualism; but they generally attribute them to Satanic agency.

In America, people are not so settled in their convictions, and are more ready to examine novelties. Professor Hare, a distinguished chemist and electrician, and a thorough materialist and sceptic, commenced to investigate Spiritualism in the expectation of being able to explain it on scientific principles; but he failed by becoming converted to a belief in the verity of the manifestations, and by the same means lost, with sceptics, his credibility as a witness. Judge Edmonds, a distinguished jurist of New York, failed in like manner. Governor Talmadge, of Wisconsin, met a similar fate. Professor Mapes, of New Jersey, and Judge Tilton, of Ohio, from investigators became converts. Indeed, a great number of persons, from whom the public expected enlightenment, became unfitted even to give evidence on the subject, from the fact of their becoming believers. Those who denied the reality of the phenomena called loudly for investigation; but, as those who investigated were converted, nothing was gained. The unbelieving public could not take the testimony of believers.

About 1850, there began to appear in the newspapers accounts of strange phenomena in the Fox family, in Western New York. There were a mother and three daughters, fifteen to twenty years old; persons of moderate intelligence and decent position, getting their livelihood by their needles. The manifestations consisted of loud rappings on floors, furniture, the walls, doors, &c.; violent opening and shutting of doors and drawers, and the movement or throwing about of furniture and smaller articles.

When these facts became known people came to see and hear. The women were annoyed and closed their doors against them; but the manifestations became more violent, and they felt obliged to yield to public curiosity. Soon a mode of communication was invented. The rappings answered "yes," and "no," and spelled out messages when the letters of the alphabet were called over or pointed out on a card.

In a short time other mediums appeared having various kinds of manifestations. Tables rising up on two legs, pounded on the floor their revelations. Dials were made with moveable hands, which pointed out letters and answered questions. The hands of mediums, acting, as they averred, without their volition, wrote messages sometimes in the handwriting, and signed by the names of departed spirits. These writings were in some cases reversed so as only to be read through the paper or in a mirror. Some mediums wrote, with both hands at once, different messages, without, as they said, knowing the purport of either. There were speaking mediums, who declared themselves to be the passive instruments of the spirits. Some represented the actions, voices, and appearance of persons long dead, and whom they had never seen. There were drawing mediums, who, blindfolded, drew portraits said to be likenesses of deceased persons. To draw a human face without seeing is no easy matter; and these portraits were also done with marvellous rapidity. Sometimes the names of deceased persons and short messages appeared in raised red lines upon the skin of the medium. Ponderous bodies, as heavy dining-tables and pianofortes, and tables on which several persons were seated were raised into the air by some force, contrary to the supposed laws of gravitation. Mediums also rose bodily into the air, and floated about above the heads of the spectators. Writings and pictures were produced without visible hands. Persons were touched by invisible and sometimes by visible hands. Various musical instruments were played upon without visible agency. Voices were heard, and conversations held with spirits. In a word, over a vast extent of country, from each to west, these phenomena were witnessed by many thousands of people—numbers of whom were of the highest credibility, and the mass of them persons whose testimony no one would think of impeaching in a trial of life and death.

I went, one evening, with a party of friends, to see one of the "Fox girls." We sat around a long dining-table in a well-lighted room in New York. I chanced to sit next the medium, a fair and pleasant lady, who talked about the weather, the opera, or whatever happened to be the topic of the hour, and appeared to pay very little attention to the manifestations. While they were going on, and persons were asking questions and receiving answers, she was giving me an animated and amus-

ing description of the early experiences of herself and her family.

The raps were loud, percussive poundings, or explosions, which could be heard all over the house, and which appeared to be made upon or within the table. I looked upon and under it. I listened to them carefully. I watched every person present: I am certain that the raps were not made by the lady beside me or by any one of the visible company. As long as there were one, two, or three raps, she kept on talking. If there were five, she interrupted our conversation to call over the alphabet, which she did very rapidly until letters enough had been selected to spell out a message. The person interested took it down. She did not seem to mind what it was.

The raps, I observed, varied in character. Each spirit had its own sort of rap. Some were louder and more energetic than others. The raps supposed to be made by the spirits of children were slight and infantile. The messages seemed intended only to satisfy the inquirers of the identity of the spirits and their good wishes.

After we had risen from the table, and I was still talking with and watching carefully the medium, she said the raps often came upon the doors when she stood near them; and as she went with me towards a door, but still standing several feet from it, I heard loud knocks upon it as of a person striking with a heavy mallet. I opened the door, so that I could see both sides of it at once. The thumps continued. I felt the vibrations of the invisible blows, percussions, or explosions, which were loud enough to be heard over the house. It is very certain that the lady did not make them by any visible method, and that I cannot tell who did. I failed to detect the slightest sign of deception, collusion, machinery, sleight of hand, or anything of the sort; and, truly, metaphysical manifestations—communications to fifteen or twenty persons, strangers to the medium and to each other, from their departed friends, with satisfactory evidences to each of the identity of the communicating spirit—were quite as difficult to account for as the physical phenomena.

I knew a Methodist sailor in New York, a simple, illiterate, earnest man, who became what is called a test medium. He came to see me in Cincinnati, and one evening we had also as visitors two distinguished lawyers; one of them a brother of

Major Anderson, "the hero of Fort Sumter;" the other, a gentleman from Michigan, and one of the ablest lawyers practising in the Supreme Court of the United States. I had brought into the drawing-room a heavy walnut table, and placed it in the centre of the room. The medium sat down on one side of it, and the sharp Michigan lawyer, who was a stranger to us and the medium, on the other. The medium placed his fingers lightly upon the table. It tilted up under them; the two legs nearest him rising several inches. The lawyer examined the table, and tried to give it a similar movement, but without success. There was a force and a consequent movement he could not account for. There was no other person near the table—there was no perceptible muscular movement, and no way in which it could be applied to produce the effect.

When there was no doubt on this point, the lawyer, at the suggestion of the medium, wrote with careful secrecy on five small bits of paper—rolling each up like a pea as he wrote—the names of five deceased persons whom he had known. Then he rolled them about until he felt sure that no one could tell one pellet from the other. Then, pointing to them successively, the tipping table selected one, which the gentleman, without opening, put in his waistcoat pocket, and threw the rest into the fire.

The next step was to write the ages of these five persons at their death, on as many bits of paper, which were folded with the same care. One of these was selected, and again, without being opened, deposited in the lawyer's pocket, which now contained a name and a number indicating age.

With the same precautions the lawyer then wrote in the same way on bits of paper the places where these persons died, the diseases of which they died, and the dates of their decease, going through the same process with each. He had then in his pocket five little balls of paper, each selected by a movement of the table, for which no one could account.

At this moment the hand of the medium seized a pencil, and with singular rapidity dashed off a few lines, addressed to the lawyer as from a near relative, and signed with a name, which the medium very certainly had never heard.

The lawyer, very much astonished, took from his pocket the five paper balls, unrolled them, spread them before him on the table, and read the same name as the one in the written message,

with the person's age, place and time of death, and the disease of which he had died. They all corresponded with each other, and with the message. No person had approached the table, and neither lawyer nor medium had moved. It was in my own house, under a full gas-light, and so far as I could see, or can see now, no deception was possible.

The written communication, which purported to come from a deceased relative of the gentleman, only expressed, in affectionate terms, happiness at being able to give him this evidence of immortality.

If we admit the genuineness of the physical phenomena of Spiritualism, and concede that communications or revelations are really made by beings ordinarily invisible to us mortals, we are still surrounded with difficulties. What assurance can we have in any case of the identity of a spirit? A bad or mischievous spirit may, for aught we know, personate our friends, penetrate our secrets, and deceive us with false representations. Where is the proof of identity?

The spirits of physicians are believed to prescribe for mediums and those who consult them; but it is remarkable that doctors continue to disagree in the other world, just as they always have done in this. Hahnemann gives high dilutions—Abernethy and Rush stick to their gallipots, and Priessnitz wraps in the wet sheet or deluges with the douche.

Religious people were naturally shocked with almost everything about the matter. Good spirits, they thought, would not come from heaven to engage in such absurdities, and bad ones would scarcely be allowed to leave the other place. Those who could not deny the existence of the manifestations, attributed them to the devil. The spirits gave accounts of their condition and surroundings, which were very little in accordance with the teachings of the popular theology. But others said—heaven is a state—not a place; and what do we really know of the state of spirits who have left the body? The man who has left his bodily existence, but still lives, may not be much wiser or better than he was. The future life may be one of progress. But what, the reader will ask, has been the real influence of Spiritualism in America? I will try to answer the question truly.

It has, as I have said, separated many thousands of persons from the religious creeds in which they were educated, and the

religious societies to which they belonged—turning them adrift, and leaving them to find, if they can, new associations; while Spiritualism itself seems to have no bond of union, but to act as a segregating and scattering force.

It has, as I have also intimated, convinced many thousands of unbelievers—materialists and sceptics—of a continued existence, or the immortality of the soul. There can be no question that an undoubting faith in the genuineness of communications from deceased friends has been to vast numbers a source of consolation and happiness.

It is not improbable that spiritualism has either produced or developed a tendency to insanity in many instances. I think no careful observer can mingle with considerable numbers of spiritualists, without noticing symptoms of insanity, probably similar to those which attend religious revivals, and, perhaps, all great excitements and intellectual revolutions. There is no portion of the world so subject to insanity as New England and the Northern States—which it has mainly peopled.

The influence of spiritualism upon morality is not very easy to estimate. It is claimed that the influence and admonitions of spirits and the belief in immortality have reformed many drunkards and profligates. On the other hand, it is known that numbers of spiritualists have taught and acted upon ideas of the largest liberty in social relations. They have adopted individualistic and “free-love” doctrines. Husbands have abandoned wives, and wives their husbands, to find more congenial partners, or those for whom they had stronger spiritual affinities. All spiritualists, it is true, do not accept the free-love doctrines: but it is also true that some of the most noted spiritualistic mediums, speakers and writers, have both taught and practised them, and that they have had numerous followers, to the great scandal and disgust of those who hold to old-fashioned morality. But it must also be borne in mind that the persons most likely to be attracted by any novelty, or carried away with any excitement would naturally be the first ones to be interested in the phenomena of spiritualism.

Without wishing to give an uncharitable judgment, I think it may be conceded that spiritualism has been revolutionary, chaotic, disorderly, tending, for the present at least, in many cases, to produce moral and social evils. That it may be Provi-

dential, and tend to good in the future, few will be rash enough to deny.

It is said by some, that a matter of so much importance should be investigated by Governments, or by learned societies. And what then? In America, probably half the members of Congress and the State Legislatures are spiritualists. Would their decision satisfy unbelievers? Great numbers of scientific and literary men are also believers. This fact destroys their credibility. There seems no way but that every one who has any interest in the matter should make his own investigations. On such a subject men will not be satisfied with any amount of testimony. They must see for themselves.

## CHAPTER TWENTY-NINE

### *ADOPTED CITIZENS*

The foreign elements in American society are large and important. True, we were all foreigners once; but there is a difference between the descendants of those who emigrated to America two hundred years ago and those who went there last year, or those whose parents were born in Europe.

Two countries have supplied America with the great mass of its recent immigrants—Ireland and Germany. An enthusiastic Irishman claims that no less than ten millions of the American people are of Irish birth or Irish descent. A careful estimate gives more than six millions of Germans. These calculations go back to the early settlement of the country. I judge that there are four or five millions of people of Irish blood, without counting more than three generations. And there are some millions of Germans of recent immigration, or children of Germans born upon the soil. There are portions of New York, and of nearly every large city, where the population is as thoroughly Irish as in Dublin or Cork. There are also large tracts of several cities crowded with Germans. There are considerable bodies of Germans in Wisconsin, Missouri, and Texas. Crowds of immigrants land at New York, and go west by rail. Thousands also have gone out in cotton ships to New Orleans and ascended the Mississippi. There is a German quarter and an Irish quarter, as well as French and American quarters in New Orleans. I found many of both races at Galveston, Texas. About one-third of Cincinnati is German; and crossing a canal that divides the

northern part of the city from the southern is popularly termed "going over the Rhine." It is much the same at Chicago and St. Louis. At Milwaukie, the Germans appeared to me to occupy nearly or quite a third of the city.

The Germans of recent immigration, or birth in the United States, are Roman Catholics, Protestants, or Rationalists. Most of the latter are Red Republicans, and in the agitation which preceded secession, became what were called Black Republicans. The Roman Catholic Germans are of a more conservative character, and are mostly democrats.

The Irish population of the United States is Roman Catholic in even a larger proportion than in Ireland. They are scattered over the Northern and Western States, and may be found to some extent in the commercial cities of the South. They have dug the canals, built the railways, and done the rough work of building the cities of the North and West. Wherever they have gone of course their priests have accompanied or followed them. They have had good wages, and are always liberal contributors to anything connected with their religion. The result is that there are everywhere Catholic churches, convents, schools, and colleges.

The Irish in America have been a source of wealth and strength. One can hardly see how the heavy work of the country could have been done without them. They are not as prudent and thrifty as the Germans: but great numbers of them have accumulated property, and with wages at from two to three dollars a day, and provisions one half or one third the price in this country, they could not fail to live and prosper.

The fact that whisky, of a very fiery and destructive quality, was formerly as cheap in proportion as corn and potatoes, has been against them. But their bishops and clergy have done much to bring them into habits of temperance. Politics have not been of much benefit to them. Doubtless it is very fine, five years after landing, to become a citizen of the great republic, a voter at elections, and eligible to every office but that of President. Patrick loves excitement, he loves to be of consequence, and he loves a row. By instinct the Irish joined the democratic party. It was the party of popular rights, the anti-aristocratic party, the liberal party. The democrats always welcomed the foreigner and guarded his rights, while the Federal-whig-re-

publican party wished to restrict his rights of citizenship. A few years ago, nearly all the Irish, French, and Germans in America, belonged to the Democratic party.

If Irishmen have been a great help to America in supplying the demand for rough and heavy work on canals, railways, &c., vast numbers of Irish girls have also found employment as servants in families. If deficient in some of the qualifications of domestic servants, they were the only ones to be had in sufficient numbers, and they have their own good qualities. They are reasonably honest, almost invariably chaste, and generally willing and good natured. Their kindness and generosity to their relations are above all praise. Thousands—hundreds of thousands of poor Irish girls, working as servants in America, have sent home the money to maintain their families, or enable them also to emigrate. Millions of dollars have been sent by poor servant girls in America to their friends in Ireland.

The great hotels of American cities employ a large number of servants, in the kitchen, as waiters and as chambermaids. In New York, a floating population which may at times be estimated at a hundred thousand, may be found at these hotels. The necessity of having honest and moral servants, under such circumstances, is apparent. One can see what these great hotels might become were it otherwise. The fact that Irishmen and Irishwomen are almost the only ones employed in these establishments, is one very creditable to them. And it is very rare that there is any cause for complaint against them. A New York hotel keeper, whatever his own religious belief, knows from experience that if his servants are Roman Catholics, and attend regularly to the duties prescribed by their religion, he has the best security he can have for the good order of his establishment.

The wages of men, with board, are from \$175 to \$250 a year; those of girls from \$100 to \$200. Servant girls in families often have presents of clothing, so that they are able to save, or send "home," almost their entire wages. I have often been asked, when the month's wages were due, or those of several months had been allowed to accumulate, to get a bill of exchange on some branch of the Bank of Ireland, to enable some hard pressed father to pay his rent, or to bring out a brother or sister to America.

When these helpful young ladies from the Emerald Isle have

done their duty to their relations, they are free to indulge in their own tastes, which are apt, I must say, to be a little extravagant. I have been amused, on a Sunday morning, to see two Irish girls walk out of my basement door, dressed in *moire antique*, with everything to correspond, from elegant bonnets and parasols to gloves and boots—an outfit that would not disgrace the neatest carriage in Hyde Park. These girls had been brought up in a floorless mud-cabin, and gone to mass without shoes or stockings, and now enjoyed all the more their unaccustomed luxuries. Who will blame them? They had better have saved their money, perhaps, but saving money is not, generally speaking, an Irish virtue.

There is another matter which may interest sanitary reformers. The great mass of the Irish people, of the class that emigrates to America, live in Ireland chiefly on potatoes, oatmeal, buttermilk—on a simple, and an almost entirely vegetable diet. They have not the means, if they had the inclination, to drink much whisky, or use much tobacco. They land in America with clear, rosy complexions, bright eyes, good teeth, and good health generally. They are as strong as horses. They find themselves in a land of good wages, cheap provisions, cheap whisky and tobacco. Flesh meat they have been accustomed to consider the luxury of the rich, and they go in for it accordingly. They eat meat three times a day, rudely cooked, and in large quantities. Whisky of an execrable quality used to be plentiful and cheap, and so was tobacco, and they drank, smoked, and chewed abundantly. They grew sallow, dyspeptic, and lost health, strength, and spirits. They attributed it to the climate. Out of malarious regions, the climate had very little to do with it. It was the change in their habits of living, excessive eating of flesh, and the whisky and tobacco, much more than change of climate, that filled them with disease, and carried so many to an early grave.

The political influence of the foreign population, Irish or German, is due to the fact that they have votes, and that it is the interest of each political party to secure them. For this they are flattered and wheedled, and, as far as possible, corrupted by aspiring demagogues and an unscrupulous press. Irish emigrants have little love for England. It is no exaggeration to say that they hate the British Government. Americans find

their own ancient hatred, which might otherwise have died out, reviving under this strong influence of political interest. The party in America which can make itself appear to be most intensely Anti-British, must appeal most powerfully to the sympathies of the great body of Irish Americans.

Now, in the early formation of parties, the Federalists favoured the British, while the Democrats sympathised with the French. Adams, Hamilton, and Jay were friendly to England, though they had fought for Independence. They wished to make the English government, laws, and institutions the model of their own. Jefferson, Madison, and Monroe, and the Democratic party, denounced the English system as aristocratic, and adopted the principles of the French Revolution. The Irish of that day sided with those who took the part of the French against the English, and those who have followed them to America naturally joined the party to which they found the great body of their countrymen adhering.

Roman Catholics in America, whatever they may be elsewhere, are very jealous of any attempt of their clergy to influence or control them, out of their own special province. The more they obey them in spiritual matters, the more they repel interference in temporal affairs. I knew an instance in which a popular priest, having a large congregation, tried to induce his flock to vote *one* way, with the result that all but two of them voted the *other*. To this jealousy of priestly influence in secular affairs may be attributed the curious fact that while nine-tenths of the Roman Catholic bishops and clergy were opposed to the war upon the South, considerable numbers of Irish enlisted in the Federal army—Repealers fighting for the Union, rebels fighting to put down a rebellion, Irishmen fighting against Irishmen.

But if the Irish engaged in the war on both sides, in proportion to their numbers, it cannot be said that they sympathised with what some Englishmen imagined to be its objects. They were not Abolitionists. They had no sympathy with the negro. They cared very little about his emancipation, and wished him as far away as possible from their vicinity. Their instinctive antipathy to the negro manifests itself as soon as they come in contact with him, and is even more marked than that of the Northern Americans generally. The Irish at home are Abolitionists, like the English. They may not be so fond of living

with negroes, or marrying them, but they appear to participate in the general feeling of the British people respecting slavery. It was not so in America. It was very rare to find an Irish Abolitionist. It was the Irish vote in Illinois that forbade a negro to enter that state. It was chiefly the Irish who were engaged in the anti-negro riots in New York.

The Germans, twenty years ago, like the Irish, nearly all voted with the Democratic party; but later large numbers of them, generally of the Protestant or Rationalist class, led by Mr. Greeley and their own Socialist or Red Republican leaders, joined the Republican party, from a sympathy with its Abolition and ultra views. Germans of this stamp filled up the armies of the North West. Many Germans, however, opposed the war; believing, as one of the leaders said, that it was "the same old thing over again. In Europe it was fight for the King: in America, fight for the Government." He could see no difference, and refused to fight for either.

There is one characteristic of the foreign population of the United States which deserves to be considered with reference to the future. There is a continuous influx of immigration, larger at some periods than at others, but always a stream of immense magnitude. Ireland, Germany, and Scandinavia pour out their surplus populations. These people, transplanted to a new soil, and surrounded with unwonted plenty, are wonderfully prolific. The Irish and Germans in America increase with much greater rapidity than the Americans of an older stock, so that there must be, in a few years, an Irish majority even in such old States as Massachusetts and Rhode Island. By a natural process and without counting on conversions, there must also be Roman Catholic majorities in several States.

Englishmen, when in rare cases they become naturalised, usually vote with the once aristocratic party; seldom on the same side with the Irish. But few Englishmen residing in America renounce their allegiance to their own Government. They read British newspapers, frequent British public-houses, drink British ale, and are proud and happy to call themselves "British residents." When New York celebrates the Fourth of July with a military procession, there are German regiments, Irish regiments, a Scottish regiment, a French regiment, an Italian regiment, including Poles and Hungarians; but who ever saw an English company

marching under the stars and stripes? That phenomenon has yet to be witnessed.

Why Irishmen, Germans, Scotchmen, &c., are so much more assimilable than Englishmen, I cannot pretend to say. In the second generation Irishmen are more American than the Americans. Germans have difficulties of language to overcome, but the children of German parents, where they attend American schools, and mingle with American children, can hardly be induced to speak German at all, and if spoken to in that language, are apt to answer in English. German immigrants learn rapidly enough English to trade with; but you must not expect them to be able to converse on other subjects. They can neither understand you nor express themselves, except on matters of business.

## CHAPTER THIRTY

### *CATHOLICS AND CONVENTS*

The progress, position, and probable future of the Roman Catholic Church in America cannot but excite the interest of every intelligent observer. Its progress has been so rapid, its position is already so influential, and its future is looked forward to with so much of hope by one party, and of dread by another, that there are few more interesting subjects for observation or speculation.

What we call America—the United States—was in its origin chiefly Protestant. Canada was settled by French Roman Catholics; the Mississippi and Ohio valleys were first explored by Catholic missionaries; and Louisiana and Florida, New Mexico and California, were first settled by Spanish Catholics. There was also, in the very centre of the thirteen Anglo-American colonies, one small settlement of Roman Catholics, the colony planted by Lord Baltimore in Maryland, and its people, having felt the need of religious liberty, were the first to grant it. The English settlers of New England and Virginia, and the Dutch founders of New Amsterdam, which became New York, were protestants.

The Puritan settlers of New England would have banished or hanged any Popish priest who came into their dominions. They destroyed a Jesuit mission to a tribe of Indians in Maine. The Southern cavaliers, though they might not have proceeded to the same extremities, were far from tolerant. But when the colonists rebelled against the Government of England, they wished to gain the co-operation of the Roman Catholics in Can-

ada, and sent a delegation to them, with a Catholic priest from Maryland at its head, promising them the fullest protection in their religious faith. The Canadian prelates, protected by the British Government, always tolerant of Catholics, Mahomedans, or Pagans, in its distant dependencies, were too prudent to trust to two uncertainties—the success of the rebellion, and the fidelity of the Protestant rebels to their engagements. When the colonies appealed to a Catholic nation for aid, they could no longer refuse toleration to that nation's faith. French fleets and armies were sent to America, and they brought, of course, their chaplains; and then was seen the strange spectacle of Puritan troops forming a portion of the escort of Roman Catholic processions.

Under these circumstances, there was no other course to take but that of guaranteeing the absolute freedom of every form of religious faith and worship. A prominent Maryland Catholic, Charles Carroll of Carrollton, was one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, and his brother, a Jesuit priest, was the first American bishop. The annexation of Louisiana added a large Catholic population of French and Spanish creoles who had in the treaty of purchase solemn guarantees of the freedom of their religion.

The Maryland Catholics spread themselves westward through Kentucky, Southern Ohio, and Missouri. Every large city has its share of foreign merchants, French, German, Spanish, Italian—most of whom are Catholics. But the great mass of the Catholic population has come from the immigration of the last half century. The recent increase has been very rapid. In 1808 the Roman Catholic Church in the United States had but 1 diocese, 2 bishops, 68 priests, 80 churches, and 2 ecclesiastical educational institutions. In 1861 there were 7 provinces, 48 dioceses, 45 archbishops and bishops, 2317 priests, 2517 churches, 1278 stations and chapels, and 48 ecclesiastical educational institutions. In 1871 ten more dioceses had been formed; a new province has been organised and all Catholic institutions proportionally increased.

The returns of the last census give a Roman Catholic population of four millions, a larger number than that claimed by any other denomination. Some idea may be formed of the energy with which the work of extending the Papal influence in America is carried on, from the number of educational and other institutions which have been established, chiefly by the various re-

ligious orders. Of these there were in 1861, 96 academies and colleges for young men, 212 female academies, 28 hospitals, 102 orphan asylums, 100 other benevolent and charitable institutions, 100 monasteries and religious houses for male religious orders, and 173 convents of nuns and female religious. These have been largely increased.

There are also a vast number of primary schools established by the Catholics for the education of their own children, while they are also obliged to contribute to the taxes for the support of the common schools of the country. This heavy burden will be borne, however, only until the Catholics in any State have numbers and political power sufficient to compel a division of the school fund, and the devotion of a fair proportion to their separate use, as is the practice in Great Britain and several Continental States. That day, in several States, cannot be very distant, and is looked forward to with dread by many Protestant Americans.

The number of converts from Protestantism to Catholicity in America is not so large as might be expected; still it is considerable. Several bishops, and a proportional number of priests, are converts. An obscure, but energetic priest in Ohio, labouring in a rude backwoods district, told me he had received one hundred and fifty converts. A Redemptorist missionary priest in New Orleans with whom I conversed on the subject admitted that he had received eight hundred converts. These were no doubt exceptional cases, still there are numerous conversions, as well as a very rapid natural increase.

As a rule or principle, Catholic priests discourage mixed marriages—that is, the marriages of Catholics to Protestants; yet many such marriages take place and very often lead to the conversion of the Protestant party to the Catholic faith. The reason for this is, that the Protestant who proposes to marry a Catholic is generally indifferent to any religion. Catholics are commonly more in earnest. The Catholic insists on being married by the priest. The Protestant cares little whether the ceremony is performed by priest, parson, or magistrate. The priest requires a promise that the children shall be baptised and educated in the Catholic faith.

Roman Catholics in America, as elsewhere, sometimes become bad Catholics or infidels, but very few are converted to any

system of Protestantism. It will strike every thoughtful person that the means taken by Catholics to lay the foundation for a preponderating influence in America have been wise and far-seeing. They have founded colleges, especially in the west and southwest, in which not only Catholic youth, but the *élite* of the Protestants have been educated. There are Jesuit colleges in Massachusetts, New York, Baltimore, Washington, Cincinnati, St. Louis, New Orleans, and Mobile; and whatever may be the demerits of the Jesuits they seldom fail to gain the confidence and love of their pupils, who, as the Southerners say, can read their diplomas.

This process of educating Protestants, if not in the Catholic faith, yet out of their prejudices against it, has been carried on still more widely and successfully in the convent schools for the education of young ladies. Teachers, often ladies of rank, members of religious orders, from France, Belgium, Germany, England and Ireland, have engaged in this work, and have brought to it character, manners, and accomplishments not easy to be found elsewhere in a new country. Devoted to their work with religious fervour, they have supplied a means of female education of which many Protestants as well as Catholics, were glad to take advantage. And as these ladies, wise in their generation, or under wise direction, scrupulously refrained from direct efforts as proselyting, they gained more and more the confidence of the public. The result has been that everywhere in America, in the best society, the most accomplished and influential ladies have been educated in convents, and though they may never go over to Rome, they love and respect their teachers, and defend them from the attacks commonly made against them. All this is favourable to that work of conversion which Catholics hope to accomplish. Education is removing prejudices, and the chaotic condition of the Protestant community, divided into warring sects, increases the power of a Church whose characteristic is unity, and whose claim is infallibility.

The Protestant Episcopal Church in America, the daughter of the Church of England, though highly respectable and aristocratic in its character, is comparatively weak in numbers. Its High Church section tends more strongly to Rome, perhaps, than the same portion of the Church of England, while its Low Church side leans more to Evangelicanism and sectarian Protestantism.

Strange as it may seem, the spread of and belief in Spiritualism in America appears to favour the progress of the Roman Catholic faith. The Lives of the Saints are full of spiritual manifestations. The Church claims the same power of working miracles to-day as in the times of the Apostles, and who so likely as Spiritualists to give credence to the numerous and well-authenticated Catholic miracles in America? Without having made any special research into the matter, I can remember one very striking one at Baltimore; another, testified to under oath by credible witnesses, and known to great numbers of persons, in Washington; another at Cincinnati, and one in Michigan—an account of which was published in many of the American newspapers. In a church at Brooklyn, near New York, during a Passionist mission, a few years ago, there were, as reported in the papers of the day, miracles of healing, so numerous and so convincing as to cause the immediate conversion of numbers of Protestants who were present. Very recently a miracle of a very striking character has been reported at Milwaukee.

But the success of the Roman Catholic Church in America has not been won without encountering a violent, and at times a bloody opposition. About 1835, Rev. Dr. Beecher, the father of Henry Ward Beecher and Mrs. Beecher Stowe, a Calvinistic divine of the old Puritan type, who held that the Pope is Anti-christ, and Rome the scarlet lady of Babylon, the many-horned beast, and I know not what beside, preached a course of popery lectures in Boston. At the conclusion of his lectures a mob went over to Charlestown and plundered and burnt the Ursuline convent on Mount Benedict, driving the poor nuns and their pupils out into the night, to find refuge where they might, and violating even the graves of the deceased nuns.

Not long after this, the spirit of anti-popery riot broke out in Philadelphia, where churches, schools, and whole blocks of houses, occupied chiefly by Irish Roman Catholics, were burnt to the ground, and several persons were murdered. A similar riot, in Louisville, Kentucky, resulted in another conflagration, and a more serious loss of life. Anti-Catholic secret societies were organised over a large portion of the country, and a Protestant political party formed, which had local success in several States; but its spread was resisted by the Democratic party, which had most of the Catholic vote, and notably by Governor Wise, in

Virginia, who upheld the principles of Jefferson, and became the champion of religious liberty. The conspiracy of "nativism" or "know-nothingism," with its machinery of secret societies, failed, because neither of the existing political parties could hope to succeed without the Catholic vote. When the war came between the North and South, it seemed a point of honour for the foreign-born citizens of each section to manifest their loyalty to their adopted country. The small foreign population of the South flew to arms for the defence of the Confederacy of their adopted States. Many of the Irish and Germans of the North and West fought for the Union. The Roman Catholic bishops and clergy were in a difficult position. In the South, they were the earnest defenders of Southern rights. In the North, a great many of them sympathised with the South, and all deeply regretted a fratricidal war. The Catholic clergy never participated in the abolition fanaticism that burned in Protestant pulpits. They never disowned, anathematised, or excommunicated the slave-holding Catholics of the South as the Northern Presbyterians, Baptists, and Methodists did *their* Southern brethren. They prayed for peace. *Dona nobis pacem*. There were Northern and Southern Catholic generals, and on both sides also whole regiments of Roman Catholics.

How largely the Roman Catholic Church in America is Irish may be seen from the fact that two-thirds of its prelates are either Irish or of Irish descent, while more than a thousand priests have names unmistakably Irish, two hundred beginning with O, or Mc, while the Bradys, Carrolls, Kelleys, Quinns, Ryans and Walshes, are strongly represented. The prelates not of Irish birth or descent are German, French, Belgian or American. Each bishop urgently needing priests has done his utmost to get them from his own country. If the clergy are not aided by the Government, neither are they hampered or corrupted as in Cuba and Mexico. Their energies expand in the contest in which they must engage. Few in numbers, and with a support which gives them the bare necessities of life, they have constant toils. In the large towns they are over-whelmed with the care of the poor and the sick. In the country their flocks are scattered over large districts. I have known a priest to return late in a winter's night from a sick call twelve miles away, to find an urgent message which hurried him as far through a lonely forest, in the opposite

direction. In sickly seasons, or in epidemics, their labours are almost super-human.

In my travels North and South, I have often enjoyed the genial hospitalities of Roman Catholic prelates and clergy; and always found a hearty welcome. I have sweetened my tea at a bishop's table with brown sugar, stirred with a pewter spoon, when he was expending thousands a year on schools, asylums and hospitals. The bishop was up at five o'clock every morning, and seldom went to bed before twelve at night. He said mass every day, preached three times every Sunday, visited the sick, and attended to an amount of business, secular and religious, such as few men could have undertaken.

The impression made upon me by Roman Catholic priests, and members of male and female religious orders, was a very peculiar one. The enjoyment of a party of priests, dining together, with stories, jokes and laughter, is like that of a party of merry, good schoolboys. They have no air of shrewdness or worldliness, or constraint. As for the nuns, wherever I have seen them they appeared to overflow with a childlike merriment. In their schools they are big children among the little ones, real "mothers" and "sisters," as they are called, to those committed to their charge.

The confession, I know, will shock some respectable Englishmen, but it has happened to me to make the acquaintance of a number of Jesuits, of various nationalities, in New York, Cincinnati, St. Louis, Mobile, and New Orleans, everywhere the same refined, gentle, highly educated, polished men, devoted to their calling, devoted to the poor, and, to all appearance, earnest and sincere Christians; and the more I saw of them, the more profoundly was I astonished at the things said about them in Protestant pulpits, and written about them in books and newspapers.

If there is one thing the American Catholic clergy takes less trouble about than any other, it is politics. They never run for office, they never make political speeches, and very rarely do they seek to exercise any influence upon elections, unless some matter is pending connected with education or their religious rights. And the Jesuits, from whom so much mischief is apprehended, seemed to me, more than all others, entirely absorbed in their scholastic and religious duties. The Society of Jesus has

never been a numerous body: it contains at this time about 9,000 members scattered over the world. Some years ago, it was said that the Jesuits had sent eight thousand missionaries to the heathen, and that of these, eight hundred had suffered martyrdom.

Next to the animosity of Protestants against Jesuits, is their feeling about religious orders, and especially a horror of convents and nuns. One finds it in books, sermons, newspapers, and sometimes in speeches in Exeter Hall or the House of Parliament.

The oldest convent in the United States, I think, must be the Ursuline convent in New Orleans. More than a hundred years ago, a party of Ursuline nuns went from France to that city, to nurse the sick in the Charity Hospital, to which all sick strangers and poor were taken, and especially those attacked with yellow fever. Honour to the courage and devotion of those noble women! They were received, as we may suppose, with demonstrations of joy and gratitude by the whole population. They were ladies of birth and education, who had come four thousand miles across the ocean, when such a voyage was much longer and more perilous than it is now, to nurse the dying, and to die themselves, of a pestilence sure to decimate, at least, those unacclimatised volunteers of charity.

In time, a fine convent was built for them, in what is now the heart of the old French portion of the city of New Orleans. The Sisters of Charity came many years ago, and took their place in the Charity Hospital, which they have had charge of ever since, leaving the Ursulines to attend to their usual work of education. Four generations of the ladies of New Orleans and of Louisiana, before and since its annexation to the United States, have been educated by the Ursuline nuns. When their convent had become surrounded by the city, and too confined for their needs, they built the spacious and beautiful one they now occupy, on a large estate, which was given them in the suburbs. The old convent is now the episcopal palace of the Archbishop of New Orleans. The new one is surrounded by gardens and groves of orange trees, and is a delightful home for the hundreds of Southern belles who pass their early years in that sunny and fragrant paradise.

There are five or six other convents of various orders in New Orleans, and the sisters of Charity have the management of a large Orphan Asylum, or system of Asylums, which are con-

ducted with admirable economy, order, and success. There is, first, a Baby House, or nursery for infants. The yellow fever which carries off adults, spares their children, and the white-bonneted Sisters gather them under their wings. At a certain age they pass into the School Asylum, where they are educated according to the abilities they develop, but always with a tender and motherly care. Lastly, there is the Industrial School, in which they learn domestic economy, needle-work, and some trade by which they can gain their livelihood. Here they graduate, and pass into the world. There is no lack of good places for girls who have had so excellent a training. There is a similar school for boys under the charge of a male brotherhood.

A short distance above New Orleans, on the left bank of the Mississippi, is a large convent of the Ladies of the Sacred Heart, whom I have heard called female Jesuits. They educate the daughters of the rich in the most elegant and fashionable manner; but they also keep free schools for the poor, which is the rule with most of the religious orders.

In the suburbs of Mobile there is a beautifully situated Convent of the Visitation, another aristocratic order, devoted to education, in which the belles of Alabama are educated in a quiet retreat, and by the kindest as well as the most accomplished teachers. I visited this convent, as I did the neighbouring Jesuit College at Spring Hill, and was introduced to the oldest nun in the community, a venerable lady, more than eighty years of age. At the age of forty she was the wife of an episcopal clergyman in Connecticut, who was so impressed by reading a life of St. Francis Xavier, that he "went over to Rome" with his wife, son, and three daughters. He was ordained a priest, his wife became a nun of the Order of Visitation, the son is a Jesuit Father in Maryland, one daughter was with her mother, a nun in the convent I visited, and the two others were Ursulines.

There are convents in Galveston, and at one or two places besides in Texas. At Memphis there is a pretty convent of Dominican nuns, with a large boarding-school. The young ladies here, as in many other cases, were nearly all Protestants. At St. Louis, where there is a large wealthy Catholic population, there are Convents of the Sacred Heart, Visitation, Ursulines, and Sisters of the Good Shepherd. The new Convent of the Visitation at St. Louis is one of the largest in the country. There

are also large convents at Louisville, Cincinnati, Chicago, Milwaukee, Pittsburgh, and in nearly every considerable town in the West. But these pious and enterprising ladies do not confine themselves to the limits of civilisation. They are ready to go wherever they are sent, and there are convents, or little groups of religious women, in the far-off wilds of Nebraska and Dacotah, among the Indian tribes that roam the Rocky Mountains and hunt among the sources of the Missouri.

In the older cities of the East, Boston, New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore, there are, of course, plenty of convents and nuns. The ladies of the Sacred Heart have a grand old mansion on one of the finest eminences of the upper part of New York, and a boarding school which draws its pupils from all parts of the United States, the West Indies, and Mexico, and a large school in the centre of the city. The ladies who are interested about woman's rights and woman's sphere, would be delighted with Madame Hardy, the superior of this institution; a lady of extraordinary ability, tact, and energy; equal, I should think, to the duties of any department of State; and one who would be the right woman in the right place, as the governor of an important colony.

The ladies of the Sacred Heart are always to be found in the neighbourhood of the Jesuits, who are their spiritual directors, as the Lazarists are those of the Sisters of Charity. A few years ago, Madame Hardy was invited to establish a house in Havanna, where it was greatly needed. The ladies were most generously welcomed in Cuba by the authorities and people. Among other presents, the Governor-General selected from a recently landed cargo of slaves, brought fresh from Dahomey by a New York slave ship, five or six negro girls, to be trained as servants and Christians by the ladies. A nice time they had with those savage maidens! The first difficulty was to keep enough clothes on them for the decencies of a convent. Every little while they were missing. Search was made; their clothes found in the garret, where they had been dropped, and then, out on the hot roof, under the tropic sun of Cuba, the sable maidens of Dahomey would be found, like so many nude and shining statues of ebony — fast asleep, enjoying a negro's paradise.

There are over thirty different female orders in the United States, more than two hundred convents, and between two and three thousand nuns, or female religious.

Convents and nuns, as we read about them in romances, and those which exist among the hard, rough work of education and charity in America, have few features in common. I could not see that there was any anxiety to induce young ladies to take the veil. For one that is accepted many are rejected. The probation is long and severe. The candidate must remain a postulant for a year. If, at the end of this period, she still wishes to join the order, and they are willing to receive her, she is allowed to take the white veil of the novice. At the end of two years more, if her wish remains the same, and her director is satisfied that she has a genuine vocation, she takes her final vows with impressive solemnities, dies to the world, and assumes the black veil of the order. She is still free, however, as any person can be. No key is turned upon her; she can go and come as she pleases. Nothing binds her but her own sense of duty. Should it appear that she had mistaken her vocation, she can be dispensed from her vows by the proper ecclesiastical authority.

It happened to me, at one time, to reside for several months near a large Ursuline Convent, in one of the wildest regions of Ohio, and some account of it and its inmates, as they appeared to me, may not be uninteresting, nor, perhaps, wholly uninteresting. My first visit was made in company with a venerable archbishop and two bishops, who were going on a little pious pleasure excursion to the convent. We went forty miles by railway, then six miles by the very worst waggon road I ever saw, even in America. It was a ravine of mud through a dense forest. The poor horses sank to their knees, the wheels to their axles. Sometimes the driver would pull out of the track and find his way among the trees, over roots and stumps; and into quagmires. The best part of the way was where he drove nearly a mile in the rocky bed of a river, with the water close to the body of the waggon. The horses, after their wallow in the mud, enjoyed the refreshing bath. Night came on, and the woods made it very dark. Suddenly we came into a clearing, like an island in the ocean, with lights in the distance.

The Ursulines had here a domain of three hundred acres, half cleared and cultivated—half a magnificent forest. In the centre of this estate was the convent, a plain substantial brick building, about two hundred feet in length; and at a short distance were two or three cottages for the farm-labourers, a priest's house,

and a chapel built of logs for the Irish, German and Belgian settlers in the vicinity.

Arriving at the front door of the convent, I followed their Most Reverend and Right Reverend Lordships into a large, neatly furnished, and well-lighted parlour. They were received by four ladies in the black robes and veils of the nuns of St. Ursula. As each one knelt, kissed the episcopal ring, and received the blessing of each of the three bishops, it was a rather formidable ceremony, but was rapidly and gracefully performed.

Let me try to give an idea of these four ladies. The Reverend Mother Superior was a middle aged English lady who in her youth had been sent to France for her education, and had, to the great scandal and grief of her English Church relations, become a convert and a nun. The second, "*Ma Mère Stanislaus*," Mother of Novices, may have been forty years old. It is not easy to tell a lady's age, especially when you see only two-thirds of a calm and passionless face. But how beautiful she was! Of noble French birth, she was grace and elegance to the tips of her fingers. She wore her coarse serge habit and sombre veil, the leathern strap around her waist and wooden crucifix, as if they had been the robes and ornaments of a princess. The third was a Belge of five-and-twenty, pretty, smiling, busy, with a talent for affairs, and an equally wonderful power of diffusing sunshine. She was Sister Xavier, and a merrier spirit never hid itself under a black veil, and then away in the deep, dark woods. How shall I describe the fourth? This rosy blossom, Sister Alphonse, was an American, and scarcely twenty, the pet of a fond father, whom she loved most tenderly.

The table was laid, and we had an excellent dinner. If the order has any dietetic asceticisms they are not imposed on its guests. The food was various and abundant, and the wine, as usual in religious houses, pure and good. The Mother Superior and her assistant sat near the table, conversing with the bishops; the others, assisted by two white-veiled novices, waited upon the guests.

When the dinner was over, we were invited into a large saloon, and entertained with a musical concert by some of the more advanced pupils. A stage had been prepared, on which were a grand pianoforte and two harps. The playing and singing were better than I expected—some of the playing was surprisingly

good. Several of the nuns were accomplished musicians, and when they found talent in their pupils, they spared no pains to develop it, and had consequently produced some brilliant players and tasteful singers. Perhaps the most effective performance was a duet on the harp and pianoforte by two little girls of ten and twelve, of the most delicate and exquisite type of American beauty—two of three orphan sisters, who had found a home in the convent in their infancy, when both their parents died of cholera.

When the concert was over, I wondered what was next in store for us. The nuns were demure enough, but the faces of the young ladies were full of pleasant anticipation. The curtain rose upon the screaming farce of "The Irish Lion," played by a bevy of young girls, with the part of Mr. Tim Moore, the poetical tailor, by a rollicking young lady from the Emerald Isle, whose brogue and fun were equally natural and delightful.

When the fun was over, and genuine good fun it was, the Archbishop thanked them for their entertainment, and all went to the convent chapel, where His Grace gave the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, and the nuns sang the hymns and Litany, as it seemed to me "with the spirit and the understanding also, making melody in their hearts unto the Lord."

I was taken to the priest's house to sleep; for the hospitalities of female convents have their limits. Two French priests had charge of the spiritual and material affairs of the community. An old man of seventy, gentle and venerable, was the spiritual director. A small, dark, wiry, energetic man of thirty-five superintended the farming, and was pastor of the out-of-door flock. His English was very droll. It had been picked up among Irish labourers and rough western people, and had a good deal more slang than grammar.

I think there could hardly have been a happier school. In the months that followed, I often looked away from my books to the little parties of twenty or thirty girls, taking their recreations in the woods or meadows, under the charge of the black or white-veiled sisters—picking flowers by the brook-side, and filling the forest with their musical laughter. The nuns themselves laughed and played like the children in their own hours of recreation. About one-third of the young misses were children of Protestant parents. They conformed, to a certain degree, to the outward

ceremonial of daily worship. They were all in their seats in the chapel, Sunday morning and evening, but the Mother Superior was careful that no effort at proselyting should be made. All was left to the silent influence of example—an influence so powerful on the impressible spirit, that arguments only disturb and hinder its operation.

Once, on my way from Detroit to Chicago, I stopped for a day on the banks of the St. Joseph's River, in Northern Indiana, close upon the line of Michigan. Civilisation was struggling with nature, and I watched with interest the rough encounter. The railway, after running twenty miles through a grand primeval forest, dashes suddenly into a city. Leaving my luggage at a great brick hotel, I struck out northward, across a rapid river, into a rich rolling country, where each farm of one to three hundred acres was cut out of the forest, and where the stumps had not yet rotted out of the fields, and many great trees, dry and leafless, girdled by choppings of the axe to destroy their vitality, where still standing in the fields of growing corn. Stacks of wheat were around the log-houses of the lords of the soil. Great cribs of Indian corn in the ear were proofs of the land's fertility; herds of cattle and swine were browsing in the forest.

Tired with my walk, I sat in the shade of a beautiful tulip-tree by the river-side, and thought of the three phases of life which a single generation would have experienced. A few years before, the wild Indian hunted through these forests, and the smoke of his wigwam rose from the banks of this lonely river: the transition phase was now in progress: a few years more, and the whole country would be covered with the triumphs of civilisation.

Suddenly the air was filled with music. It came down out of the blue summer sky; it swept through the arches of the ancient woods. The birds sat mute upon the branches to hear it; the squirrels stopped their gambols. It was a chime of bells, playing the music of a French religious hymn—a rich, melodious chime of twenty-four bells. But how came they in the depth of a forest in Northern Indiana? I went in the direction from which the music had come.

It was a longer walk in the woods than I expected; but with a slight turn in the road I emerged suddenly from the dark forest into the glowing sunshine, and a scene that filled me with

admiration. It was a clearing of three or four square miles, walled round on three sides by the forest, and bounded on the fourth by a noble sweep of the river. In the centre was a pretty Gothic church, in one of whose towers was the chime of bells. Near it was a cluster of buildings, the central one long, massive, and having a collegiate aspect. At the left were two bright lakelets, glittering in the sun; and in one of them nested a small peninsula, shaded with trees, ornamented with shrubbery, and cultivated as a garden and vineyard. In the midst of these gardens were two small chapels, one in the Grecian style, the other Gothic. Across the lake there was a steam-mill and a brick-field, and near to the college buildings were several work-shops, and a large play-ground, with gymnastic apparatus. Around were fields and orchards, flocks of sheep and herds of cattle. A mile away to the left, in a beautiful nook by the river, I saw another group of buildings, including a chapel. In less time than I have taken to write these lines, my glass had swept over all this beautiful domain, cut out of the heart of a great American forest. I saw a crowd of boys at play in the college-grounds; a group of them was bathing in a secluded cove of one of the lakes, watched by a man in a long black robe. The black robes were also seen as they went in and out of the principal edifice. Groups of men were working in the fields. In the distance my glass showed me girls walking on the banks of the river, near the further cluster of buildings.

As an enterprising tourist I did not long hesitate about the means of gratifying my curiosity. I walked towards the centre of the domain, and passing through vineyard, where the grapes gave promise of many a cask of wine, found a withered old man, who seemed to have them under his care.

"The vines are growing well, father," said I.

"Yaas!" was the strong German answer, when the well-browned pipe had been deliberately taken from his lips. "Dey grows goot."

"And the wine—how is that?"

"Ah! ze vine izt pretty goot."

"Shall I be allowed to visit the place?" I asked.

"Oh, yaas, yaas! I shall take you to ze Vater Superior;" and he put his pipe to his lips again, and led the way to the principal edifice, where I was presented to a tall, sallow, black-eyed French

priest, who might have been a general, if he had not been the superior of a religious community. Nothing could be more cordial than my reception, nothing more considerate than the manner in which he made me feel that I was welcome, and satisfied my curiosity. The land of his community had been given to one of the Indian missionaries; his flock had been scattered by the progress of civilisation, and the domain was bestowed upon a French religious order. He and a few others, who had come from France, had been joined by Germans, Irish, and several American converts; and they had established a college, with the charter of a university for the future, while a female branch of the order had a flourishing academy a mile away. There was also an industrial school for boys, and another for girls. The lay-brothers and sisters carried on the operations of agriculture, the work-shops, the laundry, baking and cooking for the community, with its three or four hundred pupils, while priests, lay professors, and nuns attended to the work of education. The Father Superior showed me the handsome church, whose gorgeous high-altar, and fine organ, and noble chime of bells, with the clockwork and machinery which filled the whole region with music at intervals, day and night, had been sent them as presents from far off, never forgotten, generous France.

Then we walked over a little causeway between the two pretty lakes, and visited the islands, as they were called, but really a double peninsula, composed of two hillocks, each of several acres. In these solitary retreats were the nurseries of the order. One was the novitiate of priests, the other of the lay-brothers, where they went through the studies and religious exercises, which were to prepare them for the solemn vows which would for ever separate them from the world, and devote their energies and lives to the work of their order. I saw novices of both classes, some walking in the groves with their books, some kneeling in the curious little chapels, which were enriched with holy relics and pious gifts.

While we remained, the hour of recreation sounded on the bell. Then study, devotion, and work were laid aside and the whole community of priests, and nuns, lay-brothers and lay-sisters, students and apprentices, enjoyed their hour of innocent, and sometimes boisterous mirth. As a rule, priests and nuns have the manners of children. Even the Sisters of Charity, whose life-

work is in hospitals, and who nurse the sick and dying, are full of light-hearted mirth.

Our next visit was to the not far distant but still separate and secluded domain of the female community. We were received with a gracious dignity by the young Mother Superior, an American lady of singular beauty, who had found a sphere for her energies in the education of a hundred or more Western American girls, the care of an industrial school, the extension of her order, the establishment of new branches, and the opening of new avenues of feminine ambition or devotion.

When we had looked at the schoolroom, the gardens, and the romantic prospect from the river bluff, an excellent luncheon awaited us, and we returned to the masculine department, the Mother Superior kneeling to the Father Superior, as on our arrival, to kiss his hand, and receive his blessing. During our walk home, this priest, who seemed to enter with ardent zeal into his religious functions, conversed like a thorough man of the world on education, politics, and society. It was evident that he read the newspapers as well as his breviary, and that he had a sharp eye to business, as well as to the propagation of the faith. He even told me, with a curiously quiet consciousness of power in his tone and manner, how he had put down some bigotry in the neighbourhood, which had at one time threatened them, by exercising the political influence given him by the votes of his community. "It is not necessary for us to vote," said he; "we have not that trouble; but the fact that we can do so whenever we choose, and defeat either party, is quite enough to make both treat us with a respectful consideration."

I dined in the great *salle à manger* of the university. The Father Superior and the professors dined at a central table; the students of various classes at others. The fare was plain and substantial. There was perfect order and silence. At a signal, the Father Superior said a short grace, and the eating began, while one of the boys commenced, in a loud monotonous voice, to read from Abbé Huc's journey in China; but he had not proceeded far before the touch of the Superior's bell suddenly silenced his tongue, and at the same time let loose a hundred. What with knives and forks, the chatter and clatter, it was a perfect babel. The suspension of the rules was in honour of their guest, and a lesson in hospitality. As the fun was growing fast and furious,

another touch of the bell brought silence; there was a brief thanksgiving, and the well ordered boys filed out of the room; and we soon heard their glad hurras in the playgrounds, while the Superior and several clerical and lay professors gathered under a shady piazza, to enjoy the leisure after-dinner hour. At the twilight hour, after a glorious sunset, such as the traveller sees upon the borders of the great lakes of America oftener than in any region I have visited, the church bell rang, and the whole community assembled for the evening devotions. The high altar was covered with lights and flowers. The beautiful Benediction Hymns, and the Litany of the Blessed Virgin were sung by a choir of college boys. Protestants and Catholics sang in harmony; and the best voice, perhaps, was the fine tenor of a handsome young Israelite. The music swelled, the incense rose and filled the edifice; twenty-four little boys in white surplices came into the sanctuary in procession, and knelt before the altar. The priests and novices were ranged on either side. Then came a soft jingling of silver bells and the moment of benediction. The kneeling congregation bowed their heads in silence most profound; the white-robed boys fell prostrate before the altar; the great bells in the church towers rang out a solemn peal; and the impressive ceremonial was ended.

I slept in the "bishop's room" and in the bishop's bed. My last look from the window was at the dark forest wall which enclosed this curious community in the wilds of America; and the last sounds I heard as I sank to rest were the melodies of the chimes in the neighbouring church towers.

There is one Roman Catholic order which most Protestants, both in England and America, have come to tolerate and even respect; I mean the Sisters of Charity of St. Vincent de Paul. For more than two centuries, the hospitals, the battle-fields, and the abodes of the poor have been the scenes of their charitable and heroic deeds. In every quarter of the world they have performed the labours which England has honoured when performed by one of her own gentlewomen. In justice it should be remembered that for whole centuries before we had heard the name of Florence Nightingale, long before we had heard of a Howard or a Mrs. Fry, the Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul were known to the prisons and hospitals of both hemispheres.

There are some peculiarities about this religious order of

charity with which few of our writers appear to be acquainted. They are not considered nuns, as they are never cloistered, and are always in the world, engaged in active duties. They are not under perpetual vows, but take their obligations only from year to year, and can leave the order or be left out of it, at the close of each year. They are never allowed to ask for charity. They are often ladies of rank, and always gentlewomen—their rule excluding any person who has ever been employed in a menial occupation. For such persons there are other and appropriate orders. The orders of Sisters of Charity, therefore, as constituted by St. Vincent de Paul, and whose deeds are known to the whole world, may be considered an aristocratic or chivalric female army of volunteers of charity, only bound to short terms of service, but generally renewing their vows, and performing prodigies of usefulness. I met their antique and almost grotesque but cherished and unalterable flaring white bonnets in the streets of Detroit. I saw them in the yellow-fever hospitals and orphan asylums of New Orleans and Mobile. The sisters who serve the New Orleans hospitals, and have served them for many years, through all of the epidemics of cholera and yellow fever, since they came to replace the Ursulines, are regularly drafted for this service from their mother house in Maryland. Well are they known along the route, and no railways or steamboat takes money for their passage. Drafted, I said; yes, drafted and expended; for three years is the average period of service. They die regularly at the end of that period, and others step into their places to die in turn. The best constitutions cannot long bear the constant absorption and inhalations of disease in such a climate. And this is the very service they most desire.

Why, it may be asked, are these sisters not relieved by others and sent to recuperate themselves in healthier conditions? I asked the same question, and here is the answer: It would be bad economy. A certain number die of yellow fever in the process of acclimatisation. If those who have safely passed this ordeal were taken away, this number would be increased. Then, those who serve in the fever hospitals inhale or absorb the seeds of disease, so that they soon die even if removed. They prefer to die at their posts rather than live a few years uselessly and at the expense of others. I think they are right, but I also think that medical science ought to do more than it has done to protect them.

Efforts are making to organise similar sisterhoods, or orders of religion and charity, among Protestants. It seems strange that for three centuries they have been scarcely thought of. There is no reason why they should not succeed as well as the Roman Catholic orders, unless there be some radical difference—some element in the Catholic system of order, subordination, devotion, and persistency, not to be found in Protestantism. Catholic orders are planted, grow and flourish in England and America, surrounded by Protestant institutions and populations. Converts from Protestantism become devoted and prominent members of these orders. There are several convents in America, whose superiors are English or American converts. Catholics assert that religious orders cannot exist among Protestants—that Protestantism, in fact, or the exercise of the right of private judgment, as it destroys authority and obedience, the elements of order, makes their continuance impossible.

## CHAPTER THIRTY-ONE

### *AMERICAN POLITICS*

I made my first visit to Washington in 1845, during the Presidency of James K. Polk, in whose behalf I had written campaign papers, made stump speeches, got up torchlight processions, and done good service in the usual American fashion of political partisanship. As Mr. Polk was elected by a rather close vote, I might have claimed the honour of having made him President; but as a thousand others did the same kind of work, I thought it best to be modest about my services. Certainly, I did not go to Washington to get an office. The crowd that rushed to the Federal capital for that purpose after the election had nearly all gone home again—one in a hundred satisfied—ninety-nine disappointed. There were a few left, too hopeful to give it up, or too poor to get away.

Washington, to my mind, is the saddest place on the American continent. It is a mockery of the great city it was intended to be by its founder—an unfinished ruin, which has no past, and is not likely to have any future. The public buildings are generally well planned, and of magnificent proportions, but inconveniently placed in relation to each other. The site of the Capitol, where the two houses of Congress assemble, is one of the finest I have ever seen. The General Post-Office and Patent Office are noble edifices, and the collection of models, monuments of Yankee ingenuity, are well worth examining. The Smithsonian Institute, founded by the bequest of an English admirer of American institutions, is also worth visiting.

Every stranger in Washington, and every resident who chose to do so, attended in those days the weekly receptions, called *levées*, of the President. There was no ceremony, no invitations were given, and no introduction was required. If you are an American, you are the political equal, or rather the master, of the President. The White House, his palace, is your property; he is your servant, and you have a right to call and see him. If you are a foreigner, it is his business to extend to you the hospitalities of the country. That is what he is for.

So, when the hour arrived, I went to the presidential mansion. Jim, the Irish porter, who had been there since the days of General Jackson, asked my name, and announced me. The President—the veritable “Young Hickory,” sixty years old, I think, about whom I had written so many brilliant leading articles and made so many eloquent speeches—received me with dignified politeness, and shook me warmly by the hand, as he did everybody, according to the American custom. I cannot remember what he said, but he was a very gentlemanly man, and it must have been something suited to my case and that of a few thousands besides: It is likely that he said it was a warm day. Then I was presented to Mrs. Polk, a tall, stately-looking lady in a turban. I talked a few moments with ex-Governor Marcy of New York, then Secretary of War, and tried to make myself agreeable to a lady who was turning over some engravings on the centre table. Then I met a friend, and we adjourned from the White House, which we agreed was slow, and had some oysters, and discussed the probability of a war with England or Mexico.

My last visit to Washington was during the Presidency of Mr. Buchanan, and just before the outbreak of the war of secession. Congress was in session, and I spent nearly all my time in the Senate or House of Representatives. There is no trouble about admission to either. There are spacious galleries around both halls, from which every seat is visible. Each of these galleries will hold, I judge, a thousand persons. About one-third of the space in each is appropriated to ladies and gentlemen attending them. They are not behind a screen, as in the House of Commons, like a collection of pretty birds in a dark cage. No orders or tickets of admission are required of any one. The galleries are always open and free to the public, excepting when either House is in secret session.

The contrast of the arrangements for spectators in the British House of Commons with all this is striking, and not agreeable. The stranger's gallery of the House of Commons holds eighty persons. You must get an order. You must go an hour or two before the doors are opened to make sure of a seat, waiting in a stuffy hole to be smuggled through dark narrow passages by attendant policemen—to be ordered out, for no discoverable reason, every time the House comes to a division.

In the Senate Chamber I saw the presiding officer, John C. Breckenridge of Kentucky, Vice-President of the United States, afterwards the candidate of the Southern Democracy for the Presidency, and later a major-general of the army of the Confederate States; a tall, dark, and extremely handsome man, of the heroic type of manly and chivalric beauty. Addressing him on the floor of the Senate was Andy Johnson of Tennessee, a man who began life in North Carolina as a journeyman tailor; who never learned to read, until taught by his wife; who became governor and senator, and then, joining the North, was made Military Governor of Tennessee, elected Vice-President with Lincoln, and, by his assassination, made President. There also was the late Stephen A. Douglas, the "little giant" of Illinois, with his short stout figure, and good-natured, homely, Irish face. He was the advocate of squatter sovereignty, became the candidate of the Northern Democracy for the Presidency, and was killed by his defeat, the election of Lincoln, and the calamities he saw in the near future. He appeared nervous and restless, but as frank and affectionate with his friends as a big, kind-hearted schoolboy.

The senator who impressed me most favourably of all I heard speak was Senator Mason of Virginia, afterwards Commissioner of the Confederate States to England. His capture, with Mr. Slidell, on the *Trent*, made him a sufficiently costly representative to be made much of. A large-headed, broad-chested Virginian, looking like an English country gentleman, and dressed, like all the Virginian representatives, in grey homespun. Coming events were casting their shadows before, and the Southerners were preparing for the worst. Mr. Seward, then a senator from New York, sat on a sofa with Lord Lyons, the British Minister, seemingly in pleasant conversation.

The customs of the houses of Congress are somewhat differ-

ent from those of the British Parliament. The members sit quietly in their seats, and do not wear their hats. Pages come at a signal, and fetch and carry what they require. They listen to each other's speeches in silence, without any token of approval or otherwise. There are no "hears" or "cheers," and if an excited gallery ever breaks into plaudits, the Speaker threatens to clear it. As a member, I think I should prefer the cheerful British customs of applause or interruptions, to the colder decorum of the halls of Congress.

In the lobbies of the Capitol, in the hotels in Pennsylvania avenue, were the cormorants who fatten on the public plunder. There were lobby agents, male and female, ready to give the influence they boasted of for a consideration. There were women who knew every secret of the Government, and the weaknesses of many a legislator. There were both men and women who could engineer private bills through Congress, and could tell to a dollar how much it would cost to pass them through both houses. There were anxious and hungry contractors ready to pay a hundred thousand dollars for a chance to make a million. These are sad things for an American who loves his country, and believes that it has "the best government on the face of the earth," to know. And the saddest of all was that I could see no remedy. Politics had become a vast game of corruption; it was confined to no party. It seemed to me that most of the Southern members were high-minded, honest men. I doubt not there were honest Northern men as well; but the larger number seemed to me to have got themselves elected to Congress for the purpose of making the most of the position for their own emolument and advantage. They had paid for their nominations—paid for their elections—and meant to get the worth of their money. How could one see his country in the power of such men without trembling for the consequences? The city of Washington had become a sink of corruption, and this alone was a sufficient cause for secession; which never would have occurred had there been an honest majority of Senators and Representatives in Congress at the national Capitol.

Nothing can be finer in theory than American politics. Begin with that "glittering generality" of Jefferson, in the Declaration of Independence—the "self-evident truth" that "all men are created equal and are endowed by their Creator with certain

alienable rights, among which are Life, Liberty, and the Pursuit of Happiness," and all the rest follows easily enough. All men being created equal, and having the right of self-government, may, of course, choose the form of that government, and the manner in which it shall be administered. Where all are alike free, they must be politically equal. There can be no right of one man to control another. Every kind of privilege is a violation of justice. The organisation of society, and the establishment of government are matters of contract. A government imposed by the strong upon the weak is a despotism. "All government," according to the "immortal document" from which I have just quoted, "derives its just powers from the consent of the governed." Men have no right to bind their posterity.

In these principles Americans are nurtured. They believe in the supreme right of revolution, asserted, not only in the Declaration of Independence, but in nearly all the State Constitutions. Political power is not vested in one man, or in a class of men, but belongs to the whole people. Its expression is universal suffrage—universal, with a few exceptions. Indians are not citizens, and have no civil rights. Negroes were formerly in the same condition. Women have no votes except in two or three of the new States. Suffrage appertains to the free male citizen, and the citizen must be twenty-one years old, *compos mentis*, or not declared to be otherwise, and unconvicted of crime, or pardoned if convicted.

Two or three hundred townships grouped into ten counties formed my native State. This State, at the close of the revolutionary war, became, by the recognition of his Majesty George III., sovereign and independent. Each of the thirteen colonies was separately recognized by name, for the Federal Union did not yet exist. The colonies having become independent States, each with its own constitution, government, and laws, afterwards united to form the Federal Union.

But my little State of New Hampshire, in my early days, had no idea of resigning her sovereignty. She had delegated certain powers to a Federal government, but the exercise of these was jealously watched. We believed in the right of self-government, and that "all government derives its power from the consent of the governed." Every Fourth of July we heard the sonorous

sentences of the Declaration of Independence; and when it told us that "whenever any form of government becomes destructive of its proper ends, it is the right of the people to alter and abolish it, and to institute a new government, laying its foundations in such principles, and organizing its powers in such form as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness" — it received our hearty amen.

This doctrine was not only read from the Declaration of Independence, it was incorporated in the Constitution of the State, which declares that "the people of this State have the sole right of governing themselves as a free, sovereign, and independent State," and that when the ends of government are perverted, "the people may and of right ought to reform the old, or establish a new government." Similar declarations, in many more strongly worded, are in the Constitutions of nearly every State. In fact, the sovereignty of the States, and the supreme right of revolution, are the fundamental principles of American politics.

New Hampshire, thus free, sovereign, and independent, had no more direct connection with Vermont or Massachusetts than with Canada. The people, gathered in town meetings, elected a governor and members of the State legislature. The legislature made the laws; the governor saw that they were executed. He, and he alone, could pardon the offender. Neither the President, nor the Congress of the United States, could interfere with the powers of the governor of a State. When John Brown was hanged in Virginia, there was one man who could legally have saved his life by commutation or pardon. That man was the Governor of Virginia. The President, Congress, and the Supreme Court of the United States, were as powerless as the Emperor of China.

Universal suffrage, no doubt, has its difficulties. For example, in my native State the able lawyer, the learned judge, the pious minister would walk up the broad aisle of the meeting-house in which the town meeting was held and put his vote into the ballot-box. Any idle rogue, or pardoned thief, or profane scamp, could neutralize his vote and make it as if it had not been given. In a town in which the virtuous and intelligent were equally divided on a question of public policy, or the choice of a ruler, one vote,

and that of the most drunken vagabond in the town, might decide the question. In America, a single vote, given by a drunken loafer brought staggering from a gutter, may elect the Governor of a State or the President of the Federation.

In the elections, I observed very early that not only did the votes of individuals neutralize each other, but those of majorities in towns, counties, and States; and for this I could never see a sufficient reason. For example, the town in which I lived gave a Democratic majority of from fifteen to twenty-five votes. But the next town, made up of a similar population with identical interests, gave a similar majority to the other party. So two agricultural counties in the same State would give, year after year, one seven hundred majority to one party or candidate, while the other would give eight hundred to the other. New Hampshire for thirty or forty years could always be relied upon to give a Democratic majority of eight or ten thousand, while Vermont, lying by her side, having a similar population, and the same interests, gave as large majorities to the other party.

If, in politics, the people—that is, the majority—govern, there is the necessity of universal suffrage. Those who are deprived of votes do not govern themselves. No more do those who have the misfortune to be in a minority. But here is a practical difficulty not to be easily got over.

It may be that a majority of rogues would elect an honest man as their leader; but the extreme democratic doctrine makes the legislator, the governor, the judge, only an agent to carry out the will of the people. The laws must be made, administered, and executed, as they shall dictate. It may be assumed that the masses of men commonly want peace, order, security, and justice. But it is no less certain that there are times when all these are forgotten. A popular excitement in a State may change its laws at any time. Even the constitutions, or fundamental laws, can be altered whenever the people choose.

Then there are thirty-seven States, each having its own local, and, for all local purposes, supreme legislature. A lawful act in one State is a crime in another—across an imaginary boundary. A man may have a house built upon the line of boundary between two States, so that an act would be a felony in one room and no crime in another. Adultery is a felony in Massa-

chusetts, in other States it is not legally even a misdemeanor.

The rule of the majority in a State may be a grievous despotism to a large minority. The people of the eastern end of a State may have one interest, and those of its western portion one quite different and opposite, but they have no power to control legislation. They have simply to submit to a power as arbitrary and relentless as was ever exercised by a despot. So, in the Federal Union, three or four populous States engaged in manufactures have been able to lay heavy protective and even prohibitory duties on foreign imports, in spite of the votes of a dozen less populous agricultural States, whose interests are in favour of free trade. The ukase of a Czar could not be more oppressive than is at times the rule of a majority.

## CHAPTER THIRTY-TWO

### *A GROUP OF POLITICIANS*

In the earlier years of my residence in New York I had occasion to go one day into a porter-house, or grog shop, in one of the then up town, but not aristocratic wards of the city. Behind the bar was a strong, thick-lipped, muscular, determined-looking fellow, dealing out liquors to a set of very rough customers, in coarse trousers and red flannel shirts. They were not sparing of oaths, blackguardism, or tobacco juice. They were members of one of the volunteer fire companies, and the man behind the bar, who kept the house, an American of Irish parentage, was the foreman of the company.

His position as leader of a hundred rough and ready young men was not without its influence. They all had votes; and in case of need could vote more than once; and, what was quite as important, they could shout, fight, vote and keep others from voting at the primary meetings, or caucusses, at which party nominations were made.

The party to which this man and his company belonged had a majority of votes in the ward, and the legislative and congressional district. Any man who could get nominated as the candidate of the party was sure of being elected. As legislators in every department are paid, and have ways of making money besides, in giving contracts in which they share, passing bills in which they are interested, &c., they can afford to pay for a nomination; and a few thousand dollars given to the foreman of an engine company, or the chief of a political club, might ensure such a nomination. I can remember when the charge

of bribery and corruption would damn any office seeker in America. I have lived to see even judicial offices sold to the highest bidder.

The grog-shop keeper and foreman of the engine company was not long satisfied with procuring the nomination and election of others to office. He was ambitious to have office himself. He got elected to the State legislature without difficulty. Anyone who had a moderate amount of influence or money could do that. He wished to go to Congress—but there were others quite as ambitious and with greater means. Defeated at New York by a combination he could not hope to overcome, he emigrated to California, where he used his experience of political intrigue with so much success as to secure a majority in the State legislature, and get elected by that body to the Senate of the United States, the highest office in the Republic, next to that of President, and by many preferred to that position. He came to Washington a senator. During his term he visited New York, where he held a public reception in the Governor's Room of the City Hall, and shook hands with his old friends of the fire department, and the rowdies and strikers of the political party of which he was an ornament.

At the end of his term in the senate he became a candidate for re-election. His opponent was a judge of one of the courts of the Golden State. In the course of the canvass, the senator made charges of gross corruption against the judge. The judge challenged him—they fought with rifles, and the senator fell mortally wounded.

It was, I think, in 1843 that I first saw an enterprising young lawyer in New York, who was then just of age. He made speeches at political meetings, and joined a friend in publishing and editing a political paper. When subscriptions to this sheet had come in to the amount of a thousand or twelve hundred dollars, he put the money in his pocket and went off to spend it at a fashionable watering-place. Later on he formed a *liaison* with a noted courtesan, to whom he made presents of silks and jewellery, bought on credit, and whose money, on the other hand, he spent in securing a nomination to the State legislature, which he scandalized to an unusual degree, not only by the boldness of his corrupt operations, but by introducing his mistress

at the table of the hotel at which he boarded, and upon the floor of the assembly.

After some years, and many scandalous adventures, he married a beautiful and accomplished girl, managed to secure a nomination to Congress, went to Washington to make money, and lived while there at an expense much greater than his salary. But Members of Congress who are not troubled with scruples, need never be troubled for cash. Of course he took his pretty young wife to Washington. It was not her first visit. There had been some scandal before about the use made of her influence. Her intimacy with a gentleman of high position became so notorious that the Honourable Member for New York felt himself compromised, and accordingly loaded two pistols and deliberately killed his wife's lover in open day in one of the streets of Washington. He was tried for the murder and acquitted; he also continued to live with his wife. At the beginning of the War he was appointed a Brigadier-General in the army by President Lincoln. Some officers refused to serve with and under him; but he held his position, lost a leg, and after the war was appointed to one of the most important diplomatic posts in Europe. PUBLISHER'S NOTE: This was Daniel Edgar Sickles (1825-1914).

When my work was on newspapers in New York, a young man kept a cheap eating and coffee-house in the neighbourhood, to which trade he had been brought up by his father, who had done a larger business in the same line, but, for some reason, had failed and died poor. The son had, like most American boys, a tolerable education at the common schools. But he was not above his business; put on his apron, and served out coffee at three cents a cup, and plates of meat, with vegetables and bread-and-butter at six cents a plate. At these eating-houses, not only working men, but students, clerks, lawyers, and editors breakfasted very well for nine cents, and dined sumptuously for twelve or fifteen cents.

Keeping a cheap eating-house did not hinder my young friend from engaging in ward politics, and he was scarcely of age before he was making speeches at political meetings, and serving as a delegate at ward conventions. The ambitious club together and serve each other by a process called log-rolling. You help me roll my logs, and I will help you roll yours. Go for my nomination to such an office, and I will vote for you for some other.

Then all join influence and purses, and with the help of party discipline, "principles not men," and a few other little matters, all get elected. It was not long before my coffee-shop friend was up for office, and he got elected. To what post does the reader imagine? To that of Police Justice, an office which he still holds with great dignity, and some profit, I doubt not, to this hour, as I saw his name among those of the magistrates who were committing prisoners to take their trials for murder, robberies, and arsons, in the anti-conscription and anti-negro riots of July, 1863.

Fifteen or twenty years ago, Mike Walsh was the leader of an association of very ultra Democrats called the Spartan Club. They were also called Subterraneans, either because they held their meetings in a cellar, or because most of them lived in cellars or garrets. The newspaper organ of the club, edited by Mike, was also called *The Subterranean*. The members were of the class of rowdy young New Yorkers who "run with Forty and kill for Keyzer"; Forty being the number of a large and powerful fire-engine company — famous for its fights with other companies — street battles fought with paving stones, brickbats, and revolvers, to the terror of all quiet citizens; and Keyzer being a noted butcher who gave employment to a large number of muscular Christians in his extensive slaughter-houses.

With butchery for a regular employment, and bloody fights with rival companies at every alarm of fire by way of amusement, these noble Spartans and precious Subterraneans were worthy of the leader, who aspired to be their Danton or their Mirabeau. If fires were too infrequent, and they were "spoiling for a fight," they did not hesitate to get up a false alarm, or even to throw a lighted match into some convenient joiner's shop.

Mike, their philosopher, orator, and chief, the son of an Irish immigrant, was a lithographic printer by trade. Bad associations made him a politician. He had an audacious eloquence, a coarse mother wit, and energy of will that made him a leader among his rough and rowdy associates.

These men, rude, ignorant, and brutal as they may have been, had votes, and thereby as much power individually as the richest, and worthiest, or the most refined. Five hundred of them, banded together under an enterprising leader, and willing to vote as he directed and as often as he required: who were ready to fight

as well as vote, to control or overawe nominating conventions, and drive quiet citizens from the polls if they presumed to vote against their candidates, had more power than ten times their number of decent and respectable people.

When Mike had exerted his influence for a time to nominate and elect other men to office, he thought he might as well use his power to help himself. Accordingly he got elected a member of the State legislature, and afterwards to the Federal Congress, as one of the representatives of the "Empire City of the Empire State," where his rude manners, eccentricities, and audacities of speech made him a sort of lion. But the Subterranean or Spartan leader was not entirely free from human infirmities. Among other things he acquired an appetite for strong drink, and was found dead one day from having staggered into an area. Poor Mike! Many an American politician has had a similar, though less striking career, and many, also, have met a similar fate. Many supposed him to be as honest as he was rude and lawless. Few will pretend that he was a proper representative for the first city in America.

I ought not to end this brief sketch of political notabilities without adverting to the career of Captain Rynders. This remarkable political leader received his title of Captain not in the usual way of having had a commission in the Militia, but because he had once, in his youthful days, commanded a sloop on the Hudson river, carrying produce and merchandise between New York and one of the many flourishing towns on that noble stream.

The Captain was a lithe, dark, handsome man, of medium size and sinewy form, with a prominent nose, piercing black eyes, a knowing smile, and a sharp look altogether. He was cool and enterprising in his manners, and fluent and audacious in his speech. He had the reputation of being a member of the sporting fraternity, and one need not have been surprised to see him dealing at a faro table, or presiding at one of those suppers of oysters, canvas-back ducks, and champagne, with which the gamblers of New York nightly regale their friends and customers.

In the election campaign of 1844, he was the leader of a political association of fast and fighting men, called the Empire Club. It was a powerful Democratic organisation, and held its own against similar clubs of the opposite party, which was trying to elect Mr. Clay.

Of course, the club and its leader were maligned by the Whig-Republican press. I chanced to hear the captain reply one day to some of these vile aspersions. "I don't deny that we have a good many sporting men and fighting men in our club," said he, "but that is the worst you can say of us. If you want thieves and downright ruffians you must go to the Union Club." This was the name of the leading club of Mr. Clay's party. The captain said he could point out dozens of thieves well known to the police in its ranks, in the Whig processions. It is very likely. One could find more than that number among those elected to the Legislature or Congress.

The night before the election, Captain Rynders, mounted on a white charger, headed the Empire Club, one thousand strong, and his club headed a torchlight procession of twenty thousand New York Democrats, with twenty bands of music, and thousands of torches, Roman candles, rockets, and transparencies, with never-ending hurrahs for Polk and Dallas, Texas, Oregon, Fifty-four-forty-or-fight!\* A torchlight procession of twenty thousand men, pouring like a vast river of flame through the streets of a great city—broad streets which stretch away for miles in straight lines—with abundant music and the shouts of an excited multitude, enthusiastic, yet orderly in its enthusiasm, is a grand spectacle. The next day New York and the nation gave a majority for Polk, Dallas, Democracy, Texas, Oregon, war with Mexico, and war with England if necessary, which happily it was not. We conquered Mexico—not much to boast of; and then purchased New Mexico and California—all we wanted then, or could conveniently take care of, and waited for more fruit to ripen and fall in due season.

When the election was over, Captain Rynders accepted a modest office, in the Custom House, I think it was, and a large number of the members of the club were also appointed to serve their country in the Revenue Department. The Captain was now an established leader in the party—a rough-and-ready, active, out-door leader, it is true, but a very important one, notwithstanding. He was temperate, prudent, and sagacious. The Whigs

\* This alliterative war-cry may need explanation. "Fifty-four-forty" was the line of latitude claimed by Americans as the northern boundary of Oregon, and the majority which elected Polk and Dallas professed their readiness to fight with England for that line. They were also ready to fight Mexico for Texas, and did so—some of them.

elected General Taylor ; but the Captain bided his time. He aided to elect Pierce, and after him Mr. Buchanan, when his services were rewarded by the post of United States Marshal for the southern district of New York; one of the most important executive offices under the Federal Government.

I remember one very characteristic official act of Marshal Rynders. A man, who had killed another on the high seas, near New York, was convicted in the United States Court of piracy and murder, and sentenced to death. Had the murder been committed on shore, or within a marine league thereof, the man, Hicks, would have been tried by the State authorities, and hanged, if hanged, by the sheriff, in the city prison. But the crime was beyond the jurisdiction of the State, and came under that of the general government, and the man was hanged on an island ceded to the Federal Government for a fortress, in New York harbour. The Federal Government, observe, has not the right even to hang a man within the territory of a sovereign state without express permission. So, when the day arrived, Marshal Rynders took his prisoner down to Bedloe's Island, where a great crowd had collected by the shore, on steamers and vessels of every size; even, I remember, the little schooner on which the murder had been committed.

It was expected that the culprit, before being hanged, might wish to make a speech. Americans are always ready to hear, and almost always to make speeches ; but poor Hicks, who had been attended in prison by some Roman Catholic Sisters of Mercy, and who was now more intent upon joining in the prayers of the priest than talking to the crowd, told the Marshal he had nothing to say. He had confessed his crime, and was ready to suffer its penalty.

Marshal Rynders then stepped forward with his usual dignity, and said, "Ladies and Gentlemen, it is my duty to inform you that our friend Mr. Hicks declines to address his fellow-citizens on this occasion." Of course there was nothing to do with a man who declined to make a speech but to hang him ; and, when he had finished his prayers, he was reverently and politely hanged by Marshal Rynders accordingly.

Captain Rynders, I am happy to add, continued true to his Democratic principles. He opposed the war from the beginning, defied the Government, and was one of the bravest leaders in the

movement for peace, and was therefore infinitely more to be respected for honesty, consistency, and wisdom, than hundreds who sacrificed their principles to the clamour of the hour.

I do not pretend that these are fair average samples of American politicians; but they are a few of those I have happened to encounter, and by no manner of means the most disreputable or the most dangerous.

## CHAPTER THIRTY-THREE

### *HORACE GREELEY*

If I were asked to select a model Yankee, and at the same time a man of mark and influence, it would be a little difficult to choose, but I think that, on the whole, I should take the late **HORACE GREELEY**, the founder, and while he lived the principal and responsible editor of the *New York Tribune*, as an illustration of the social and political life of America.

Horace Greeley was born at Amherst, New Hampshire, February 3, 1811. His father was a poor hard-working man; and all the school education Horace had was what he got at a free primary school, before he was fourteen years old.

Two books have decided the careers of thousands of American boys. *Robinson Crusoe* has sent them to sea, and the *Life of Benjamin Franklin* has sent them into the printing-office. Franklin was a printer's apprentice. He became editor, author, statesman, and philosopher; and his portrait is on the American postage-stamps, with those of Washington, Adams, and Jefferson. Why should not any printer's boy arrive at similar honours? Nine-tenths of the editors of American newspapers have been printer's apprentices, and I doubt if there is one of them, who freely chose his trade, who was not incited to do so by reading the life of Franklin.

At the age of fourteen, then, in 1825, he entered a printing-office in Poultney, Vermont. Here he remained several years, working hard as roller-boy, compositor, pressman, news-boy, bill-poster, and in all the functions of a country newspaper and job printing-office.

In 1830, Greeley, senior, emigrated to Western New York, and Horace accompanied him, and, after helping to establish the family on a little, rough, backwoods farm, he found a situation in a printing-office at Erie, Pennsylvania, a small town on Lake Erie. He had not finished his apprenticeship, and his wages were only fifty dollars a year, besides his board. Half of this sum sufficed to clothe him; the rest he gave to his father. No one can say that he was not at this time a good, self-sacrificing, conscientious boy.

In 1831 he went to the city of New York. He was tall, lanky, near-sighted, awkward, with a large head, white hair and eyebrows, a very white complexion, and scarcely any beard. He was dressed in a suit of blue cotton jeans, was the owner of two brown shirts, and had five dollars, his entire savings, in his pocket. But he knew his trade, and in a few days got a situation as a journeyman printer, where he worked for eighteen months, earning ten or fifteen dollars a-week.

A printing-office is not the worst of schools. Greeley spent all his spare time in reading. I doubt if he had ever played at any boyish game. Through his life, even in his long journeys, he read perpetually, seldom taking a look at the finest scenery. He began early to write very clear and forcible prose, and also much indifferent verse, which latter practice he did not long continue. In 1834 he began to publish and edit a very respectable weekly literary and political paper, called *The New Yorker*. Everybody said it was a good paper, and that he meant to read it when he could get time, and then carefully put it aside, and forgot it, and also forgot to renew his subscription. It was not the thing for a fast country, and Mr. Greeley had to give it up. He had got married to a Vermont girl, as poor, clever, and eccentric as himself; and they lived in one room at the top of a house in indescribable poverty and disorder.

About the year 1838 the Whig party, of which Mr. Greeley was a devoted member, determined to make a strong effort to carry the State of New York, which had generally given large Democratic majorities. For this purpose a campaign weekly newspaper, published at a very low price, and having a large partisan circulation, was established at Albany, and Mr. Greeley was engaged to edit it. This paper, the better to catch Democratic votes, was called *The Jeffersonian*,—about as appropriate

a name as *The Wellingtonian* would be for a Liberal journal in England. The political campaign was successful, and resulted in the election of Wm. H. Seward as Governor of New York—an event which was celebrated by his party, as heretofore mentioned, with great rejoicings. Seward was at this time an obscure attorney at Auburn, in New York, and chiefly known as agent of the Holland Land Company. But the strength of the Whigs lay with what was called the Anti-Masonic party, in the Western part of the State, and a small clique in that section gave him the nomination.\*

In 1840 came on the great Log Cabin and Hard Cider Tippecanoe and Tyler too presidential election, which resulted in the choice of General Harrison. Greeley published and edited in New York a cheap campaign weekly paper, called *The Log Cabin*. It was a low-toned but very earnest appeal to the largest and most ignorant class of voters, and had an immense circulation. It contained short and telling leaders, vigorous speeches, plenty of songs, and coarse political caricatures. *The Log Cabin* and Greeley's personal exertions did much to carry the election. With an old white hat upon his queer white head, wearing an old white overcoat, and boots run down at the heel, and red for want of blacking; with one leg of his trousers tucked in and the other left out,—waistcoat buttoned awry, and cravat tied under his ear, Greeley was seen everywhere, trudging in processions, and making quaint, earnest, and telling speeches at mass meetings. It is certain that no man did more to elect, first, Seward as Governor of New York, and then General Harrison as President; and he had a right to expect, and did expect, some acknowledgment for his services. But Republicans, and especially Jeffersonian Whig Republicans, are ungrateful. Greeley wished to be Postmaster of New York, or Collector of the Port. He would have taken a foreign mission—he got nothing.

He got no office; but he did better: he found a good business-partner, Mr. M'Elrath, and commenced the publication of the *New York Tribune*, April 10, 1841. His notoriety as edi-

\* Freemasonry, which in England appears to be merely a convivial and mutually protective secret society, which on the Continent has been used as an anti-religious and anti-monarchical propaganda, was at this period considered so dangerous to Republican institutions in America, that a great political party was organised for the sole purpose of banishing the order from the country.

tor of *The Jeffersonian* and *The Log Cabin* gave this paper a good start—especially its weekly edition, which went up steadily to a mail circulation of more than a hundred thousand copies.

In the conduct of *The Tribune* Mr. Greeley manifested great ability, and as much honesty as one could reasonably expect of a political partisan. He was an earnest and untiring advocate of a protective policy. No tariff of duties on importations was too high for him. He denounced the English free trade system as one of commercial selfishness. He went for home markets and home manufactures.

Of a simple, friendly, credulous, and eminently humane character, Mr. Greeley was an earnest advocate of temperance and the Maine Law. He believed that a majority had a right to compel a minority to be sober and virtuous. He laboured to prohibit the manufacture, importation, and sale of intoxicating liquors.

He would have shut up or banished every prostitute, and made every breach of the seventh commandment a State prison offence. He was also, rather inconsistently, perhaps, one of the earliest American advocates of socialism on the plan of association—the system of Charles Fourier—and promoted the formation of several experimental phalansteries. He was also an advocate of Women's Rights, and the most zealous of Abolitionists. He opened his columns to the publication of the alleged facts respecting Spiritualism. *The Tribune* was considered the organ of "all the isms."

But it was a very clever paper. Mr. George Ripley, an ex-Unitarian clergyman and Fourierist; Mr. Charles A. Dana, also a Fourierist of the Brookfarm Association; Mr. Bayard Taylor, the extensive traveller; Mr. Hildreth, author of a "History of the United States" and "The White Slave," and a zealous Benthamist, and several literary ladies, were on its staff of writers. *The Tribune* became a sort of Fourierist Joint-Stock Association, in which editor, contributors, clerks, and printers were shareholders.

Mr. Seward, whom Mr. Greeley had done so much to make Governor, and who afterwards became Senator and Cabinet Minister, not only did nothing to gratify the able editor's ambition, but opposed his nomination for the office of Governor. The fact was, Mr. Seward had an able editor of his own, Mr. Thurlow Weed, of *The Albany Evening Journal*, whom he trusted more than he did Greeley, for the reason, perhaps, that

Mr. Weed preferred his own position as leading editor of the party, its manager and wire-puller, to any office in the gift of Government or people. Not so Mr. Greeley; he was restlessly ambitious. He never forgave Mr. Seward, who but for this might have been President instead of Abraham Lincoln. Seward's and Weed's excuse for not favouring Greeley's nomination for Governor was that he had made himself so unpopular by the advocacy of Fourierism, Abolitionism, Anti-rentism, Maine-Lawism, Spiritualism, &c., &c., that he could not have been elected. He was, however, elected to Congress in 1848 from one of the New York city districts, and managed to make himself very unpleasant there by trying to reform abuses, particularly some official plunder in the way of constructive mileage. Members of Congress, for example, who lived the year round in Washington, were paid for two journeys each session—journeys of hundreds or thousands of miles, at so much a mile, which they never made. There were also small stealings of stationery, pen-knives, gold pencil-cases, and franking frauds, which vexed the honest soul of the New York editor.

In 1851, Mr. Greeley came to Europe, where he was one of the jurors of the London Exhibition. He went to Paris, where he had the adventure of being locked up in the *Cliché* prison, as a stockholder in some American bubble company with *unlimited* liabilities. On his return his letters were gathered into a volume of "Glances of Europe"; he also published a volume of "Hints towards Reforms."

During the ten years preceding the war, Mr. Greeley wrote and spoke chiefly in aid of the Republican or Free-soil movement, and duties on imports for the protection of American industry.

He was deep in the fight for making a free state of Kansas. He did not conceal his sympathy with John Brown in his effort to excite a negro insurrection in Virginia. He published the wildest speeches and writings of Theodore Parker and Wendell Phillips. He did more than any other man to divide the country and cause secession, and to prepare the hearts of the people of his own party for the war. He procured the nomination, and vehemently urged the election of Fremont in 1856. Defeated then by the election of Mr. Buchanan, he began at once the agitation for the next election.

When the Republican Convention met in 1860, Mr. Seward

was far the most prominent candidate—scarcely any other man was thought of. The New York and Eastern delegations went for him unitedly. Mr. Greeley, failing to get a place on the New York delegation, got himself appointed to represent the far off Pacific state of Oregon. He went to the convention, determined that Mr. Seward should never be President. His own real or pretended choice was Mr. Blair, an ultra-Abolitionist, afterwards a member of the Cabinet. But the convention was held in Chicago, Illinois, and the crowd around it was composed of citizens of that state.

This outside pressure was used for their own local leader, “Uncle Abe,” “Honest old Abe”—in a word, Abraham Lincoln. Greeley was ready for anybody to keep out Seward; and, after an exciting struggle, the opposition united on Lincoln, and he was nominated. The Democratic party was divided. The northern section nominated Douglas of Illinois; the South went in a body for Breckinridge of Kentucky, so that in spite of a large Democratic majority, Lincoln was elected.

And now, everybody said Greeley would be the great man—a Cabinet Minister at least. He had made the President. Why should not the President make him whatever he wished to be? But when Mr. Seward lost the nomination, it was feared that he might, in revenge, defeat Mr. Lincoln’s election. It was necessary to conciliate him—to give him the first place in the Cabinet, and equally necessary to keep Greeley out. So he was, as Americans say, “left out in the cold,” and had the mortification of seeing his enemy in the enjoyment of supreme power.

When secession came as the necessary consequence of the election of Lincoln, Mr. Greeley at first declared that the Southern States had a right to leave the Union if a majority of their people desired it. He was very earnest in his defence of Democratic principles, and the right of secession, or revolution. In the *Tribune* (Nov. 9, 1860), he said:—“We hold with Jefferson to the inalienable right of communities to alter or abolish forms of Government that have become oppressive or injurious; and, if the Cotton States shall decide that they can do better out of the Union than in it, we insist on letting them go in peace. The right to secede may be a revolutionary one, but it exists nevertheless; and we do not see how one party can have a right to do what another party has a right to prevent. We must ever

resist the asserted right of any State to remain in the Union, and nullify or defy the laws thereof; to withdraw from the Union is quite another matter. And, whenever a considerable section of our Union shall deliberately resolve to go out, we shall resist all coercive measures designed to keep it in. We hope never to live in a Republic whereof one section is pinned to the residue by bayonets."

A month later (17th December, 1860), quoting the solemn Declaration of the founders of American Independence, that Governments "derive their *just* powers from the *consent of the governed*; and that whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends, *it is the right of the people to alter or abolish it*, and to institute a new Government," &c., he said, "We *do* heartily accept this doctrine, believing it intrinsically sound, beneficent, and one that, universally accepted, is calculated to prevent the shedding of seas of human blood. And if it justified the secession from the British empire of three millions of colonists in 1776, we do not see why it would not justify the secession of five millions of Southrons from the Federal Union in 1861. We cannot see how twenty millions of people can rightfully hold ten, or even five, in a detested Union with them, by military force. We could not stand up for coercion, for subjugation, for we do not think it would be just. We hold the right of self-government sacred."

Even after the inauguration of Jefferson Davis as President of the Confederate States, Mr. Greeley insisted (Feb. 23, 1861) upon the Jeffersonian principle that "Governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed," and said—"If the slave States, the cotton States, or the Gulf States only, choose to form an independent nation, they have a clear moral right to do so.

"Whenever it shall be clear that the great body of the Southern people have become conclusively alienated from the Union, and anxious to escape from it, we will do our best to forward their views." But after all this, like thousands more—like millions of the northern people who had been educated in the same principles, Mr. Greeley went for the war against the South. When it had begun, he became one of its fiercest advocates. He was for hanging all the Southern leaders as rebels and traitors. "Woe to him," he cried, "who ventures to speak of peace, or compromise, or media-

tion, or adjustment, until Treason shall have been effectually rebuked by the condign punishment of the Traitors." In a speech, made early in the war, he said, "As to compromise, he would say that every man in the Cabinet, the army, or the navy, who had betrayed their trust, ought to be hung. (Loud cheers.) His compromise in this would be, to be content with hanging a reasonable number of the traitors."

Day after day this advocate of peace, this opponent of capital punishment, this philanthropist, through papers having an aggregate circulation of over two hundred thousand, and in articles copied everywhere, urged the North to a vindictive, bloody war of conquest and subjugation. He lashed on President and Cabinet — he clamoured at the delay of the army — he raised the cry "On to Richmond!" and kept it up until the Government compelled General Scott, against his judgment, to order McDowell forward, and the disaster of Bull Run was the consequence. The Northern army was hurled back on Washington. Greeley was struck down with a brain fever, and for weeks his life was despaired of. But, as soon as he was able, he renewed and continued the cry — "On to Richmond!"

This defender of the rights of peoples, and the right of revolution, who had written, spoken, and given his money freely to aid Ireland in 1848, and was the friend of every European revolutionist, now urged on a war of subjugation or extermination against the South, against his own countrymen, who were acting in strict accordance with the principles he had all his life professed and advocated.

But as the struggle went on, his native kindness of heart rose above the madness that had seized him and so many others, and he tried, but vainly, to bring about a peace; and when the war was over, and Jefferson Davis was a prisoner, he joined with others to procure his liberty on bail. He advocated generosity to the defeated rebels.

He even joined with those who had opposed the war, and accepted a democratic nomination for the Presidency against General Grant, took the stump, and was sanguine in the belief that he would be elected. His utter defeat brought on brain fever and insanity, and speedy death.

With his death ended all the feeling that the recent contest had aroused against him. The day of his funeral was recog-

nised as a day of mourning throughout the entire country. Flags were lowered, bells tolled, minute guns were fired. From the lakes to the gulf, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, the whole nation united to pay the last sad honours to a model American.

## CHAPTER THIRTY-FOUR

### *AMERICAN PRESIDENTS*

After eight years of Madison, came the first President I can remember, James Monroe, the fourth President which Virginia, "mother of Presidents," had given to the Union. The Federalists, who had espoused the cause of England and the Holy Alliance against Napoleon, and opposed the war of 1812, and even conspired in the Hartford Convention to destroy the Union by the secession of New England from the middle and southern States, had become so unpopular, that Monroe was elected and re-elected, almost without opposition. President Monroe was not a great man, but a pure and good one, and a very useful chief magistrate. He was a thorough Democrat of the school of Jefferson, who said of him, "If his soul could be turned inside out, not a spot would be found upon it," and so far as political honesty and purity are concerned, I think it was true. He was a State rights man, and opposed the ratification of the Federal Constitution in the Virginian Convention, because he feared it would at some time be made a means of oppressing and coercing the States.

Colonel Monroe, as his fellow-soldiers of the Revolution delighted to call him, after he retired from his second term of service in the highest office in the gift of the American people, which is also, in their opinion, by far the highest position in the world, showed how simple and thorough a Democrat he was by filling the office of justice of the peace in Virginia and other similar offices. His house and purse were open, moreover, with a too profuse hospitality and generosity. He spent his whole fortune, and was obliged even to sell his library, and

took refuge with his son-in-law in New York, where he died in 1831, and, for a marvel, on the 4th of July, the anniversary of the Declaration of Independence—as Adams and Jefferson, his predecessors, had died—making three Presidents who died on that anniversary. The administration of Mr. Monroe was called the “Era of Good Feeling.” The Missouri compromise had settled the difficulty about the extension of slavery, the State rights party was triumphant; the Federal Constitution was dreaded no longer—all was prosperity and harmony.

During Mr. Monroe’s administration, six new States were admitted to the Union. Louisiana and the whole Mississippi valley had been purchased by Jefferson of Napoleon, and was being rapidly settled by emigrants from the eastern states and Europe.

John Quincy Adams, of Massachusetts, son of John Adams, the second President, succeeded Mr. Monroe, but, though he had a peaceful and prosperous administration, he was not re-elected. His successor was an extraordinary character, who deserves more particular mention, from me especially as he was the first whose election and administration I much remember.

Andrew Jackson was born in South Carolina, and was the son of a Scotch-Irish emigrant. While yet a child he lost his father, and his pious Presbyterian mother wanted to make him a minister; but he entered the revolutionary army when very young, and acquired some tastes incompatible with the clerical profession—for cards, horse-racing, cock-fighting, whisky, tobacco, and profane swearing.

While there was any fighting to be done, Jackson preferred being a soldier to anything else; but in peaceful times, he thought the next best thing would be to become a lawyer; and setting resolutely about it, in three years he was appointed State Solicitor for the Western District of Virginia, which afterwards became the State of Tennessee. There were frequent fights with the Indians in those then frontier settlements, and the fighting impulse was so strong that the young lawyer volunteered and served as a private, and by his prowess acquired from the poetical Indians the complimentary designations of “Sharp Knife” and “Pointed Arrow.”

It is a great advantage for an able, energetic, and ambitious man to assist in the organization of a new State. Jackson was a member of the convention which formed the constitution of

Tennessee. He was at the head of the bar, and had the renown of a brave soldier, and within a few years he became Representative, Senator, Judge of the Supreme Court, and Major-General of the State Militia. At the outbreak of the war of 1812 he raised a force of volunteers and defeated the Creek Indians. When this little army was short of supplies, their commander was found sitting under a hickory tree making his dinner upon the nuts. Hence his popular name of "Old Hickory."

Jackson's success against the Indians caused him to be appointed a Major-General in the regular army of the United States. He took Pensacola, and was sent in 1814 to defend New Orleans, threatened by the British General Packenham with an army of 12,000 men, and a formidable naval force. New Orleans was defenceless and despairing. Jackson called for volunteers, and four or five thousand riflemen from Tennessee and Kentucky flocked to his standard. He also secured the aid of about a hundred Barataria pirates, who were his only artillerists. He placed New Orleans under martial law, imprisoned a judge who attempted to resist him, and when the affair was over went into court and paid a fine of a thousand dollars for his act of contempt.

Ranging his five thousand riflemen behind a ditch and embankment, on the banks of the Mississippi, a few miles below the city, with a few small pieces of artillery, manned by his faithful pirates, with his marksmen resting their rifles across cotton bales, he awaited the approach of the British, who, as at Bunker Hill, marched up to the assault, only to receive a fire which moved down their ranks like a scythe, while sharpshooters picked off their gallant, but certainly not skilful officers. The British rallied again and again, to meet the same fate—the same sheet of fire in which not a bullet was wasted. It was not a fight, but a *battue*—a massacre. After the third attempt, the British forces retired to their shipping, and went and took Mobile. The war was over—peace had been made in Europe several months before the bloody fight at New Orleans. The British troops, sacrificed there with such a strange foolhardiness, were of those who fought under Wellington in the Peninsula, and those who survived conquered under him again on the field of Waterloo. Jackson garnered a full crop of glory, and "Old Hickory" became, on the 8th of January, 1815, the Hero of New Orleans.

"But Jackson he was wide awake,  
And was not scared at trifles;  
For well he knew what aim we take  
With our Kentucky rifles."

Every year the battle of New Orleans is celebrated in that city by a military procession, a service at the cathedral, orations, public dinners, balls, &c. On my last visit to New Orleans, General Scott and General Twiggs took part in the procession. Both had been officers in the war of 1812. General Scott, when the South seceded, though a Virginian, remained with the North. General Twiggs went with the South. Scott was Lieutenant-General, and under the President, Commander-in-Chief of the army. He protested against the war, broke up at Bull Run, and retired. In the procession was the remnant of a corps of free negroes who fought under Jackson—one of them a drummer, beating the same drum he had beaten behind the cotton bales. The negroes of the South, slave or free, were loyal to the society in which they lived, in the revolution, in the war of 1812, and in the war of Secession.

Three years after the victory of New Orleans, General Jackson was sent against the Seminoles, in Florida. Here he "took the responsibility," captured the Spanish forts, and very summarily hanged two Englishmen, supposed to have been engaged in exciting and aiding the Indians. The victorious General, on the acquisition of Florida from Spain, was made governor of the territory, then became United States Senator from Tennessee and, in 1824, was a Democratic candidate for President. There were four candidates, and neither had a majority. So the election went to the House of Representatives at Washington. Mr. Clay, one of the candidates, gave his vote and influence for John Quincy Adams, to the great disgust of the Democratic party, in which he had been a popular and distinguished leader. He became Secretary of State under Mr. Adams, whose election he had secured, and the charge of treachery, bribery, and corruption, followed him to his grave.

When the four years of Mr. Adams were over, General Jackson was elected President. I remember well the excitement of the contest. The Adams, Federalists, or National Republican party, as it was called, charged General Jackson with every sort of crime, including a half-a-dozen murders. They issued handbills,

ornamented with coffins, called "coffin handbills," on which were printed the stories of the hanging of the two Englishmen in Florida, and several others. The Jackson, or Democratic party, took the bull by the horns, and multiplied the handbills, to show how their candidate was abused. Hanging a couple of Englishmen did not diminish his popularity. He had also killed some hundreds at New Orleans. Hickory trees were raised in every village—the land rang with "the Hunters of Kentucky." The Federalist antecedents of Mr. Adams, the son of John Adams, second President, and father of Mr. Lincoln's ambassador to England, were against him—so was the "bribery and corruption" story of his bargain with Henry Clay. Jackson was elected by a triumphant majority. At the end of four years an attempt was made to elect Mr. Clay, but Jackson was too popular. He was re-elected in 1832 by an increased majority.

Jackson was a type of the Southern American. Brave to rashness, generous to prodigality, a firm and trusting friend, a relentless foe, he had the qualities which make a popular leader. He had the magnetism of command, a powerful will, and indomitable firmness. No American leader ever had more devoted partisans. Seldom has the chief of a party won to so great a degree the respect and admiration of his opponents. Living on a plantation—The Hermitage—near Nashville, Tennessee, he was beloved by his neighbours and almost adored by his slaves, who looked up to him as to a superior being. He married a lady who had been separated from her husband, and loved her to her death with a chivalric devotion. He did not hesitate to challenge and kill the man who spoke slightlyingly of his wife. After she died, her picture was beside his pillow. There was a fierce tenderness in his love. Like Washington, Jefferson, and Madison, three preceding Presidents, he left no son to bear his name. Jefferson had a daughter, and a numerous posterity. Jackson was childless.

The Presbyterian training of his youth had its influence upon him in his old age. Party feelings were softened, and when he died the nation remembered him only as a brave, patriotic, courteous, generous, honest, true-hearted, kind-hearted gentleman.

To Andrew Jackson succeeded Martin Van Buren. He was a New-Yorker of Dutch descent—Dutch and Yankee—an adroit lawyer, a diplomatist, a politician. He was called by his opponents "the fox of Kinderhook." As men like their opposites, he be-

came a favourite of Jackson, as he had become, partly by his talents and partly by skilful management, "the favourite son of New York." He was sent minister to England, and later appointed to a seat in the Cabinet. He had been Governor of New York and Senator. The influence of Jackson, more than any popularity of his own, made him a candidate for the Presidency, and secured his election in 1836. He had a stormy administration, and, though firm in carrying out the policy of his party, he had not the strength of the old chieftain. The Bank of the United States, killed by the voters of Jackson, had been chartered by Pennsylvania, and deranged the finances of the country in an unsuccessful struggle to perpetuate its power. The great financial crisis of 1837 was attributed to the independent treasury scheme and specie paying policy of Mr. Van Buren. The party in favour of a high tariff and protection to American industry, led by Mr. Clay, gathered strength by combining the cotton interests of New England with the coal and iron interests of Pennsylvania. The Democrats who, in the war of 1812, had raised the cry of "free trade and sailor's rights," meant by it chiefly the freedom of the seas, and had little objection to revenue duties which put money in their pockets. The free-traders of the South and West compromised, and consented to be taxed in duties rather than endure political defeat, or submit to direct taxation.

There was a strong combination against Mr. Van Buren; but not strong enough to venture to nominate Mr. Clay, its actual leader. Jackson had been elected as "Old Hickory" and the "Hero of New Orleans." The Whigs, as the Anti-Democrats then called themselves, determined to try the same game. They found an estimable old gentleman of moderate abilities and little experience in public life, who had defeated some Indians in the battle of Tippecanoe, in the war of 1812. They named him "Old Tippecanoe," or, familiarly, "Old Tip." He had lived, at one period, like most people on the frontier, in a log cabin. He had shot 'coons. He was said to be fond—perhaps too fond—of hard cider. This available candidate, with so many elements of popularity, was General Harrison; and all the elements of opposition—the bank-men, the paper-money men, the protectionists, the office-seekers, and all who wanted a change, united on "Old Tip" the "Log Cabin and Hard Cider Candidate" to defeat Mr. Van Buren.

The way they did it! They built log cabins in every village in the old settled parts of the country where they had not been seen for generations. In every cabin there was a barrel of cider on the tap, free to all comers, and this was often reinforced by a keg of whisky. Outside the cabin was a live 'coon fastened by a chain. Immense meetings were held—bands of minstrels were formed to sing songs in honour of "Tippecanoe and Tyler too"—John Tyler, a hitherto obscure Virginia democrat, vain and ambitious enough to accept a whig nomination for Vice-President. And they sang:—

"What has caused this great commotion—motion—motion  
The country through?  
It is the ball a rolling on,  
For Tippecanoe and Tyler too,  
For Tippecanoe and Tyler too,  
And with them we will beat little Van—Van—Van—  
Van is a used-up man—  
And with them we will beat little Van,"—

meaning President Van Buren.

The party of Mr. Van Buren found the glorifications of Old Hickory and the Hero of New Orleans turned upon them, and they had no remedy. Mr. Van Buren was a gentleman. He had never fought even an Indian. He had never, perhaps, entered a log cabin. He had never killed or captured a 'coon. He was more likely to drink port-wine or Madeira, hock or champagne, than hard cider or harder whisky. The very polish of his manners, his refinement, taste, and elegance, were against him.

There was an effort to do something for the failing cause by nominating Colonel Johnson as a candidate for the Vice-Presidency. *He* had fought the Indians, and, it was said, had actually killed their great war-chief, Tecumseh, with his own hand. But Colonel Johnson had done some other things which did not help him with the pious and moral northern people. He lived with a black or mulatto woman as his wife, and had given his two mulatto daughters the education of ladies. This, perhaps, a few years later, when Abolitionists were more plentiful, might have helped him. At that time, I am afraid it went far to neutralise the glory of having killed Tecumseh.

The Democrats fought a gallant fight;—I know, for I was in the thick of it. We met songs by solid arguments. We appealed

to principles and reason—but log cabins and hard cider were more potent, and they carried the day. Old Tippecanoe, an honest, worthy man, capable of making a respectable vestry-man, was elected President. Mr. Van Buren retired to his home at Kinderhook. I saw fifty thousand of the citizens of New York go down to the Battery to welcome him in defeat, as if it had been a triumph. They were defeated, but not humiliated; which was more than could be said of the triumphant party—the party of William H. Seward, Thurlow Weed, Horace Greeley, and Abraham Lincoln.

There was, however, something more than a vague military glory, log cabins, hard cider, songs, and 'coon skins which defeated Mr. Van Buren. It was more than the great army of the outs combined to defeat the ins and drive them from the tens of thousands of rills flowing from the treasury. Wild-cat financiers, who wished no check on paper issues, bankers who wanted the profit on the national deposits, manufacturers plotting for high duties on foreign goods, were aided by another influence, more potent than has been generally imagined.

The Canadian Rebellion of 1837-8 excited the sympathies, and received the aid of a large portion of the people of the Northern States. The State arsenals furnished the artillery and ammunition, and the State militia four-fifths of the forces gathered along the St. Lawrence and the lakes, ostensibly to aid the Canadian patriots—really to invade and conquer Canada, with a view to future annexation. Mr. Van Buren's government energetically put a stop to those lawless operations. The secret societies, or Hunters' lodges, probably one thousand in number, composed of sworn conspirators against the British power in Canada, were arrayed against Mr. Van Buren for the part he had taken in defeating their scheme of conquest. This influence alone might have been enough to defeat him.

"To the victors belong the spoils of the vanquished." This maxim in American politics, with its practical operation in the system of rotation in office and partisan appointments, has been a fruitful source of corruption in American politics. With the accession of General Harrison to the Presidency came such a rush of office-seekers to Washington as had never been seen under any former President. The Federal-Whig Republican party had got hold of the Government for the first time, really and

effectively, since the days of the elder Adams. There were a vast number of offices to fill—embassies, consulates, marshals, deputy-marshals, and officers of the Customs and Post-Office. And every man who had helped to build a log cabin, who had swilled hard cider to the glory of Tippecanoe and Tyler too, who had made a speech or sung a song, claimed an office; and the greater part of these posted to Washington. Poor old General Harrison soon sunk under the infliction. After a few weeks of such worry as few mortals have ever endured, he died, and John Tyler, of Virginia, elected Vice-president, became President.

A terrible panic seized upon the Log Cabin party. John Tyler, a Virginian Democrat, had been put upon the ticket to strengthen it in the South. It was feared that he would go back to his old party predilections, and this fear was well grounded. He was vain and ambitious; but he was not the less wilful and opinionated. The Whig National Republicans—the Log Cabin party, wished to overturn the policy of Jackson and Van Buren. They attempted to establish a National Bank and adopt a high tariff. Mr. Tyler vetoed their bills, and they could not command the majority of two-thirds necessary to pass them over his vetoes. Then there was a crisis, a revulsion, almost a revolution. Several members of the Cabinet resigned—all, I believe, but Mr. Webster, who wanted money and loved power too much to resign either under any circumstances.

Mr. Tyler formed a new Cabinet without much difficulty. Mr. Upsher, of Virginia, and Mr. Legare, of South Carolina, men better known as scholars than as politicians, came to his aid, and gave his administration a strong Southern and Democratic bias. And Democratic, let it be noted, had come, by this time, to mean in America Conservative and Constitutional. The Democratic party was always the party of State rights, and of a strict construction of the powers granted by the Federal Constitution to the General Government. The powers of the States, this party held, were limited only by the functions they had delegated to the Federal Government. The powers of the Federal Government were defined and limited by its Constitution. All powers not expressly delegated to the central government were retained by the States.

Conspicuous among the Northern members of Mr. Tyler's Cabinet was John C. Spencer, of New York—a man of whom

I can never think without a feeling of sadness, for his life was borne down by a great sorrow. His son, a midshipman in the navy, had been hanged at sea by the captain and officers of the U.S. brig *Somers*, on suspicion of a conspiracy to seize the brig, and convert her into a pirate. He was hanged without necessity, and as I thought, and still think, without proof even of the intention of guilt.

When President Tyler—"His Accidency," as he was called—visited Boston, with his Cabinet, to celebrate the completion of the Bunker Hill Monument, the party made a visit one day to the beautiful rural cemetery of Mount Auburn. Mr. Spencer stood a moment before the monument of a young officer, just the age of his son. The officer had been lost at sea. Mr. Spencer read the inscription and fell fainting upon the ground, and was borne to his carriage and driven away. The iron politician had the heart of a father, and this tragical sorrow soon sent him to his grave. The captain who hanged young Spencer was killed a few years afterward by a fall from his horse, and the brig *Somers* went down in a white squall in the Gulph of Mexico.

Mr. Tyler had the vanity to believe that his administration was so popular that he could be re-elected. The mongrel party which had gathered about him and filled the offices of trust and profit, wished to perpetuate their lease of power. But the Whig and Democratic parties made their nominations without much regard to Mr. Tyler or his small party of office-holders. The Whigs nominated their leader, Henry Clay, whom they had shelled four years before for a military and hard cider availability, while the Democratic party selected James K. Polk, of Tennessee.

Mr. Polk had been Governor of Tennessee, and Speaker of the House of Representatives at Washington. He was, like most American politicians, a lawyer, but of no eminence. He was a man of moderate abilities, but of singular firmness of character; a sound, straightforward party man, who could be trusted. He had a miniature resemblance to General Jackson, with whom he had been a favourite, and was nicknamed "Young Hickory." The candidate for the Vice-Presidency was George M. Dallas, a Philadelphia lawyer, who had been minister to England.

Mr. Polk was scarcely known out of his own State when nominated for President. He was more obscure, if possible, than Abraham Lincoln. It is said that at a town on the Ohio, when

a steamboat came in, bringing news from the nominating convention, an ardent Democratic politician on shore called to a friend on the boat—

“Hullo! Smith, who is nominated for President?”

“James K. Polk, of Tennessee!”

“Bunkum! First-rate! What did you say his name was?”

“James K. Polk, of Tennessee.”

“All right! Three cheers, boys, for James K. Polk, of Tennessee, the next President of these United States!”

“Hooray!”

In a week, the name so little known was displayed in large capitals at the head of the editorial columns of two thousand newspapers. Hickory poles began to rise; the banners of “Young Hickory” were displayed, and the Democrats, not to be outdone by their opponents, began to sing songs, of which I can remember but one chorus:

“O! Poor Cooney Clay,  
Alas! poor Cooney Clay,  
He never can be President,  
While Polk is in the way.”

The popular elements were on the side of Mr. Polk. The Whigs had opposed the annexation of Texas. The Democrats adopted and defended it at every cost, and were ready for the impending war with Mexico. Mr. Webster, according to the popular belief, had, through cowardice or corruption, given up a portion of the State of Maine, in the settlement of the northeastern boundary with Lord Ashburnham. He was known to be poor, extravagant, and unscrupulous about money; always ready to beg, borrow, or take all he could get, and never expecting to repay it. It was believed that if the British Government wished to buy any territory which might be necessary or convenient to them, this great expounder of the Constitution was the man to sell it, and put the price in his pocket.

Now another boundary question was up. England put in a claim to the Oregon territory on the Pacific coast. The party which elected Mr. Polk claimed the whole country up to  $54^{\circ} 40'$  north latitude, which included Vancouver's island, and the best part of British Columbia. “Fifty-four, forty, or fight” was the party cry. The defence of territory, the acquisition of territory, and a fight with England, were all popular elements. The

United States Bank, and a high protective tariff, Mr. Clay's favourite measures, appealed to special interests, but were not popular. Polk and Dallas were triumphantly elected. The Mexican war followed. General Taylor defeated Santa Anna at Buena Vista. General Scott marched in triumph into the city of Mexico, and dictated terms of peace, adding New Mexico and California to the territories of the United States.

The Northern States sent twenty-one thousand volunteers to the war with Mexico. The Southern States, with half their population, sent twenty-two thousand. They were nearer, and more interested in the cause of war.

The Mexican war gave the country two Presidents, General Taylor, who beat Santa Anna at Buena Vista, and General Frank Pierce. Among the heroes of Buena Vista, was the commander of the Mississippi Rifles, Jefferson Davis, a son-in-law of General Taylor, afterwards Secretary of War under President Pierce, and later President of the Confederate States.

By the nomination of General Taylor, in an outburst of popular enthusiasm, which the Whig party adroitly turned to its own account, Mr. Clay was again defrauded of the Presidency. The Taylor ticket was strengthened by putting upon it Millard Fillmore of New York, a Whig "Know-nothing," or member of the Native American, anti-foreigner, or, more properly, no-popery party, which had at this time an extensive and powerful secret organisation. The hero of Buena Vista was elected President over General Cass of Michigan, an astute politician, whose military laurels, won in the war of 1812, were eclipsed by the recent glories of Mexico. Another terrific rush of famishing partisans to Washington—another outrageous scramble for the spoils of the victory, and "Old Rough and Ready," as General Taylor was called, succumbed like General Harrison. The change from the rough life of a frontier campaigner, and the easy life of a Mississippi planter, to the murderous crowds of rapacious politicians at Washington, was more than the old soldier could bear. He died a few weeks after his inauguration and we had another "Accidency" of a milk-and-water type, in the person of Mr. Fillmore, a Buffalo lawyer, prudent, sleek, crafty, and just the man to glide into a place he had no ability to fill.

The Democrats at the next election, after a great struggle for a choice, compromised upon Frank Pierce, of New Hampshire,

a handsome, good-natured lawyer, who had served as Brigadier-General in Mexico. The audacity of the thing was in running him against General Scott, who had been the commander-in-chief, and who had crowned the victories of the war by leading his army into the city of Mexico. But General Scott, as a politician, was never popular. As some Irishman must have said, he never opened his mouth on politics, but he put his foot in it. He had been compromised with the Nativists, the Old Whigs, and I know not what unpopular factions and opinions. He was a martinet in discipline, vain and ostentatious, and got the name among the volunteers of "Old Fuss and Feathers." Pierce, on the other hand, was but little known, but those who knew him liked him. He was a New Hampshire Democrat; his father had been a soldier before him; he had served with courage, if with no special distinction, in Mexico, and it was time for the Democratic party to come into power again, whoever was the candidate. He was elected, and proved a weak, good-natured, inefficient President; but he had the sense to choose a strong Cabinet, and matters went on with a regular progress toward the events which have since occurred. The best thing I knew about him was his life-long friendship for Hawthorne. They were college mates, and always clung together. When Pierce was nominated Hawthorne wrote his biography, which no doubt helped to elect him; and when Pierce became President he gave Hawthorne the consulate at Liverpool — not the highest office in his gift, indeed, but at that time one of the most lucrative, and therefore one of the best for a quiet literary man who had plenty of fame and had not plenty of money.

In 1856, the Whig Republican party, which had now grown more Abolitionised, or had entered into a closer alliance with the Anti-slavery party, and come more under the control of the Greeley or ultra section, nominated General Fremont for the Presidency. He was too young and too wanting in political character to succeed. He had been an officer in the army, had run away with and married a daughter of Colonel Benton, the distinguished senator from Missouri, and had shown considerable enterprise in explorations on the Western side of the American continent. He was nominated for the Presidency as the "Path-finder," though he seems to have lost his path, before and since, oftener than he found it.

The Democrats nominated James Buchanan, of Pennsylvania, an old politician and diplomatist, who had filled some of the highest offices in the Republic. The Abolition, Free Soil, and Kansas interest went for Fremont under the banner of "Free Soil, Free Speech, Free Press, and Free Men," but the whole South went against him and his pretentious platform. Pennsylvania gave her vote for Buchanan, and he was elected and the secession of the Southern States postponed.

In 1860, little was said of Fremont. He had been tried and found wanting in availability. Mr. Seward was the chosen candidate of the more moderate Republicans; but Mr. Greeley had private griefs, and the Abolition wing of the party would not trust him. He could say fine things about the "higher law," and an "irrepressible conflict between freedom and slavery," but he was friendly with Southerners; he was politic—he was never honest, earnest, or sincere. Mr. Greeley and his friends determined that he should not be President; so they went to the Chicago Convention and nominated Abraham Lincoln.

Abraham Lincoln was born in Kentucky of poor and disreputable parents. He grew up in ignorance, was never sent to school, and helped his father work on a rough farm in Indiana, to which State they removed in his boyhood, and later in Illinois. Here, following the occupation of an agricultural labourer he became a famous rail-splitter—noted for his strength and dexterity in splitting trees into rails and fences. He also made one or two trips to New Orleans on flat boats loaded with produce; gliding down the current a thousand miles, as barges glide up and down the Thames with every tide. The boats that went to New Orleans, before the days of steam, never returned, but were sold with the cargo, and broken up, and the navigators got home by land across the country.

Lincoln grew to be six feet four inches high, angular and ungainly, with large hands and feet. He seemed to have inherited from his ~~disreputable~~ mother an ambition above rail-splitting or flat-boat navigation. He managed to learn to read and write, and began to study law. Little was required in those days, in a new country, to make a lawyer, and a young lawyer who could talk, if only to tell bar-room stories, was pretty sure to be elected to the legislature. Lincoln also became a member of Congress, but was scarcely known out of his own district until he took the

stump against Mr. Douglas as a candidate for senator. United States senators are elected by the State legislatures—but the legislature itself was to be elected, and it was this election that each of the senatorial candidates wished to carry in his own favour, and so both made speeches together in every district in the State. Mr. Douglas got his election, but Mr. Lincoln made strong partisans who were determined that he should have his turn. Douglas aspired to the Presidency, and received the nomination of one of the sections of the Democratic party. Mr. Lincoln became the Republican candidate for the same office.

The South would not accept of Mr. Douglas. They looked upon his doctrine of squatter sovereignty as dangerous to their rights in the Great Western territories of the United States. According to that doctrine, the Abolition societies of the North could hurry a host of free-soil emigrants into the unorganised territories of the South-west, and fix their status as Free States, long before they were entitled to form State constitutions. They believed the Democratic party of the North was becoming false to the principle of State rights. They held a Convention at Charleston, South Carolina, at which Caleb Cushing presided, and nominated Mr. Breckenridge, with the very distinct understanding that the election of Mr. Lincoln, by a sectional vote, and upon a sectional issue, would be considered a sufficient ground for the secession of every Southern State from the Union.

The Republican editors and orators denied that there would be secession. It was only a political threat, they said, which would not be carried out. Many Democrats believed that the South was in earnest, but not enough. The hunger for office joined with the fanaticism of the Kansas fights, and the John Brown raid into Virginia. The unprincipled place-seekers, who try to be on the winning side, saw the Democracy divided, and threw their strength for Lincoln and the spoils. "Honest Old Abe" was elected, but not by a majority of votes. Every Southern State went against him, and majorities were given in several Northern States for Douglas or Breckenridge. In spite of this divided Democratic majority of a million against him, Lincoln was elected President.

Never, in my remembrance, had a political contest been so fiercely carried on. The Republicans all over the North were organised into clubs, with a semi-military discipline. They car-

ried, indeed, torches instead of rifles, and their uniforms consisted of a kind of oil cloth capes and caps; but they marched and manoeuvred to military music. Not a few of the leaders of these political clubs became officers in the Federal army in the war that followed.

As the time drew near when Mr. Lincoln, the President elect, must go to Washington to be inaugurated President, the country became more and more excited and alarmed at the prospect. Several of the Southern States had withdrawn from the Union. President Buchanan held to the old Democratic doctrine, that there was no constitutional power to compel them to remain in the Union, or to bring them back again. Mr. Lincoln made no declaration of his intentions, and seemed to have no idea of the situation, and no fitness to meet it. There was a rumour of a conspiracy to assassinate him at Baltimore, on his way to Washington, but he arrived there in safety, where, protected by a military force, he took the usual oath to maintain the Constitution, which he proceeded to violate in its most important provisions.

The "black" Republicans of the West swarmed down upon the Federal capital seeking for office. *Such* a crowd had never been seen before—rough backwoodsmen, crazed fanatics, and believers in "Honest Uncle Abe," who came for the reward of their efforts to elect him, clamouring for offices of every grade, from a foreign mission to the place of a village postmaster. The residents of Washington were profoundly disgusted. Presidents, up to this time, had been gentlemen, and former administrations had not been destitute of a certain degree of dignity and decency. Nothing could be more vulgar and repulsive than the new administration, and the crowd which greeted its incoming. Goths and Vandals thronged the capital. Abe Lincoln was President, and Mrs. Lincoln, more scandalous in her vulgarity and worse faults, reigned at the White House. I cannot here tell the story of secession, and the war of four years which followed. Uncle Abe had Mr. Seward for his Secretary of State, and Mr. Stanton, a small Pittsburgh lawyer, for Secretary of War. He had a long succession of Generals for his armies, of which he was *ex officio* Commander-in-Chief. He made his queer jokes, and told his queer stories, and the war went on with its varied fortunes until the weaker side, blockaded and cut off from supplies by sea, and

overwhelmed by superior numbers on land, had called out the last man, burnt the last pound of powder, fired the last shot and was compelled to surrender.

Lincoln was re-elected President in 1864, with Andrew Johnson for vice-President. A mad actor, with his head full of antique tragic rage against tyrants, went to the theatre one night when President Lincoln was in a private box, sprang upon the stage, and in the presence of the audience shot him dead—shouting out the motto of the State of Virginia—“*Sic semper tyrannis.*”

It was a terrible shock to the nation—an outrage to the victorious North, a sad disaster to the beaten South. Booth was killed by the officers who attempted to capture him, and some obscure persons, one a woman who was probably innocent, were hanged as accomplices in the assassination. Andrew Johnson, originally an illiterate North Carolina tailor, then a lawyer and politician in Tennessee, by the death of Lincoln became President.

After the death of Abraham Lincoln, one Lamon, who had been his law partner in Illinois, moved by what motive one cannot easily imagine, published a biography of the martyred, and therefore canonized President, which was terribly truthful, and therefore terribly scandalous. In a thousand funeral orations Lincoln had been eulogised as a model hero and saint. In Lamon’s biography he appeared in his real character, and we have in it an illustration of the strange possibilities of American life and American politics.

Old Tom Lincoln, a bad sample of a drunken “mean white” in the backwoods of Kentucky, lived with a worse reprobate than himself, one Nancy Hawks. Of their marriage there was no evidence but cohabitation. These disreputable persons were the father and mother of Abraham Lincoln. Nancy Hawks died, and Tom Lincoln had to fly from Kentucky after a savage fight with one of his neighbours, whose nose was bitten off in the conflict. The father afterwards married a good woman, who became a true mother to Abraham, and whom he always treated with respect and affection. Religious people, who had accepted Mr. Lincoln as a model Christian, were shocked when his biographer told them that he did not believe in the Divinity of Christ, or the Inspiration of the Bible, and that he went to Church to mock, and came home to mimic; and that he died as he lived, a thorough infidel, though a superstitious believer in signs and

omens, and in striking premonitions of his fate. He was a sad, melancholy man. His biographer says—"When he was President his countenance was haggard and care-worn, exhibiting all the marks of deep and protracted suffering. Every feature of the man—the hollow eyes with the dark rings beneath, the long, sallow, cadaverous face intersected by those peculiar, deep lines; his whole air; his walk; his long, silent reveries, broken at intervals by sudden and startling exclamations, as if to confound an observer who might suspect the nature of his thoughts—showed he was a man of sorrows—not sorrows of to-day or yesterday, but long treasured and deep—bearing with him a continued sense of weariness and pain. He was a plain, homely, sad, weary-looking man, to whom one's heart warmed involuntarily because he seemed at once miserable and kind. 'I do not think,' says his nearest friend, Mr. Herndon, 'he knew what happiness was for twenty years.' 'Terrible' is the word which all his friends used to describe him in the black mood. It was terrible. It was very terrible." And his consolation all his life seems to have been in listening to and telling coarse and vulgar stories. It was his ruling passion. "He would go a long way out of his road to tell a grave, sedate fellow a broad story, or to propound to him a conundrum that was not particularly remarkable for delicacy. If he happened to hear of a man who was known to have something fresh in this line he would hunt him up and 'swap jokes' with him." It is well known that in the early part of his administration, when the agony was the sharpest, the most welcome guest at the White House was a Democratic Senator from Oregon, whose repertory of indecent jokes was very copious. "In this tendency," says Mr. Lamon, "Mr. Lincoln was restrained by no presence and by no occasion." There is a tradition that in riding over the fresh field of Antietam, with the dead and the wounded around him, Mr. Lincoln asked this same Mr. Lamon to sing him a comic song. *This will be a quiet life*

Mr. Lincoln's love affairs were as whimsical as everything else in his career. One of his numerous flames jilted him, and caused him to become insane and for a time to be put under restraint. Another, a widow, died, and he mourned her sincerely. Another refused him, and he revenged himself by writing a letter ridiculing her as "fat, and old, and wrinkled," and he ended by marrying the wrong woman, when he was desperately

in love with somebody else. "His engagement with Miss Todd," says the candid biographer, "was one of the great misfortunes of his life and her's. They were married, but they understood each other and suffered the inevitable consequences as other people do under similar circumstances. But such troubles seldom fail to find a tongue, and it is not strange that in this case neighbours and friends, and ultimately the whole country, came to know the state of things in that house. Mr. Lincoln scarcely attempted to conceal it, but talked of it with little or no reserve to his wife's relations as well as his own friends. Yet the gentleness and patience with which he bore this affliction from day to day and from year to year was enough to move the shade of Socrates."

Born among the negroes in Kentucky Mr. Lincoln knew them well, and was far from being an abolitionist. He was ready to restore the union with slavery or without it. His biographer says—"He never at any time favoured the admission of negroes into the body of electors, either in his own State or in the States of the South. He claimed that those who were incidentally liberated by the Federal arms were poor-spirited, lazy, and slothful; that they could be made soldiers only by force, and willing labourers not at all; that they seemed to have no interest in the cause of their own race, but were as docile in the service of the rebellion as the mules that ploughed the fields or drew the baggage trains; and as a people were useful only to those who were at the same time their masters and the foes of those who sought their good. He believed that this was purely a 'white man's government,' but he would have been perfectly willing to share its blessings with the black man had he not been very certain that the blessings would disappear when divided with such a partner."

And "Honest Uncle Abe," like honest Horace Greeley, could not stand against the force of political corruption around him. Among the candidates for nomination for the Presidency at the Chicago Convention, was Simon Cameron, of Pennsylvania, notoriously one of the most corrupt of politicians in a country where they are too plentiful. Finding that even his powers of intrigue and his money could not secure the nomination, Cameron offered to give his influence for Lincoln, provided he should have a place in the Cabinet. It was a hard trial.

"All that I am in the world," said Lincoln, "the Presidency and all else, I owe to that opinion of me which the people express when they call me 'Honest Old Abe.' Now what will they think of their honest Abe when he appoints Simon Cameron to be his familiar adviser?" And yet he did take him into his familiar councils, and turned him out at the first convenient opportunity. In 1862 he wrote this little note to Simon Cameron:

DEAR SIR,—I have this day nominated Hon. Edwin M. Stanton to be Secretary of War, and you to be Minister Plenipotentiary to Russia.—  
Very truly,  
A. LINCOLN.

And when Cameron received this, Mr. Lincoln's biographer says, "he wept like a child," and started for St. Petersburg.

When American politicians are too corrupt, too disreputable, too dangerous to be kept at home, they are banished to Russia, as Russians, in similar cases, are exiled to Siberia.

In 1868, at the close of Mr. Johnson's term, the nation elected its latest hero, General Grant; not because he was an able man, or a great general; but circumstances had made him the only available candidate. Ulysses S. Grant was born in Ohio, April 27, 1822; graduated at the Military Academy at Westpoint, 1843; served under General Taylor, and later under General Scott in Mexico, and was brevetted first lieutenant and then Captain for meritorious conduct in the battles of Molino el Ray and Chapultepec, in 1846. In 1852, he was in Oregon, and in 1853 in California, when he threw up his commission, for some reason which has never been made public. He settled at St. Louis, Missouri, and afterwards at Galena, a town in the leadmining region of Illinois, where he carried on his father's trade of tanner. At the beginning of the war in 1861, he offered his services as a volunteer to the Governor of Illinois, and was appointed Colonel of a regiment. In August he was Brigadier-General, commanding at Cairo, and occupied Paducah. He distinguished himself in the capture of Fort Donaldson, and was made Major-General; led the decisive charge at Shiloh; succeeded General Halleck in the command of the Army of the West, captured Vicksburg, July 4, 1863, and opened the Mississippi. He then took command of the army of Tennessee, which had been defeated under General Rosencrans; and he defeated General Bragg at Chickamauga. It was his good fortune to succeed defeated Generals, and to triumph where others failed. In 1864 he was ap-

pointed Lieutenant-General and Commander-in-Chief; and directed the operations in Virginia against General Lee. One commander after another had failed—Grant succeeded. He was repulsed again and again with tremendous losses, but he had the great populous north to draw upon so that his forces were continually renewed. The south was exhausted of men and munitions, and General Grant was there, as everywhere, in at the death. On the Mississippi, in Tennessee, in Virginia, superior numbers and resources conquered at last, and it was General Grant's fortune in each case to be the last of the series of commanders. Therefore he was elected President. Being in power, the only successful military chieftain, there was nothing to hinder his re-election. He is reticent, obstinate, unscrupulous in regard to means, and fond of power, which he uses for his own advantage and that of his family, friends, and partisans. The strongest partisan of the North would scarcely pretend that the conqueror of General Lee was his equal, either as a man or a commander, and the condition of the South cannot be considered any credit to his statesmanship, or to that of the men by whom he is surrounded.

## CHAPTER THIRTY-FIVE

### *POLITICAL CORRUPTION*

No American can deny that great corruptions have come into American politics. It is a matter of world-wide notoriety that during the past twenty years legislatures have been bribed; that the State and national treasuries have been despoiled of millions; that members of Congress have sold their votes in open market to the highest bidder. Nor can it be doubted that nominations to offices, legislative, executive, and judicial, are bought with money, and elections to the most responsible positions carried by the same influence.

The principle of rotation in office, and the doctrine that "to the victors belong the spoils of the vanquished," have filled America with greedy and unscrupulous partisans. The governors of States have hundreds of offices to bestow; the President has many thousands. Every office-holder must be a partisan, that he may keep his place. Every office-seeker is a partisan that he may get one. The country is thus divided into two great hostile camps, the ins and the outs, with the annual and quadrennial struggles between them. What could we expect from the constant recurrence of such contests, where selfishness takes the place of patriotism, and no means are spared by needy and unscrupulous adventurers to secure their ends, but that all decent, honest, and respectable men should retire in disgust from the field, leaving it to bullies and blacklegs, rowdies and thieves?

With a laudable desire to diminish the patronage of the State Governments, and so remove some sources of corruption, many States have made their judges, sheriffs, and nearly every officer

elective. But it has unfortunately happened, that in the large cities this has proved a cause of still deeper corruption. The judges of the criminal courts, for example, are nominated in political caucuses and conventions. These are controlled by the most violent and reckless of the population—in a large degree, by the very men whom the judges, when elected, may be called upon to try for offences against the laws. He can secure a nomination who will pay the highest price before, and grant the most important favours after, the election.

Rowdies, bullies, prize fighters, have long been among the most active politicians in the large American cities. No man can be nominated or elected to the lowest office without paying them. When a man who depends upon his place for bread pays more for a nomination than his entire salary, it is easy to see that he must reimburse himself by some kind of robbery of the public.

It was believed that where the people made their own laws, or elected their own legislators, they would choose wisely, and that such a Government would be free from corruption. What has been the fact? That never, since the empire of the world was sold to the highest bidder, have there been such scenes of profligacy and corruption as in the municipal, State, and Federal Governments of the United States. The man who wants a law passed by which he can benefit—a charter, monopoly, patent extension, or subsidy—by a city council, a State Legislature, or Congress, must bribe right and left. There are lobby agents, brokers in corruption, at Albany, at Harrisburg, and at Washington, who fatten on a percentage of the bribes they give to members of the State and Federal legislatures. Poor men get elected, and after a few years have large fortunes. Members of Congress have received as handsome a bribe as a house and lot in Washington, for a single vote. A few of the most notorious of these corrupt members who have made a scandal, have been expelled; but not one in a hundred of those who deserved to be.

The payment of members of Congress and of the State legislatures was at an early period a necessity. Many of the best men in the community were dependent upon professional or other labours for the support of their families. And why should the legislator serve his country without pay, any more than the soldier, the judge, or the diplomatist? It is said that the pay has

induced a low class of men to aspire to office, who have yielded to corrupt practices, where men of fortune and position would have preserved their integrity. The truth is, that with corrupt politicians the pay has been the smallest consideration, while the lack of pay would have been a ready excuse for jobbings and speculations. Many Englishmen have spent from twenty to fifty thousand pounds to secure a seat in Parliament for the mere honour of serving their country. Wilberforce is said to have paid forty thousand at one election. If an American were to pay as many dollars, most people would expect him to "make money" by the investment.

Four years ago, the governor, lieutenant-governor, and nearly the whole legislature of the State of Wisconsin were proved to have taken bribes of a railway company. The case of Mr. Cameron, Secretary of War under Mr. Lincoln, and afterwards minister to Russia, who was judicially accused of attempting to bribe a member of the Pennsylvania legislature to vote for him as senator in the Federal Congress, surprised no one acquainted with American politics or the career of Mr. Cameron.

I am not speaking of idle rumours or party slanders. Every person who has been intimately acquainted with American politics for the last twenty years, knows how public, notorious, and undoubted these matters have become. Money is paid for nominations even to important judicial offices. The very thieves of New York are bribed to nominate the judges who are to try and sentence them. Money is paid for votes, and in certain States the man or the party that can pay the most money can make sure of carrying an election. This has been the case in England also; and formerly the British Parliament was as corrupt as the American Congress, and some, at least, of the State Legislatures; but for many years we have not heard in England of bribing legislators. But in America money is paid to secure the passage of legislative grants for charities, appropriations, contracts, and monopolies.

No American will question these sorrowful and disgraceful facts, but some Englishmen may; therefore, I give the statements of some American newspapers. I regret that I carelessly omitted to preserve the dates, but all my extracts were made before the war, and probably in 1860 or 1861. The first is from the *New York Herald*:-

"What is the cause of this rowdyism assuming so bold and defiant an attitude, domineering over law and order, and keeping respectable and virtuous citizens in continual fear? We answer that politics—party politics, and the corrupt practices connected with them, are the fruitful source of the anarchy which is a foul disgrace to our free institutions, and a cause of prejudice against democracy throughout the civilised world. The political wire-pullers and managers of elections have for many years subsidised a class of men who have cheated the State prison and the gallows of their due, to do their dirty work and to commit every sort of violence. The result of this system will be that the rowdies will virtually rule the country. And to such an alarming extent has this anomaly already grown that the peaceable and orderly portion of the citizens are beginning to consider whether the community would not fare better—whether there would not be more security for property and life and limb—under a government like that of France or Russia, than under the best and freest government ever devised by the wisdom of man."

The *Baltimore Sun* has the following:—

"The history of the past few years has been truly appalling. It is a record of violence, bloodshed, and terrorism such as no man could ever have deemed possible to occur under the institutions we profess. Organisations of the vilest, lowest, and most profligate outcasts of society have been maintained and used for the sole purpose of overawing, disfranchising, insulting and degrading respectable citizenship. And offices have been obtained and occupied, through such dishonourable means alone, by men who have doubtless ventured upon the absurd belief that they could at the same time maintain their social and political status unimpaired."

The *New York World* says:—"The fact is indisputable that defalcations, embezzlements, breaches of trust in all forms, jobbing and bribery in public affairs, swindling and over-reaching in private affairs, were never so rife in this country as they have been during the last few years. Fraud and corruption have acquired a power they never before possessed."

The *New York Mercury* mentions a notorious fact to which I have already alluded:—

"Have not all our troubles fallen upon us as the climax of an era of corruption? What can we expect, when members of the

national Congress and State legislatures go into the open market of politics and buy nominations with cash and promises of patronage or pay; buy votes to elect themselves; buy off rival candidates who may put their election in peril, and then go to the capital of the State or nation, as ready to sell their votes to the highest bidder as they were to buy the votes of their constituents? Thousands of dollars have been paid to the members of our legislatures for votes which have helped to plunder the people whose interests they are sworn to protect. Millions have been paid to members of Congress, stolen from the national treasury by their connivance. We have known of a member of Congress receiving an elegant house in Washington city, as the price of a single vote. And this is so far from being a solitary instance, that there are men in Washington who could tell how many millions of dollars have been distributed in this way for the past ten years, and could give a list of the members to whom they have been paid. A country so governed is in perpetual danger. It is always sold by traitors—always plundered by thieves."

The *New York Tribune*, as honest, perhaps, as an American political journal can be, living in and by the system it denounces, says:—"The vulgar knavery of theft has become the peculiar vice of our public men. To influence an election by the purchase of votes; to buy a representative by the award of a contract; to secure the success of some particular policy by falsehood and treachery; and to cover up all under some dainty form of hypocritical speech;—in political corruptions of this sort, we rival all, and perhaps surpass, the venal men and measures of other times and other countries. But we excel especially in larceny. Contracts with Government are taken that the public may be made a prey; contracts are given that the opportunity of robbery may be afforded; villainy stalks abroad with brazen front. In the Federal Government, in State legislatures, in municipal affairs, hardly any man is supposed to enter with honest intentions. The best character that can be given to any candidate is, that he is so rich that he does not need to steal; the worst qualification is, that he is so poor that he cannot afford to run. The President authorises the use of money, paid out professedly for public service, to be used in elections; members of Congress are bribed directly with money thus obtained to carry or defeat a party measure; legislatures and State Governments are bought

at wholesale or by retail—at wholesale prices, as in Wisconsin, or retail, as in New York."

These accusations, made by one of the leading newspapers, and probably the most powerful political organ in America, are not directed against any particular party. In which party, it may be asked, was this utter demoralisation and corruption most conspicuous? I will allow the New York *Journal of Commerce*, an independent journal of the highest character, to answer that question. Commenting upon an article in the *Independent*, a religio-political weekly paper, edited by the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, it says:—

"Nearly or quite all the 'rascalities' alluded to by the *Independent*, have occurred in that portion of the country where the Higher-Law doctrines have been persistently preached and promulgated through the press; whereas, in that section where there is no higher law than the Bible, defalcations, &c., are almost unknown. Look at Maine, where a higher-law clergyman, who had been appointed State treasurer, defaulted to the amount of over 100,000 dollars, if we recollect right. Look at Massachusetts, where the State grog-seller defrauded the State out of 20,000 or 30,000 dollars. It is the same State where, among many other outcroppings of higher-lawism, a faithful public officer, Mr. Batchelder, was shot down and murdered, while aiding in the execution of the laws of the land. Look at Ohio, the State of Giddings, Chase, Wade and Co., and the scene of the Oberlin rescue riots. How many hundred thousand dollars did the financial officers of that State steal of the public money of the State? Look at Wisconsin, where a few years ago nearly all the State officers and members of the legislature were found to have taken bribes of stock in companies they had chartered. Look at Albany, and see the monstrous frauds perpetrated there by the higher-law legislatures at its last session."

By higher-law party, the writer of the above means the Republican party of Seward, Chase, Lincoln, and Greeley. In all the States named above, this party had large majorities. The members of congress expelled for corruption were of the same party, and representatives of districts having heavy Republican majorities. It is perfectly true that these scandals of bribery and corruption of the most shameful character were, previous to the civil war, almost entirely confined to the Northern States;

and though the Democratic party of the North had been by no means free from dishonest and corrupt officials and legislators, it is certainly true that the republicans have had the larger number.

Since the Northern and Southern States of the American Union were constituted upon the same principles, and have almost identical constitutions and laws, what prevented Southern politics and politicians becoming as corrupt and demoralised as the Northern? There was this difference. Four millions of the labouring population of the South were negroes and slaves. They were not recognised as citizens, had no votes, and were not eligible to office. Since the negroes were emancipated, and have had votes and have elected to offices, several Southern States, enjoying the training of Republican "carpet-baggers," have corrupt legislatures and plundered treasuries.

The rich planters of the South formed a higher class; a recognised, though untitled aristocracy, and had a powerful, and naturally a conservative influence. They were united by a common interest. They were looked up to as the leaders of the people. From them were selected senators and legislators. Political caucuses and nominating conventions were almost unknown in the Southern States. A candidate for office either came forward himself, or was nominated by his friends. In either case he was expected to take the stump, canvass his district, address the people with other candidates of his own or the opposite party, and give those who were to vote an opportunity of knowing something of his principles and qualifications. If a Southern man wished to go to Congress he frankly said so, published the fact in the newspapers, asked people to vote for him, and tried to give them a good reason for doing so. If he got elected and satisfied his constituents, he was sure to be reelected, as long as he was willing to serve. This frank and open way of political management suited the temper of the Southern people. They detested cunning and underhand measures as unworthy of white men and freemen. When the Confederate States formed a constitution, they abolished the corrupting practice of giving offices as a reward for partisan services, by making appointments to all but a few of the higher offices during good behaviour, and providing that office holders should not be removed for political reasons.

Bad as was the condition of American politics before the war, it is much worse since. The four years of the fight was one vast scene of corruption. The thousand millions of expenditure created a swarm of speculators. Men grew rich in a day on army contracts, obtained by bribery, and then sold to those who had greater facilities for plunder. The Northern armies were filled with men bribed to volunteer by enormous bounties, and by hired substitutes when it came to a conscription. Conspiracies or "rings" were formed by speculators, who clubbed their capitals to bribe legislatures and Congress. The correspondent of an English journal writes in 1873:—"So all pervading is fraud in its various shapes, in politics, in civic and municipal administration, in insurance and railroad affairs, and in financial matters generally; so safe is its practice and so secure its success, that it ought to be recognised as the tutelary vice of the United States in this decade of the nineteenth century." State Legislatures, he says, "were debating the transactions of arrested or absconded Governors, the illegal issue of State bonds, defalcation of State officials, and the mutual knavery and corruption of contesting parties at the last election."

A New York political reformer, an honest Irishman, indignant at the abuses he had seen grow up in the country of his adoption, charges Congress with being bribed to hand over the public lands of the nation to railway monopolists and supply banks with currency, while greedy thieves flock to Washington as vultures to a dead carcass; while legislatures have become vote-markets, and laws are matters of bargain and sale, and Government an anarchy of political thieves.

This is not merely the expression of individual opinion. A recent State Convention of the Democracy of Indiana charges the National Government with sustaining usurpation in the States, corrupting the sources of public justice, appointing men to offices who have been proved to be corrupt and profligate, and who have defrauded alike the Government and the people.

I can remember when the Senate of the United States was considered as high above all suspicion of corruption as the corresponding branch of the British Parliament is now: and I read with dismay in the *New York Tribune* (Jan. 16, 1873):—"Here are senators accepting money to use in promoting their election in State Legislatures. They take it from men who rep-

resent railroad enterprises which are sure to be compelled to pass before the Senate in the guise of petitioners for favourable legislation. We have nothing now to do with the way in which the railroad tribute money was spent. Mr. Durant thinks his 10,000 dols. was used to subsidize Iowa newspapers in the Harlan interest. For the honor of the profession, we hope not. But the enormity of the wrong lies in the acceptance of (if not the application for) these corrupting influences. There is no possible explanation of such a course of conduct that is consistent with sound morality or good government. Money cannot be honestly used in a senatorial canvass of a State Legislature. Money cannot be honestly accepted by candidates for Congress from agents of corporations interested in Congress legislation. . . . The idol is broken; but we are beginning to find out that the men in the Senate are responsible for the ruin. The tone of public morals has gone down; we are gradually discovering the men who are responsible for its fall."

A hundred years ago a British Secretary of State did not hesitate to go into the House of Commons with bank notes in his hand and buy the votes necessary to give a majority to the ministry. Now one may live in England for years and never hear even a whisper of legislative corruption, and of late even the time honoured practice of bribing constituencies is being resolutely suppressed. When things get to the worst they mend, and the time must be close at hand when a nation which aspires to lead the van of freedom and civilisation, must be honest and require honesty. The most hideous spectacle any country can show to the world is to fill its highest offices with its greatest scoundrels.

## CHAPTER THIRTY-SIX

### *THE NEGRO*

Descendants of African negroes, of pure or mixed blood, constitute about one-eighth of the entire population of the United States, and most of them, at the beginning of the war of secession, were held in slavery.

I have seen much of negroes, bond and free, and of people of colour of all shades, from the Ethiop, shining black, to the faintly-bronzed Octoroon, in whom a tinge of the white of the eye, or a finger nail, is the only perceptible mark of the warm blood of Africa. We know something of the condition of the negro in Ashantee and Dahomey, in Cuba and Brazil, in the British West Indies and in Hayti; but it is my business to describe his condition as I have seen it, North and South, in freedom and slavery, in the American States.

No one has satisfactorily accounted for the dislike of the negro which exists in the Northern States of America. It is not a question of colour, for the prejudice exists almost equally against the lightest mulatto and the blackest negro; and there is no such feeling against other coloured races. Some of the Americans themselves are very swarthy—darker than the mulattoes they despise. They have no feeling against a dark Spaniard, an East Indian, a Moor, or one of their own aborigines. There are many Americans with an inter-mixture of Indian blood, who show it in their coarse and straight black hair, high cheek bones, and coppery tinge of the complexion; and they are rather proud of the savage alliance. It is no discredit to them with their fellow citizens. The first families of Virginia are proud of their descent

from the Indian Princess, Pocahontas. But let it be known that there is even one drop of the blood of Central Africa in the veins of an American, and it were better for him that he had never been born.

In some of the Northern States of the American Republic, before the war, a few negroes were allowed to vote. It was the only evidence of their citizenship; almost the only one of a popular recognition of their humanity. Who ever saw a coloured man on a jury; or elected to the lowest office; or until the exigencies of civil war made it necessary, "training" in a military company? In New York, the negro never rode in an omnibus. It was a very low grog-shop into which he dared to enter. Dressed in all the splendour of apparel in which he loves to indulge, he was not allowed to eat in any restaurant or oyster cellar frequented by white people, even if it were kept by one of his coloured brethren. There are a hundred hotels in New York which can accommodate from fifty to a thousand guests, but there is not one of these at which a man of African blood could find a bed or a meal. His only place in any of these establishments was that of cook or waiter. He might cook every meal; he could not eat one out of the kitchen. He might stand behind the chair; but not sit at the table. A negro might drive to a theatre in his private carriage, and have money enough to buy the establishment; but he could not get admission to boxes, or pit, nor even to the third tier, set apart for fallen women. His only place was the gallery, and in many cases he was railed off, even in this, from the lowest class of the white population.

In New York, a favourite amusement of the young men is a march out of town, with a band of music, to fire at a target. These target excursions are not confined to military companies. Every company of firemen had its annual target excursion, and the workmen of large manufacturing establishments, at least once a year, shouldered their rifles, borrowed for the occasion, and with a military band, often as numerous as themselves, marched up or down Broadway, toward some convenient shooting-ground. After every company was carried the target they were expected to riddle with their bullets, and this target was invariably carried by the biggest, and blackest, and best looking negro who could be hired for the occasion. So, in a military funeral procession, the horse of the defunct hero was always led through the streets by a negro groom.

Notwithstanding the progress of abolition sentiment in the Northern States, the great majority of Americans shrink from personal contact, or social intercourse, with any person of the African race, or tinged with African blood. It is only within a few years that negroes have been permitted to sit in the common pews of Northern churches. It was, a few years ago, the universal custom in the New England churches to confine the coloured people to pews set apart for them, called the "nigger seats," in a far corner of the gallery, where "Ethiopia" might "stretch forth her hands to God" without disgusting her sensitive Anglo-Saxon neighbours. The first church in which I ever saw black and white kneeling side by side as equals before God, was the old Roman Catholic Cathedral in New Orleans.

In New York, some years ago, Mr. P. T. Barnum had a clever boy who brought him lots of money as a dancer of negro break-downs; made up, of course, as a negro minstrel, with his face well blackened, and a woolly wig. One day Master Diamond, thinking he might better himself, danced away into the infinite distance.

Barnum, full of expedients, explored the dance-houses of the Five Points and found a boy who could dance a better break-down than Master Diamond. It was easy to hire him; but he was a genuine negro; and there was not an audience in America that would not have resented, in a very energetic fashion, the insult of being asked to look at the dancing of a real negro.

To any man but the originator of Joyce Heth, the venerable negro nurse of Washington, and the manufacturer of the Fiji Mermaid, this would have been an insuperable obstacle. Barnum was equal to the occasion. Son of the State of white oak cheeses and wooden nutmegs, he did not disgrace his lineage. He greased the little "nigger's" face and rubbed it over with a new blacking of burnt cork, painted his thick lips with vermillion, put on a woolly wig over his tight curled locks, and brought him out as the "champion nigger-dancer of the world." Had it been suspected that the seeming counterfeit was the genuine article, the New York Vauxhall would have blazed with indignation.

Whatever may be the nature or causes of this feeling, it was a few years ago almost universal in the Northern States; and even now when there are negroes in Congress, and when they rule some States, I believe there are very few white men in America

who could contemplate the idea of having a son-in-law with negro blood in his veins, without a feeling of horror.

Coloured persons in Northern cities, suffering continually from this proscription of race, sometimes make efforts to evade it. I have often met in Wall Street, New York, a speculator in stocks, who, by means of a well made wig, passed himself off as a West Indian creole of Spanish descent. He even married a white American wife—I presume, by the same false pretence. He was, however, a genuine mulatto, and the fact could not be concealed from careful observers. I have seen several persons with negro blood who have resorted more or less successfully to similar expedients.

It is notorious that the shrinking antipathy of the white to the black race does not exist in the same degree in the formerly slave as in the free States. The White Southern babe is received into the arms of a black nurse, who, in many cases, becomes his foster-mother. Negro children are the playmates of his childhood. Negro servants attend to his hourly wants, and nurse him in sickness. He is born, and lives and dies among them, and often his most faithful and cherished friend is a negro. As Jefferson Davis said in his speech at Memphis, in 1874, "Every Southern man in his memory runs back to the negro woman who nursed him; to the boy who hunted and fished with him; to the man who first taught him to ride and swim; and, as he grew to manhood, the cordial welcome given him by the old nurse, with a tenderness scarcely inferior to that of his own mother; and while he has such memories clustering around him, he cannot be the enemy to that useful race which was the main strength of our country." If there be a natural antipathy of races, it dies out under these circumstances. The result has been that not only the slaves but the free negroes were better treated in the South than in the North.

For example, there was a corps of free negroes in New Orleans, who joined in the public procession on the 8th of January, to celebrate the defence of the city by General Jackson. At Mobile, Alabama, the free coloured young men formed a favourite company of the Volunteer Fire Brigade, which celebrated its anniversary with great ceremony. Such a Fire Company, officers and men of negro blood, would not have been tolerated in any Northern city. In the same beautiful town I

was present at an exhibition of an excellent school of young misses of colour, of the lighter shades indeed, and mixed with the Creole French, and Spanish blood—such a school as could not be found in the whole Northern States. They formed a part of a charming procession of young ladies, through several broad shaded streets, and seemed to enjoy the patronage of the best portion of the citizens.

These prejudices or antipathies of race in the Northern States, have often broken out in riot and bloodshed. The free negroes, clustered in poverty and filth into such places as "Nigger Hill," in Boston, the "Five Points," in New York, and similarly odorous localities in other towns, have been mobbed, outraged, and sometimes assassinated by the whites. There were negro riots—that is, riots against negroes, in the early days of anti-slavery agitation. The late war intensified the hatred of race into a terrible ferocity, so that negroes were mobbed in Cincinnati, and massacred in Detroit; while in New York their dwellings were fired, their schools and asylums burnt, and they murdered by scores, hung to lamp-posts in the public streets, and their bodies burnt to ashes.

How shall we account for this strange antipathy—this savage ferocity toward an unfortunate race? It is useless to say that such a feeling is absurd, or that it is wicked. The people who have it are as good and charitable in many respects as others. The Irish in America have as strong an antipathy to the negro as the Americans, perhaps even a stronger. And it is only free negroes, and free negroes in the North, who are so treated. And why should this feeling exist in Boston and New York, and not in Liverpool and London? In England negroes are married to decent seeming white women. One meets them in London escorting fashionably dressed ladies. White women walk in the streets with their mulatto children. There is scarcely a town in America where such things could be done without exciting violent manifestations of public indignation. The mulattoes in America are the children of black mothers—not otherwise in one case in ten thousand. I never heard of an instance in the South, and of only one or two in the North. The last and vilest thing that could be charged upon the lowest and most abandoned white woman would be having such relations with a negro. There were Abolitionists who advocated amalgamation,

and talked of the benefits of miscegenation. When they give their daughters to negroes in marriage, I shall believe that they are in earnest. When I read that the daughter of Wendell Phillips or Theodore Tilton has a negro for her husband, I shall believe in the sincerity of their declamations.

It is a question for the physiologist and ethnologist whether this antipathy, so marked and energetic, has not some special use—whether it is not implanted by nature for some wise purpose. There are facts which would seem to point to some such conclusion.

For example, the pure blooded negro enjoys the greatest longevity of any race in America. There are more negroes over a hundred years old than of any other people, while the mulattoes are the shortest lived race in America. Up to the age of twenty-five there is little difference in mortality between the white, black, and coloured races. From the age of twenty-five to forty, the deaths of mulattoes are ten to one of whites or blacks; from forty to fifty-five, fifty to one; from fifty-five to seventy, one hundred to one.

What are we to infer from these astounding statistics, which I cite from Dr. Nott, of Alabama, one of the most distinguished of American ethnologists? It is evident that the mulattoes in America would soon die out if not recruited from the black and white races. It is in the South, where the black race is almost purely negro, that it has increased since 1800 from a little more than a half a million to four millions. On the other hand, all the fugitives who have gone to New England have scarcely kept up the numbers of the coloured population. In 1800 there were 17,317 in the New England States. In 1840 there were 22,633. The mulatto women, as a rule, are weak, and subject to disease. Their children are few and puny. In Boston, where there are more mulattoes, proportionally, than in any American city, their deaths are one in fifteen per annum. In Philadelphia, the deaths of coloured people are to those of the whites as 196 to 100. In the penitentiaries, the proportions are 316 coloured to 100 whites.

It is no wonder that the planters of the South took so much pains to discourage amalgamation, and that one saw there swarms of jet black negroes, while a mulatto, out of the large towns, was a rare phenomenon. Accustomed to all the shades of mixed

colour among the free coloured populations of Boston, New York, and Philadelphia, nothing struck me with more surprise than the startling blackness, and almost uniform purity of negro blood, among the plantations of Alabama. I am aware that a different idea is prevalent in this country, and can be found in the writings of persons who have drawn upon their imaginations for their facts; but this is the simple truth, notwithstanding. If there were no higher motive, it was the interest of the planters to have a hardy, healthy, long-lived race of negroes, and not a puny, weakly, short-lived race of a mongrel breed. Observation and experience taught them to do all in their power to preserve the purity of the race. They tried to engage reputable men, and always preferred married men, for overseers.

It is to be observed also, that this mortality of the mixed race was greater in the North than in the South, and greater in freedom than in slavery. But this may be readily accounted for. The free person of colour had more opportunities for hurtful indulgence, and also suffered more from poverty and its unhealthy conditions. The slave was cared for and protected. He was saved alike from the pressure of want and the evils of vicious indulgence. Climate, no doubt, also had its influence.

Some years ago General Cobb, of Georgia, wishing to ascertain the effects of negro emancipation upon the coloured population of the North, sent a circular to the governors and other leading men of several States, inquiring into the physical, intellectual, and moral condition of the free negroes in those States. I give the answers he received from several States having the largest numbers of free coloured population.

**NEW JERSEY.**—Their condition is debased; with few exceptions very poor; generally indolent, ignorant; far below the whites in intelligence. Immoral; vicious animal propensities; drunkenness, theft.

**PENNSYLVANIA.**—A degraded class, much deteriorated by freedom—not industrious, not educated. It is remarkable that almost all the decent and respectable negroes we have, have been household slaves in some Southern State. Immoral. They exhibit all the characteristics of an inferior race, to whose personal comfort, happiness, and morality, the supervision, restraint and coercion of a superior race seem absolutely necessary.

**INDIANA.**—They are not prosperous. We are sending them to

Liberia, and intend to get rid of all we have, and not allow another to come into the State. Not educated; in many instances very immoral.

ILLINOIS.—As a class, thriftless and idle. Their condition is far inferior to that of the whites. About the towns and cities idle and dissolute, with exceptions. In the rural districts many are industrious and prosperous. Generally ignorant, thriftless, idle, vicious.

There have been remarkable exceptions, and both negroes and mulattoes of fine character and striking ability.

The negro most respected in New York had been a slave in St. Domingo. When the revolt and massacre occurred on that island, he saved his mistress from the terrible fate of thousands of women, conveyed her on board a vessel, and brought her to New York, where, working as a hair-dresser, he supported her in the comfort to which she had been accustomed to the day of her death.

I was walking in Broadway one day with the poet Halleck, when he stopped, turned back, took off his hat to, and shook hands with, this negro, then a white-headed old man. After a few words with him, he rejoined me and told me his story. He was a modest, devout, respectable—yes, and venerable old man, who had been faithful to his duties, and who deserved as he had, the respect and reverence of the noblest and best people in New York. When he died, they attended his funeral, a requiem high mass in the Roman Catholic cathedral. Here was a pure and noble soul under a sable skin, an exception to the slaves in St. Domingo, and no less an exception among the free negroes of New York.

There are many such exceptions to the general character of the free negroes in the Northern States, but they are still exceptions; and the statements of the Governors of the four States, whose testimony I have cited above, is mainly and substantially true.

## CHAPTER THIRTY-SEVEN

### *SLAVERY*

The history of negro slavery in America has never been fairly written, and is not well understood. The export of negroes to the West Indies was begun by the Spanish Government in 1501. Fifteen years later the trade was carried on by a company of Genoese merchants. In 1562, Sir John Hawkins, an Englishman, having made a successful venture in carrying a cargo of negroes to the West Indies, was joined by Queen Elizabeth, who became a partner in the profits of his subsequent voyages. In 1618 James I. granted a charter to Sir Robert Rich and others, giving them a monopoly of the trade. Another charter was granted by Charles I., 1631, and in 1662 a third company was organised, the Duke of York at its head, which engaged to furnish to the colonies 3000 slaves per annum. In 1672 a fourth company was organised, the king being one of the shareholders. From 1731 to 1746 this company received £10,000 per annum from Parliament, as a compensation for the losses occasioned by the extension of free trade to this branch of commerce. In 1713 Queen Anne entered into a treaty with the King of Spain to furnish all his colonies with negroes for thirty years, engaging, during that time, to send him at least 144,000. The speech from the throne boasted that her Majesty had secured to Englishmen a new market for slaves. Large numbers of negroes were at this time brought to England, and, in accordance with the precedents of Saxon times, they wore collars marked with the names of their owners. This was during the eighteenth century, when England considered herself an enlightened and eminently Christian nation.

The American colonies, up to the period of the revolution, had received 300,000 slaves; the States imported some 50,000 more before the final expiration of the slave trade in the United States, in 1808; but several of the Southern States abolished it before that period. England passed her "Act for the Abolition of the Slave Trade" after a long agitation, in 1807.

At the adoption of the Federal Constitution in 1789, Massachusetts was the only one of the original States free from slavery; her negroes had been sold into the other States. On the other hand, Massachusetts fitted out the first slave ship ever sent from America, and it was at her demand that the slave trade continued until 1808. Most of the Middle and Eastern States had a few slaves as late as 1840.

The total numbers of negro slaves in the United States and territories were—

In 1790 .....	679,967
" 1800 .....	893,041
" 1810 .....	1,191,364
" 1820 .....	1,538,038
" 1830 .....	2,009,043
" 1840 .....	2,487,455
" 1850 .....	3,204,313
" 1860 .....	3,953,587

In round numbers there were, at the outbreak of the war in 1861, four millions of slaves.

The number of slaves in the British West Indies, made free in 1834 by Act of Parliament, on the payment of £20,000,000, was 660,000. There had been imported into these islands 1,700,000, and these were all that remained of them and their descendants. Is it not evident from the above table of the increase of the numbers of slaves in America, that slavery in that country was a very different thing from slavery in the British West Indies? It may also be observed, that while the slaves in the Southern States of America have increased in this remarkable manner, the free negroes in the Northern States have very little increased, and in some places diminished in numbers.

Slavery in the American Colonies existed under British rule and British law. Slaves were property in England and all her colonies. When the thirteen colonies were acknowledged by George III., each by its name, as sovereign and independent States, they retained their own domestic institutions, and gener-

ally the laws under which they had lived. Each State regulated its own internal affairs.

When the Federal Constitution was framed, every State but one of the original thirteen still held slaves, and the legality of slavery was not called in question. Washington, Jefferson, Madison—nearly all the founders of the Federal Union—were slave-holders. Many of them considered slavery an evil, but they did not see how it could be abolished. Washington was an eminently just and good man, but he could not see the benefit of turning his negroes out upon the road to beg or starve—to find work where they could, or become paupers when they could not get work or were sick or disabled. He was not, to this extent, a philanthropist. There is little doubt that both Washington and Jefferson, from their well-known sentiments upon the subject, would have manumitted their slaves, if they had seen any way to do it, so as to improve their condition.

From a common interest, the clause of the Federal Constitution which provided for the return of fugitives from one State to another, was adopted by common consent. It applied to apprentices and all persons held to service, as well as slaves. The fugitive slave law was considered by the framers of the Constitution as only a measure of simple comity and justice between neighbouring States, and existed in New England before the revolution.

In fixing upon population as the basis of congressional representation, the Northern States, in which there were but few slaves, wished to exclude them from the census. The Southerners insisted that, though not entitled to vote, slaves should still be reckoned as a part of the population, and be represented in Congress. The Northerners, with comparatively few negroes, did not like to put free white citizens on the same footing as slaves. It was necessary to make a compromise, and it was agreed that five negroes should count as three citizens. By this arrangement the Southern States, which wished their slaves to be counted as men, lost a portion of their claim to equal representation, while the Northern, which wished to reckon them only as chattels, gained in political power. By the compromise, each negro was held to be three-fifths of a man, and was represented in Congress accordingly.

It should be remembered that the people of the State of South

Carolina never had any power over the laws or institutions of the State of New Hampshire; nor had New Hampshire any right to settle the social condition of the people of South Carolina. Each State had its own Constitution, Governor, Legislature, and the entire control of its own internal affairs, even to the power of trial and execution for high treason against its own Government—in a word, all the attributes of sovereignty. When the Federal Government was established, certain of these functions, as intercourse with foreign powers, common defence, coinage of money, the carrying of mails, and regulation of commerce, were delegated to the Federal Congress. But Congress never had the power to interfere with the institution of slavery in any State of the Union. It could not suspend or over-ride the law of any State. The President has no power, under the Constitution, to interfere with the operation of any constitutional State law. He cannot pardon a criminal condemned by the laws of a State. His duties are clearly defined, and if, under any pretext, he passes beyond them, he becomes a usurper.

If slavery had existed before the late war, and the changes in the Constitution which grew out of it, in but one out of the thirty-four States, and that the smallest of the number, it would not have been constitutionally in the power of all the other States, nor of the Federal Congress, to interfere with it in that State. The other States were in no way responsible for it, any more than they would be for the passage of a law of divorce, or one authorizing polygamy, or the licensing of lotteries, or any State law whatever. Each State passes its own laws, and what is a crime in one may be, legally, no crime whatever in another. Illinois banished free negroes from its territory; Texas reduced them to slavery. No other State could interfere, any more than England can interfere with the internal regulations of Austria or Turkey. And Congress could not exercise any powers but those which the States delegated to the Federal Government.

There have been curious inconsistencies in the whole treatment of the matter of slavery in this country. Fifty years ago it was not generally considered in England either immoral or unchristian to hold slaves, and, as a rule, Englishmen have not hesitated to buy and sell, eat and wear, the products of slave labour. I cannot learn that Manchester ever bought one pound the less of cotton because it was cultivated by slaves, or that

Englishmen were ever willing to pay a higher price for free labour cotton, rice, sugar, or tobacco, than for the same articles grown by slaves. England professed to be a Christian nation when her merchants were the largest slave dealers in the world, and her Government shared the profits of the slave trade by a direct partnership, or sale of monopolies, as it did from the days of Elizabeth to those of the third George; when a large portion of the capital of Liverpool and Bristol was invested in the slave trade; when negroes were bought and sold, assorted and branded on her own soil, and then shipped off to the Spanish, Portuguese, and her own American colonies. England planted slavery in America, and English manufactures and commerce have been almost the sole cause of its expansion and growth, because England has been the chief market for the products of slavery. After an agitation of twenty years England abandoned and then prohibited, and has tried to destroy the slave trade;—branding the traffic which had enriched her own Government and merchants for two centuries, as piracy. Englishmen, living on fortunes accumulated in the slave trade, or still making fortunes on the products of slavery, denounced slave-holders as thieves, robbers, pirates; unworthy of Christian fellowship or human sympathy.

And when, at last, the English Parliament and nation resolved to abolish slavery in the West India Colonies, and paid twenty millions of pounds sterling to the owners of the slaves, what did they really do? They solemnly acknowledged the right of property in man by paying compensation. They did just as they do in taking a man's land for a railway or other public improvement. If the planters of the West Indies were man-stealers, and had no right to hold property in man, why were they paid twenty millions—wrung from the hard labour of free and honest Englishmen? Is it usual to pay thieves for the surrender of stolen goods? But even the actual method of dealing with the slave trade is, perhaps, open to criticism. The British Government keeps a squadron on the Coast of Africa to capture slavers. But what is done with the slaves? Are they set at liberty? Not at all. Instead of being landed on the African coast near which they are captured, they are sent to St. Helena, and thence shipped to the British West Indies, or British Guiana, and bound as apprentices to the planters for a term of years, and then, if alive and identified, or in a condition to claim their rights, set at liberty.

Are these negroes consulted about their destination? Do they consent to their apprenticeship? And in what does this apprenticeship differ from slavery while it lasts? And in what respect is this free negro better off than the slave, if he dies before its termination? Is there not a temptation for the master to get all he can out of his apprentices? Except in the matter of time, are the rights of the negro any more regarded than if he were taken to Cuba or Brazil and sold into slavery?

There is an eagle that hovers over the lakes, watching the fish-hawk, as he in turn watches the fish. The hawk pounces upon a fish, and flies off with it in his claws. The eagle pounces upon the hawk, and makes him drop the fish, which the eagle seizes with a downward swoop, and then sails off to his nest on the crag, and devours him.

The slavedealer buys his cargo of negroes from the King of Dahomey, who otherwise would cut their heads off in honour of his ancestors. The British cruiser takes them from the slave-trader and makes prize of his ship and cargo. Then comes the really difficult question of what to do with the poor negroes. To set them ashore would be to ensure their falling again into slavery. The coast settlements cannot take care of them. The Fantees seem scarcely fit to be their protectors. They must live somewhere; to live they must work; and to make them work there must be compulsion of some sort. So they are made apprentices, and held to long periods of service.

The question of slavery really involves the whole great question of the relations of poverty to wealth, labour to land, industry to capital. It is the question of the rich and the poor—Dives and Lazarus, St. Giles and St. James—the aristocracy and the democracy; a question apparently as old as the world, and not likely to be settled to-day or to-morrow.

Compulsion to labour, in any way, by any means, or under any system, is a violation of human freedom. The man who is compelled to work is a slave, so far as slavery consists in the compulsion to labour. Ought there to be anywhere, and in any manner, such compulsion? Mr. Carlyle says the difference between free labour and slave labour is, that one is hired by the day, month, or year, or, as in the case of the apprentice or soldier, for seven or twenty-one years, while the other is hired for life.

A military conscription is forced labour. Manning ships by

pressgangs, which has been done all round the coasts of England within our memory, and is still legal, and would be resorted to to-morrow if necessary, is about the roughest method of enforcing labour. What is taxation but taking the proceeds of labour by force? Even the income-tax comes to that, for it falls upon labour at last. Is there any labour, from that of the First Lord of the Treasury to the pauper sitting by his heap of stone, that is not forced, more or less, from the brains or muscles of humanity?

The compulsion of labour, as a fact, is not objected to, except by Fourierists, who hope to make industry attractive. The only question is about the means. Free labour means work or starve. Slave labour means work or be flogged. Freedom certainly has a wider range of choice than slavery. The free man can work, steal, or starve—the poor slave has no such choice; he *must* work—he cannot steal, and he has not the liberty to starve.

Whatever the character of the institution of slavery, its entire responsibility rested upon the individual States that maintained it. The Federal Government, the Union, and the non-slaveholding States, had no more responsibility about it than England has for the institutions of countries with which she holds alliance, or to which she is bound by treaty stipulations.

So much in justice to the Federal Government, and the people of the Northern States, who have been condemned for upholding slavery. This institution being established, and having come down as an inheritance for two centuries from our British ancestors, there were, it must be admitted, some difficulties in the way of its removal. If the British method of compensation, which admits the right or the fact of property in the slave as much as the laws of Alabama admitted it, had been adopted, the cost would have been considerable. Four millions of slaves, at the average price of \$500 each, would come to \$2,000,000,000. Who was to pay this vast sum? With what justice could it have been levied upon the people of States who never had any connection with slavery? And how could the measure have been forced upon the people of States who had no wish for it? It would have been a violation of every principle of the Federal and State constitutions.

The negro slave in America was made to work, but not more, as a rule, than was good for him. English labourers work more hours and much harder. The rapid increase of the slave popu-

lation proves that they were not very hardly treated. Most of their work was light and pleasant. The hardest and most dangerous work in the south-west was done by Irish and German labourers, who were hired to save the negroes. The dykes were built, and the ditches dug, by Irishmen, while the negroes were picking cotton.

A planter wished a negro to saw off the limb of a high tree, which seemed in danger of falling. "Pose, massa, you hire Irishman to do dat 'ere job." "Why so, Pete? Why should I hire an Irishman when you can do it?" "Why, massa, if dis nigger falls and breaks his neck, you lose fifteen hundred dollars; but you give Irishman a dollar, and if he break his neck 'taint nothin' to nobody."

That was the negro logic. The slave had cost a certain sum of money to bring up from infancy. The master had either been at this expense, or he had paid some one who had been. In buying a negro, he was paying a certain cost and assuming certain obligations. For this labour the negro received this care in infancy, care in sickness, food, clothing, the comforts he required, the enjoyments of which he was capable, and the assurance of a provision for his old age—not in a poor-house, but among his friends and companions.

It is not very unreasonable to suppose that the master—the owner—of the negro was probably a better guardian and overseer to him, and took better care of him, than any mere hirer of his labour will ever do. The master was born and brought up among his slaves. Slaves nursed him in his infancy, slaves were the playmates of his childhood. He knew them thoroughly, and they knew him. He had none of that colour-phobia, that horror of a black man because he is black, which prevails in the Northern States. He had eaten and drunk with his negroes, and lived with them in well-defined relations, which, as a rule, were satisfactory to both. The negro had a pride and dignity in belonging to a wealthy and honoured master. It was much the same pride that is felt by the retainers of a noble house. Does any one doubt that the slaves of Washington, or their descendants, who belonged to General Lee, were proud of their position?

The relations of master and slave are far more intimate and mutual than are usually those of employer and employed. They do not end when the work is done and the wages are paid. The

slave belongs to his master; but the master also belongs to the slave. The master is really owned by his negroes, who have not only a customary, but a legal claim upon him and his property to the last dollar. He cannot rid himself of these obligations; he cannot throw them off. An employer, when work is slack, can discharge his hands, to find work elsewhere, or go to the poor-house, or starve. It was not so with the Southern master of slaves. He had to provide food and shelter for his negroes, if he mortgaged his last acre to do it. But he could sell them? Yes, just as an Englishman, hopelessly involved, must sell his estate. But what is that sale, in either case, but the transfer of his obligations to some other person, who steps into his place, and enters into similar relations?

I have no wish to maintain that the four millions of negroes in the Southern States of America before the war were in the best possible condition; but it is not easy to see what the inheritor of a hundred negroes could do to make their condition any better. Their claims upon him were clear and definite. He was responsible for their industry, their morals and their support, not for a year, but as long as they lived. They cost and represented a hundred thousand dollars capital. If he sold them, he only shirked and transferred his responsibilities. If he set them free and said "go and shift for yourself," it would have been doing much the same as to turn a shop-full of canaries loose in Regent's park. He very certainly would have manufactured a number of paupers, vagrants, and thieves.

Wise and good men in the Southern States—conscientious and Christian men, thought of all these things; and many of them tried experiments. The result showed that the negro is a pupil of civilisation, not very far advanced. He has been to a certain extent civilised and Christianised, and is certainly superior to the natives of Africa in Dahomey or Ashantee, or the regions described by M. Du Chaillu, and other African travellers.

What was the actual condition of the four millions of negro slaves in America? It was claimed by those who knew it best, that it was superior in physical comfort, and freedom from anxiety and suffering, to that of any four millions of labouring population in the world. That they had sufficient food, clothing, and shelter,—enough and even an abundance of the necessaries of life, can hardly be questioned. They were, on an average,

better off in these respects than the agricultural labourers of Great Britain. Their cottages, or quarters, were neat and comfortable; their ordinary clothing sufficient, their holiday apparel often gay and even extravagant; their daily rations of bread and meat abundant, which were supplemented by vegetables from their master's garden, or their own, and by eggs, poultry, and game. House servants lived as well as their masters and mistresses, and field hands had gardens to cultivate. They had money to save or spend. The negro seldom worked too hard through the day to enjoy a dance at night, unless he preferred to attend a prayer-meeting.

I doubt if there are half as many church members, or communicants, of all religious denominations, among the labouring people of England, as there were among the same number of negro slaves in America. The Protestant missions of the past century over the whole world cannot count a quarter as many converts as the slave church members of the Southern States of America. They were chiefly Baptists and Methodists, though there were also considerable numbers of Presbyterians, Episcopalian, and Roman Catholics.

I cannot give the religious statistics of the Southern States, but the last return of the Methodist Episcopal Church to which I have access gives the following figures:—

	White members.	Coloured members,
Mississippi .....	15,591	12,684
Louisiana .....	7,761	5,834
South Carolina .....	34,351	42,469
Georgia .....	46,652	22,339
Alabama .....	36,985	21,856
Florida .....	8,745	6,589

Here are six States, and not the largest, which give an aggregate or over 111,000 negro church members of one religious denomination. Allowing proportional numbers in other States, and to other denominations, and the aggregate will be very large, reaching to at least half a million, and will show that there must be a powerful and pervading religious influence over the whole negro population.

Forty or fifty years ago it was common for Southern Americans to speak of slavery as an evil and a wrong to the negro race, and they formed Emancipation and Colonization Societies; but

they almost universally changed their opinions, and came to view slavery as a providential institution, not free from evils, needing reforms, but producing essentially the best practicable condition for both races. They believed that the negroes were brought from Africa that they might be civilised and Christianised, and that they might also cultivate the inter-tropical regions of America. And they saw no way in which they could receive the necessary care and oversight so economically, and so effectually, as by the system of individual ownership or permanent apprenticeship; the same system as that adopted by the British Government in its own colonies, though nominally only for a limited period.

The British public was shocked, a few years ago, by learning that the bishops of the Episcopal Church in the Southern American States defended slavery on Scriptural grounds. Englishmen, who are old enough, can remember that it was defended in the same manner from the bench of bishops in the House of Lords. I did not read the defence of the Southern bishops, but the argument of the Southerner, who believes the Bible in a literal and old-fashioned way, was simple enough. He opened the Book of Genesis, and read:—

“Cursed be Canaan; a servant of servants shall he be unto his brethren.”

“And Abram had sheep, and oxen, and he-asses, and men-servants, and maid-servants, and she-asses, and camels.”

“And when Abram heard that his brother was taken captive, he armed his trained servants, born in his own house, three hundred and eighteen, and pursued them unto Dan.”

“And Abraham took Ishmael his son, and all that were born in his house, and all that were bought with his money . . . bought with money of the stranger.”

“And Abimelech took sheep and oxen, and men-servants and maid-servants, and gave them unto Abraham.”

“And the Lord hath blessed my master [Abraham] greatly, and hath given him flocks and herds and silver and gold, and men-servants and maid-servants, and camels and asses.”

“For he [Isaac] had possession of flocks, and possession of herds, and great store of servants; and the Philistines envied him.”

In his mind, the Southerner made a slight correction of the text, and for *Philistines* read *Yankees*.

Then he came to Exodus, which he read without a multiplication table, knowing how men-servants and maid-servants increase and multiply, and read:

“But every man’s servant that is bought for money, when thou hast circumcised him then shall he eat thereof [the Passover]. A foreigner and a hired servant shall not eat thereof.”

“Thou shalt not covet thy neighbour’s house, thou shalt not covet thy neighbour’s wife, nor his man-servant, nor his maid-servant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor anything that is thy neighbour’s.”

So he read on to Leviticus, chapter xxv., where he found more express regulations of this very ancient institution:

“And the Lord spake unto Moses in Mount Sinai, saying . . . Both my bondmen and thy bondmaids which thou shalt have, shall be of the heathen that are round about ye; of them shall ye buy bondmen and bondmaids. Moreover, of the children of the strangers that do sojourn among you, of them shall ye buy, and of their families that are with you, which they begat in your land; and they shall be your possession. And ye shall take them as an inheritance for your children after you, to inherit them for a possession; **THEY SHALL BE YOUR BOND MEN FOR EVER.**”

This seemed very clear and distinct to him, coming out from the thunders of Sinai. Who were the heathen round about but these poor benighted Africans—so wretched in Dahomey, liable to have their heads chopped off any day at the caprice of a despotic and superstitious king, but now, by God’s Providence, shouting and singing and praying at Methodist campmeetings, raising cotton for Manchester, well cared for, and in a fair way to get to heaven at last? So he read his Bible devoutly, the Old Testament and the New, in which latter he read:

“Servants obey your masters.”

“Servants, be subject to your masters with all fear; not only to the good and gentle, but also to the froward.”

“Let as many servants as are under the yoke count their own masters worthy of all honour, that the name of God and his doctrine be not blasphemed.”

This he understood to be good scripture and sound doctrine, and he was glad that St. Paul sent Onesimus back to his master.

The actual evils and the wrongs of slavery were, perhaps, as apparent to the slaveholder as to the Abolitionist. He hoped to

remedy them. Poverty is an evil. Pauperism is an evil. It is hard that the land of a country should be held by a few proprietors, while millions of people are dependent upon the chance of work and wages, or poor-law relief. It was hard that thousands of people in Ireland should die of starvation, and millions be driven into exile. It was hard a few years ago for 18,000,000 of the people of the British Islands to live on an average of three shillings per head per week, while a million were in the receipt of public charity.

The people of the South could not see that the negroes were fit for liberty and self-government, much less to govern others. They believed that liberty to the great mass of the negroes, in their actual state of mental and moral development, would be liberty to be lazy, to get drunk, to become thieves and prostitutes.

No doubt the power of the master was sometimes abused as all power is apt to be—the power of the husband over the wife, the parent over the child, the master over the apprentice, the officer over the soldier, the shipmaster over the sailor. And there were the same remedies in the law, public opinion, interest, and conscience. A man who abused his negroes, or stinted them in their food, could be punished by law; he was despised by all his neighbours; it was against his interest, for they got sulky and ran away, perhaps. It was the interest of every owner of slaves that his people should be healthy, strong, contented; that they should be moral and honest, that they should live together in civilised and Christian family relations. And interest, in all countries, goes a long way in making men do their duties to each other.

In New Orleans I made the acquaintance of a bookseller, whose principal clerk was his slave. He knew all the current literature, and was one of the most active and polite of "assistants." A bit of a dandy too. There was a diamond ring on his black finger, and gold studs in his faultless shirt-front. It was delightful to see him wait upon the ladies; so pleasant, so attentive, and so respectful. He never for an instant, seemed to forget his position. I never knew him to deserve or receive a harsh word from any one, or saw any sign of discontent with his condition. On Sunday morning he took his promenade on the shady side of Canal-street, with a young coloured lady, in a gorgeous changeable silk dress, blue bonnet, and pink parasol. In the evening he had his stall at the Opera, in the portion of the house devoted

to ladies and gentlemen of colour, and into which no common white trash was allowed to intrude.

One morning, as I was sitting in the editorial rooms of the New Orleans *Picayune*, conversing with Mr. Kendall, the editor, a tall, fine-looking young negro of about five-and-twenty came in, very neatly dressed, and very smart in his appearance. He spoke a few moments to my friend on some matter of business, and left us.

"That man," said Mr. Kendall, "is a slave, and the head clerk and confidential business man of one of the largest cotton houses in New Orleans."

"He must be very valuable to them," I said.

"They would not take ten thousand dollars for him—for that matter, no money would buy him. Of course such a fellow as that could get his liberty any time he chose to take it; but he knows when he is well off. He could not have the same position in New York, nor be half so much respected as here. There, he might be a barber, or a whitewasher, or keep an oyster cellar. Here, he is in a first-rate mercantile position, lives in a pretty cottage, has a wife and family, and everything he can desire."

Perhaps not everything—but few of us have.

In Memphis I knew a negro slave who was entrusted to open and close, and have the chief care of his master's jewellery store, with a stock of some \$75,000 value. He worked in the garden and about the house during the day, and slept in the "store" at night—a solid, good, religious negro, who needed no overseer and was trusted with untold gold. He could have escaped at any time, with enough diamonds in his pocket to have made him comfortable for life; but he also knew when he was well off.

Visiting at a country villa near the same pretty town one day, two little negro slaves, who were learning the duties of house servants, were called in at night-fall by their mistress to say their prayers. They knelt down on the carpet before her, with their droll black faces and white eyeballs—and a fair little girl with blue eyes and golden hair came and knelt down between them, they all said together the Creed, the Our Father, and their other evening devotions.

The condition of household servants—slaves employed as cooks, chambermaids, waiters, laundresses, coachmen, gardeners, &c., differed but little from that of persons hired in the same

capacities; only they could not give notice to quit, nor be discharged. They lived as well as their masters and mistresses, and generally dressed better. They were proud of belonging to old, wealthy, and distinguished families. "Do you belong to the Wades?" some one asked of a negro cook. "Yes, sar," was the answer; "I belongs to them and they belongs to me." The ownership was mutual.

House servants were much oftener injured by indulgence than hurt by cruelty. Their work was light; they had many holidays; their comfort, present and future, was assured. In many cases they had their own way, and really governed the establishment. An old confidential negro servant gave his advice to his master more freely than a hired man would ever think of doing. If his master was old, they played as boys together. If young, the negro carried his master as a baby in his arms. It is certain that the tenderest relations often existed between a white family and the negro servants, "born in the house." At a birth or a wedding, all rejoiced together; at a funeral all mourned.

The negroes on a large plantation, engaged in cultivating cotton, rice, sugar, or tobacco, worked harder, of course, than domestic servants. There are seasons of heavy work, and long hours. There was of necessity something of the order and discipline of military service, but there was also the stimulus of combined movement. "Many hands make light work." In the cotton field one saw a dozen mule-teams ploughing. One woman held the plough, another drove. The men did the heavier work of the hoe, in gangs of twelve to twenty. Songs lightened the labour, and they were not too tired for a dance at night. When the cotton came up, it was weeded with plough and hoe. By midsummer the picking began. Women and men walked between the rows with bags hanging to their necks, picking off the white tufts right and left. The overseer, mounted on his horse or mule, rode from field to field, directing the labour. He had a whip, but I never saw him do more than crack it. Fifty or a hundred negroes had also whips or hoes. I leave the reader to judge what would have been the consequence if an overseer rode over a plantation, flogging the negroes right and left without rhyme or reason.

A large plantation had its hospital for the sick; there was light work or nursing for the old; a physician on the place, or in the

neighbourhood, had the direction of sanitary conditions, and two or three planters united to hire a chaplain for their estates, whose ministrations were attended by both whites and negroes. The last time I went down the Mississippi, one of my fellow-passengers was an episcopal clergyman from the North, who was going to fill such a post in Mississippi, while his daughter was to take the place of governess on one of the plantations. There were hundreds, perhaps thousands, of Northern clergymen and Northern ladies filling such situations in the Southern States. The ladies generally married at the South, and, so far as I have known, found no difficulty in becoming thoroughly reconciled to its institutions. Indeed, the Englishman or the Northerner, who had heard or read the abuse of the South for years, became, on visiting the country, so strongly impressed with the falsity and injustice of his former notions, that he was liable to go to the other extreme; and as the new convert who has just "gone over to Rome" is liable to become "more catholic than the Pope," so the Northern or English convert to Southern principles was very likely to go farther in defence of Southern institutions than the Southerners themselves, who were very frank in admitting the existence of evils, and very willing, when not pressed too insultingly from without, to look for remedies.

The slaves of small proprietors, planters making a beginning, having but two or three negroes, probably fared the hardest, and did the most work; but, on the other hand, they had certain advantages. They lived with the family upon more equal terms. Master and man worked together, and fared alike. They deadened timber, cut wood, planted corn and cotton, fished and hunted in company. When they had raised cotton enough, they bought another hand; and so went on, raising more cotton to buy more negroes, to raise more cotton, to buy more negroes, until there was a large plantation.

In the towns, slaves were employed in various handicrafts. In Richmond they worked by hundreds in the tobacco factories. In one of these, visited by Mr. Bryant, of the *New York Evening Post*, they were nearly all church members, who made the building resound with singing religious hymns. In New Orleans they worked in the cotton presses, and in lading and unlading ships and steamers. Often, walking along the levee, have I heard the negro chorus as they lowered hogsheads of sugar, or bales of

cotton, into the vessels. These town negroes were the most independent of all. Many of them hired their time—that is, paid their masters so much a month, and lived on the overplus of their wages. Their masters, however, were responsible for their good conduct, and for their support.

In a sparse white population, with no military, no police, few magistrates, and no prisons, or poorhouses, it was necessary that each planter should be the military and civil chief and magistrate of his estate. His position was much like that of a Scottish chieftain, an Arab sheik, the captain of a ship, or the commander of a military expedition. It was his business to keep order and administer justice. In England, a man who steals is sent to prison, or penal servitude; the negro got a few lashes.

It was the direct interest of every master that his negroes should be strong and healthy, and this interest, aside from all motives of humanity and religion, would lead him to provide them with the best sanitary conditions. It was no less his interest that his negroes should be temperate, honest, moral, and religious. That these motives of self-interest had their effect was shown by the great increase of the slave population. But I am sure higher motives were not wanting, and that thousands of masters conscientiously did the best they could for those whom Providence, as they believed, had entrusted to their care.

I am, by no means, unmindful of what has been written on the wrongs and sufferings of slavery; but it would not be difficult to find a match for every outrage truly attributed to slavery in the reports of the police, and parliamentary commissions of the most humane and civilised of nations in the same period.

## CHAPTER THIRTY-EIGHT

### *HATRED TO ENGLAND*

“Why,” is it sometimes asked, “does America hate England?” And the next question is—“But *does* America hate England?” Persons who ought to be well informed on the subject affirm and deny. I prefer to state such facts as I happen to know, and give such reasons as occur to me for the feelings which have existed, and may still to some extent exist, toward England among the great body of the American people. The best way to get over our prejudices is to examine their causes, and see whether they have any reasonable basis.

The year of my birth (1815) was that of the battle of Waterloo, and also that of New Orleans, which we Americans have always considered much the most glorious affair of the two, since General Jackson, with a few thousand Tennessee riflemen and hunters of Kentucky, conquered the conquerors of Napoleon. The same troops which were defeated by him on the 8th of January, 1815, returned to Europe and fought under Wellington at Waterloo, but with a different result.

“Old Jackson, he was wide awake,  
And was not scared at trifles,  
For well he knew what aim we take  
With our Kentucky rifles.”

CHORUS—“O Kentucky! The Hunters of Kentucky!”

Every American is proud of the defence of New Orleans, or was, before the war of secession and capture of New Orleans by Commodore Farragut obscured those ancient glories; only, it was a pity that such a battle should have been fought after peace

had been made by the commissioners at Ghent the previous autumn. Steam would have saved the useless bloodshed, and General Jackson might never have been President. England thought little of the repulse; probably not one Englishman in a thousand ever knew of it. News was long time in coming in those days, and though bad news is proverbially said to travel apace, news of military disaster is often smothered on the way. If this caused any mortification, it was amply compensated by the glories of Waterloo. America, until a recent period, celebrated the defence of New Orleans as one of her grandest and most decisive victories.

As we had just come out of the second war with England happy and glorious, having beaten the most powerful nation in the world in two great wars, and alike on land and sea, my earliest recollections are of the boasts of our national prowess. The successes of the new war revived the recollections of the old. The younger soldiers of the revolution were leaders in the war of 1812. One of the earliest songs that I remember—a revolutionary ballad—began with the lines:—

“Old England forty years ago,  
When we were young and slender,  
Conspired to give a mortal blow,  
But God was our defender.”

We also had a famous ballad which described the victory of the American squadron, commanded by Commodore Perry, over the British fleet, on Lake Erie, and another which gave a historical account of a similar naval victory on Lake Champlain. As in more classic or barbaric ages, every hero had his song. Our pretty numerous defeats were not celebrated or much talked about. One of the liveliest of the naval songs which I learned to sing in my childhood was a long description of the taking of the British frigate *Guerrière*, Hon. Captain Dacres, by the American frigate *Constitution*, Captain Hull. It was set to the once popular air of “A Landlady of France,” and began in this fashion:—

“It oft-times has been told  
How the British seamen bold  
Could flog the tars of France so neat and handy, O!  
But they never found their match  
Till the Yankees did them catch;  
Oh, the Yankee boys for fighting are the dandy, O!”

"The 'Guerrière,' a frigate bold,  
On the foaming ocean rolled,  
Commanded by proud Dacres, the grandee, O!  
With as choice a British crew  
As a rammer ever drew,—  
They could beat the Frenchman two to one so handy, O!"

So it went on, giving a full and particular account of the whole transaction, and crowing melodiously over the discomfited Britons.

The men of middle age now living in America all sang or heard these songs in their boyhood. Every Fourth of July, if not oftener, they listened to orations in praise of American patriotism and valour in the two wars with Great Britain, that tyrant power across the ocean, against which our fathers and grandfathers had fought, and which they had conquered. Many of the aged men I knew had fought in the revolution. The middle-aged were the heroes of the last war. Not a few had fought in both. Our whole history was in these two wars. Stories were told of them around the winter fireside. The grey-haired old man in the chimney-corner had fought the Hessians at Bennington under the New Hampshire hero, General Stark, who said, "We must beat them to-night, boys, or Molly Stark is a widow." Or he had been with Ethan Allen, when he called for the surrender of Ticonderoga, a mountain fortress on Lake Champlain. "By whose authority?" asked the British commander of the file of men that did garrison duty in this post in the wilderness. "In the name of God and the Continental Congress!" said Allen. Not much, according to all accounts, did the Vermont partisan care for either. Then we had long stories of the terrible battles of Saratoga, and the surrender of the British army under General Burgoyne. Five thousand men in those days was a great number. The loss of a second army of seven thousand, under General Cornwallis, surrendered to the Americans and the French land and naval forces at Yorktown, ended the War of Independence.

Then came the stories of the younger men who were with General Scott on the *Niagara*, or who shared in the fresh-water naval victories of Perry or McDonough. But the land laurels, excepting those gathered out of season by General Jackson at New Orleans, were, it must be confessed, a rather scanty crop. There were really some smart victories at sea; but in both wars we had at least two, defeats to one victory. Washington's great

merit was in making good retreats, and keeping an army together under the most adverse circumstances. He wore out armies by compelling them to follow him through difficult and exhausted regions. The extent of the country, the sparseness of its population, the cost and weariness of the struggle, and the aid of France, combined with the prudence of Washington and the valour of my countrymen, enabled them to gain their independence. In the last war—I mean that of 1812—England was fighting with Napoleon, or it might not have ended so soon, or, for us, so gloriously. There were a good many Americans who thought that it ought never to have been begun. It was declared, in some degree, no doubt, out of sympathy with France, and from motives of gratitude for her help in the revolution; but it is also true that the high-handed measures the British Government thought it necessary to take, in destroying American commerce by blockades and impressing seamen from American vessels, gave the Government of Mr. Madison a very sufficient excuse for declaring war.

The war was popular, especially after it had ended. The party that had declared and maintained it made plenty of political capital out of it; while the party that opposed it—the Peace party, the Hartford Convention Federalists—have never recovered from the odium of alleged British sympathies. There has not been an election in America in forty years—no, nor in eighty—in which a sustained charge of friendship to England would not have defeated the most hopeful prospects of success. Every one knows the fact. Let me try to give the reasons.

America has, properly speaking, no past. Her colonial history is British. Her nonage is scarcely remembered. Her whole history, beginning with the Declaration of Independence, in 1776, comprises less than a century. England was the enemy of her independence in a war of eight years. She has had no other enemy. The natural efforts of Great Britain to suppress an insurrection, subdue revolted colonies, put down “a wicked rebellion against the best Government on the face of the earth, and preserve the integrity of the Empire,” were terrible grievances to the rebels. Before and during the Revolutionary War, any man suspected of sympathy with the mother country was in danger of receiving a coat of tar and feathers, and getting a ride on a rail. Thousands of loyal Americans were driven from the colonies

by actual persecution, or the dread of such outrages. Benjamin Thompson, later known to the world as Count Rumford, was driven from Massachusetts for the suspicion of toryism or loyalty to the British Crown. If such was the feeling toward individual adherents, or suspected adherents to the Royal cause, what must have been the feeling to the Government and people of England?

The war of 1812 revived and embittered these feelings, which have not had time to die away. We had a brief war with Mexico, but the Mexicans were despised or pitied, not hated. The war was the consequence of a political movement, the annexation of Texas, and ended in the acquisition of vast territories. But there was England on the north, in her wide possessions, a bar to American ambition in that direction. The British flag floats over one-third of the continent, from ocean to ocean, and from the great lakes to the polar regions, including some of the richest and most beautiful territories in the temperate regions of the world.

From the day when the thirteen American colonies were lost to England by the perversity of her rulers, Americans have never given up the desire nor abandoned the design of separating the still loyal provinces of North America from the government of Great Britain, and adding them to their confederation. It is the favourite idea of Americans that the "Stars and Stripes" must float over every foot of land on the American continent. "America for the Americans!"

At the outbreak of the American Revolution in 1775, before the Declaration of Independence, almost the first act of the revolted colonists was to organise expeditions for the conquest of Canada. General Montgomery marched on Montreal by the route of Lake Champlain; which city, being defended by a small garrison, he took after a slight resistance. General Arnold, known afterwards as the traitor Arnold, in the meantime, and with almost incredible labours and hardships, had led a small army through the forests of Maine, and the two rebel generals united to besiege Quebec. Montgomery was killed at the head of an assaulting column; Arnold was severely wounded; the Americans were repulsed with heavy loss; the Canadians remained loyal, and the whole expedition proved an utter and mortifying failure. The Northern army, as it was called, retreated from Canada, according to John Adams, the second President of the United

States, "disgraced, defeated, discontented, dispirited, diseased, undisciplined, eaten up with vermin, with no clothes, beds, blankets, medicines, and no victuals but a scant supply of pork and flour." A physician sent to Lake Champlain to aid in the care of the sick, wrote—"At the sight of so much distress I wept till I had no power to weep."

Undeterred by this miserable experience, we had no sooner declared war on England, in 1812, than our old dreams of conquest and annexation were revived. General Hull invaded Canada from Detroit, but his expedition ended in his being driven back and attacked in his own stronghold, where he ingloriously surrendered to an inferior British force.

During the same summer another invasion was made from the New York frontier, near the falls of Niagara, by General Van Rensselaer. The invading force was met by the British and Colonial troops on the heights of Queenstown; a battle was fought in sight of the great cataract; and the heroic British General Brock, whose monument now crowns those heights, fell gloriously, while the Americans were hurled into the great chasm of the rapids, and few escaped to tell the story of their defeat. While the attacking column of one thousand was being defeated, killed, or taken prisoners by the British troops, a reinforcement of fifteen hundred of their countrymen stood on the opposite bank of the river, spectators of the fight, and utterly refused to cross the river to the aid of their brethren, on the ground that as militia volunteers they were not obliged to leave their own territory.

In 1813, a third attempt, directed this time against Montreal, was made by General Wilkinson with a force of seven thousand men. This force was defeated near Williamsburg, while descending the St. Lawrence, and the expedition was abandoned.

This did not prevent a fourth invasion the following year, under General Brown, on the Niagara frontier. Here Lieut-General Scott, late commander-in-chief of the Federal army, won his earliest laurels in a sharp engagement at Lundy's Lane. The losses of the British and Americans were nearly equal. General Brown and Captain Scott were both wounded; and the Americans thought it prudent to retire to Fort Erie; which they soon abandoned, making a further retreat to their own territories.

Americans have never given up this idea of the annexation of Canada. The disturbances of 1837 came near being magnified, by

their sympathy and assistance, into a formidable rebellion. They supplied the money, the men, and the provisions. Nine-tenths of the insurgent forces that gathered at Navy Island, Prescott, and in the Detroit river, and all the officers, were Americans. Powder and arms were furnished from American arsenals. While organized companies of sympathisers invaded Canada, the American farmers along the frontier made liberal contributions for their support. The rebels on Navy Island were commanded by Van Rensselaer, a grandson of the general who, in 1813, had commanded the invading Americans at the battle of Queenstown. The defences of the island were planned by an American graduate of the West Point Military Academy.

Not only have the great body of the people of the United States, during a period of eighty years, looked upon the annexation of the British Provinces of North America as a most desirable event, and one certain, sooner or later, to be accomplished, but American statesmen, and those of the highest positions, have had a thorough sympathy with these popular ideas. I cannot cite a better instance than that of Mr. Seward, late American Secretary of State, under President Lincoln, who gave expression to this idea on several occasions, and particularly in his remarkable speech at St. Paul, the capital of Minnesota, September 18, 1860, during the political canvass for the election of his successful rival to the Presidency. Of course, when Mr. Seward made this speech, he knew that in the event of Mr. Lincoln's election, he was to be his Prime Minister.

Mr. Seward said: "I find myself now, for the first time, on the highlands of the centre of the continent of North America, equidistant from the waters of Hudson's Bay and the Gulf of Mexico—from the Atlantic Ocean to the ocean in which the sun sets—here, on the spot where spring up, almost side by side, so that they may kiss each other, the two great rivers; the one of which, pursuing its strange, capricious, majestic career, through cascade, and river, and rapid, lake after lake, and river after river, finally—after a course of twenty-five hundred miles—brings your commerce half-way to the ports of Europe; and the other, after meandering through woodland and prairie a distance of twenty-five hundred miles, taking in tributary after tributary, from the east, and from the west, bringing together the waters of the western declivities of the Alleghanies, and those which trickle

down the eastern sides of the Rocky Mountains, finds the Atlantic Ocean in the Gulf of Mexico. Here is the central place where the agriculture of the richest region of North America must bear its tribute to the supplies of the whole world. On the east, all along the shores of Lake Superior, and on the west, stretching in one broad plain, in a belt quite across the continent, is a country where State after State is yet to rise, and where the productions for the support of human society in other crowded States must be brought forth. This is, then, a commanding field; but it is as commanding in regard to the destinies of this continent, as it is in regard to its commercial future, for power is not to reside permanently on the eastern slope of the Alleghany Mountains, nor in the seaports. Seaports have always been overrun and controlled by the people of the interior. The power of this Government is not to be established on the Atlantic or the Pacific coast. The power that shall speak and express the will of men on this continent is to be located in the Mississippi valley, and at the sources of the Mississippi and the St. Lawrence.

"In other days I have cast about for the future, the ultimate central seat of power of the North American people. I had looked at Quebec, and New Orleans, at Washington, and San Francisco, at Cincinnati, and St. Louis, and it had been the result of my last conjecture that the seat of power for North America would yet be found in the valley of Mexico; that the glories of the Aztec capital would be renewed, and that it would become ultimately the capital of the United States of America. But I have corrected that view, and I now believe that the ultimate, last seat of power on this continent will be found somewhere within a radius not very far from the spot where I stand, at the head of navigation on the Mississippi river. I had never, until now, occupied that place whence I could take in and grasp the whole grand panorama of the continent, for the happiness of whose present people, and future millions, it is the duty of the American statesman to labour."

In this remarkable speech, Mr. Seward embodied the ideas, hopes, and ambitions of the American people. He adopted their motto —

"No pent-up Utica contracts our powers,  
But the whole boundless continent is ours."

Canada, and Mexico, the British possessions, and Central America,

all help to form the empire of his aspirations, and for which he sought a fitting capital. He examined Quebec and Mexico with an impartial consideration, and chose the centre of the continent as the site of the future capital of the omnipotent and omnivorous Republic.

Up to the War of Secession there had been an insuperable obstacle to the annexation of the British Provinces, supposing that they could be conquered. The South would never, of late years, have consented to such a preponderance of Northern and Free States. Only by adding a Southern State for each Northern one could her co-operation have been secured. This obstacle no longer exists. With the conquest of the South, and her subjugation under the political rule of negroes and "carpet baggers," the North is left free to carry out her dreams by annexation or conquest.

To the American, England was a tyrant, which America, after a long struggle, had overcome. England, full of rage and jealousy, began again to insult and outrage America, which led to a second war, in which America was also victorious. England still hinders American progress, by keeping her grasp upon large neighbouring territories. Americans believe that England dreads their growing power, and is envious of their prosperity. They detest and hate England accordingly. They have "licked" her twice, and can "lick" her again. I cannot remember the time when the idea of a war with England was not popular in America. I never, except for a brief period, heard a threat of war with any other power. France was our earliest friend. We like Russia, perhaps, still better. In the Crimean war, although France was the ally of England, we gave our sympathies to the great northern power. We hoped the allies would be driven out of the Crimea; or, if they met with any success, we wished the French to have all the glory. And it is quite true that the great body of Americans, at least in the Northern States, have always sympathized in every indication of rebellion against the British Government, in Canada, in Ireland, in India.

This was the feeling of America when I was born, and it is to a considerable extent the feeling to-day of, at least, the Northern half of it. The South does not border on Canada—it was not the scene of so many conflicts in either war, and there is not in the South a great mass of Irish citizens whose votes carry elections,

and who participate in, though they by no means originate, the anti-English feeling in the Northern States of America. The course taken by the British Government in the civil war of Secession, and the evident sympathy with the rebel States of not only the aristocracy, and the press, but the great mass of the English people, has not diminished hatred to England.

I do not mention these facts to revive hard and hateful feelings on either side. Nations of the same race, language, civilisation, and religion ought to be friends; but we see them often the bitterest and most relentless of foes. I lament the fact—but why seek to hide what will not be hidden?

That there are great numbers of Americans who have a real love and genuine reverence for the great country of their ancestry is not less true, and I wish to be understood as making all needful exceptions. Our history, beyond two centuries, is English; most of our literature is English; the education and religious laws and institutions of America have come chiefly from England. American hatred of England is a political tradition, like English hatred to France. Englishmen can remember when Frenchmen were considered their natural enemies. They have come to be friends and allies. If some abstract idea of a Political England is hated in America, Englishmen are not. An English author, speaker, actor, artist, has as cordial a recognition in America as any one could desire. Americans who reside for any time in England, whatever their prejudices may have been, soon come to love the country and the people with a great and earnest love—the love of blood and race, a common ancestry and a common mother land.

## CHAPTER THIRTY-NINE

### *THE WAR BEGUN*

A large majority of the people of New York were friendly to the South. Great numbers of New York merchants were engaged in Southern trade; New York manufacturers had their best market in the Southern States; New York capitalists found the most profitable employment for their funds in making advances on Southern cotton, sugar, rice, and tobacco. In New York, also, the Democratic party, which had always been in favour of State rights, always governed the Empire City, and for long periods ruled the Empire State.

I saw the secret naval expedition, sent to the relief of Fort Sumter, steam down New York harbour, and out of the Narrows. Crowds looked on with a gloomy curiosity, foreboding evil. Not a cheer was raised—not a gun was fired. The fleet steamed away in silence, and no voice said, *God speed*.

A few days after came the news of the appearance of the fleet at Charleston, of the attack on Fort Sumter by the Confederate batteries under General Beauregard, and then of its surrender. In one day, New York changed its aspect. The friends of the South were silenced by this attack upon the flag of the Union; her enemies were excited to a frenzy against her. A thousand flags were raised. The national colours were displayed everywhere; noisy mobs went about the streets compelling Southern sympathizers to run up the Stars and Stripes; and in a whirlwind of excitement, and with a display like that of some great national holiday, the North decided upon war.

Not that the North was unanimous. Far from it. Great numbers

of leading men, more than two hundred newspapers, and in some districts a majority of the population, were opposed to the whole policy of coercion. They believed it to be unconstitutional, anti-republican, and impossible of success. But all these were overborne by a noisy, violent, insane war party; and all the excitable weak-minded were drawn into the fatal movement. President Lincoln, who, up to his arrival in Washington, appears to have had no proper idea of the crisis he was to meet, issued a hasty call upon the governors of the Northern and unseceded States for troops to put down the insurrection. The governors of every Slave State indignantly refused to comply with this requisition, which they pronounced unlawful and wicked; but the governors of the free States which had given Lincoln majorities responded promptly, and, in a few days, several thousands of men were on the way to Washington, to defend the honour of the flag, and the safety of the capital. These first volunteers were regiments of organized militia, well-armed, equipped, and disciplined, so far as troops can be disciplined, in peaceful evolutions.

In New York these early volunteers were among the finest of the militia regiments which gave splendour to the processions of Broadway. They were composed of merchants, shopkeepers, and the better class of mechanics. The 7th Regiment, one of the first to march to Washington, as well as one of the first to return, was composed of almost an aristocracy. It could contribute thousands of dollars to the wants of other less fortunate regiments. In Washington it was quartered in the Capitol, and took its meals at the fashionable hotels.

It is remarkable that four-fifths of those who, in the early stage of the war, marched to the defence of Washington, were opposed to Mr. Lincoln's administration, and to the policy of coercion. This is the reason why whole regiments left the field on the morning of the battle and rout of Bull's Run. They did not like to invade Virginia, nor did they believe that the Government had the right to march them there. They were ready to defend the capital of the nation, not to subjugate sovereign and independent States, whose people, according to the Declaration of Independence, and their own State constitutions, had the right not only to separate from Great Britain some years before, but at all times to choose such form of government as to them should seem best adapted to secure their prosperity and happiness.

Thus, while the Southern forces were animated by all the ardour which inspires men who fight for their homes and their rights, a large portion of the Northern army was led upon the field against its wishes and convictions, and took the earliest opportunity that offered to get as far from it as possible—the greater number running to Washington, and some hundreds keeping on in their flight until they reached New York.

The first hasty levy, made upon false pretences, exhausted the organized militia. The regiments who went to the defence of Washington, for the most part, returned the moment the short time for which they had been called out had expired. Very few ever went back again. The members of the Irish 69th, which, judging from its losses in killed and wounded, must have fought bravely at Bull's Run, assured me, both officers and men, that they would never return. The men, poor fellows, made only this reservation—they would not volunteer again, unless driven to do so by starvation. Brigadier-General Thomas Francis Meagher afterwards succeeded in organizing a new 69th Regiment; but I venture to assert that it did not contain ten per cent. of the rank and file of the surviving members of the old regiment.

The two recruiting officers of Mr. Lincoln's army, raised after these first levies, were General Peculation and General Starvation. I write only of what I saw in New York and its neighbourhood; but I believe the same state of things existed in every Northern city. Needy and ambitious adventurers set up for captains, colonels, and even for brigadier-generals. Every man who could raise a certain number of recruits could secure a commission, of a grade proportionate, not to his military capacity, but his success in enticing men to enlist. Many of these officers were from the lowest classes of society. Some were gamblers, some devotees of the prize-ring, some keepers of low drinking-houses. The higher grades were broken-down politicians, used-up speculators, and characterless adventurers. I have seen conduct in epauletted officers, and heard language, which would degrade the veriest blackguard. An officer in uniform, walking arm-in-arm with a drunken recruit, was no uncommon spectacle. A man who could raise a thousand dollars towards the organization of a regiment, could get the appointment of quarter-master, or the, perhaps, more desirable appointment of sutler, and so have the opportunity to plunder both the Government and the regi-

ment, on the condition of dividing a fair percentage of his unfair gains among the commissioned officers.

If such were the officers, what were the rank and file of the volunteers? Bear in mind that at the outbreak of the war there was a general panic, a stagnation of trade, and a suspension of industry. Hundreds of thousands were thrown out of employment, and left without support. Zealous partizans of the government in New England closed their shops and manufactories, in some cases when not compelled to do so, to force their workmen to volunteer. I have seen some of these workmen returning home to England and Ireland, rather than enlist in the Northern army.

While imminent danger of starvation was driving men into the ranks on the one hand, the Government at Washington held out tempting inducements on the other. The pay was raised to thirteen dollars a month, with everything found, with the promise of an additional bounty of one hundred dollars to each man at the end of his term of service.

But even with these inducements and necessities, I never saw a more ragged and wretched set of recruits than were paraded through the streets of New York, and gathered into the military camps on Staten Island, and other places in the vicinity. As numbers were of more consequence than quality in the work of filling up companies and regiments, all were taken that offered. Hundreds of poor loafers were fed and lodged for weeks at one regimental depot, and when rejected by the Government officers, they went and immediately volunteered, for present support, in some other corps in its formative stages.

With an army so offered, and so recruited, who can wonder at the ill-success of the Northern arms in the first years of the war? Who can wonder at the outrages committed on the soil of Virginia and all the invaded States, which must alienate and madden the people of the South for generations?

In speaking of the New York volunteers, I must not forget to make suitable mention of two regiments which were expected to do much toward the subjugation of the whole Southern Confederacy. I refer to two regiments of Zouaves—the Firemen's and Billy Wilson's. The first was recruited from the roughs of the New York volunteer fire companies—probably the most independent and insubordinate set of rowdies that even an Ameri-

can city could furnish. Colonel Ellsworth had been a shop-boy in Chicago, an amateur soldier, and later a law-student in the office of Mr. Lincoln, in Springfield, Illinois, when the President of the United States was a third-rate lawyer in a third-rate country town. Ellsworth, a mere boy in years, and with no military experience, took command of twelve hundred unmanageable desperadoes. Their whole military career was a continuous "spree," or a series of outrages. To get them out of Washington they were sent over into Virginia. Their colonel was the first man killed, in a boyish and unmilitary exploit. They marched upon the field at Bull's Run only to be scattered into fragments at the first onset of a Southern regiment. Practised runners with their fire-engines, they headed the great run back to Washington, but did not stop there; and in twenty-four hours the greater part of them were celebrating their defeat with their comrades in the engine-houses of New York. When men deserted by companies and regiments, it was useless for the Government to think of arresting or punishing deserters. It was much easier to suppress newspapers and imprison civilians suspected of treasonable sentiments.

Colonel William Wilson—or Billy Wilson, as he was universally denominated—raised another regiment of Zouaves, which was expected to be as terrible in its effectiveness as the one above described. Billy Wilson, a small, wiry, dark-complexioned, hard-headed, uneducated man of the people, had devoted his early energies to the profession of pugilism. His successes in the prize ring, and the influence he had thereby acquired over the class to which he belonged, naturally made him a chief in political caucuses, and he became a recognized underground leader of one of the parties or factions in New York politics. At the outbreak of the war he saw a new opening for his ambitious aspirations, and he had no trouble in raising a regiment, which was said to have been entirely composed of pugilists, bullies, rowdies, and thieves.

Colonel Billy knew his men—mere boys they were for the most part—and they knew him. He promised to lead them where they would half of them be killed in the first fortnight, and they brandished their knives with delight. He promised the survivors each a plantation in the South, well stocked with negroes, and their ecstasy was boundless. They fell on their

knees in Tammany Hall, at a public meeting held in their honour, and suitably attended, and, with uplifted knives, swore to defend the flag which had just been presented to them with a fervid oration by some patriot who preferred to stay at home, and to exterminate all traitors.

New York breathed more freely when this regiment was marched down to its barracks on Staten Island. One Sunday a worthy Methodist preacher went down to give them some spiritual instruction. Colonel Billy paraded his regiment to be preached to, and took his place beside the minister to keep his boys in order. When the exercises were over, Colonel Billy thought he would improve the occasion, and enforce the good lesson they had received. "Boys!" said he, "I want you to remember what this preacher has said to you. He has said it for your good, and you had better believe it. If you don't you'll be sorry, for you are going down South in a few days, and one half of you will be in h—ll before three weeks are over!"

"Three cheers for h—ll," shouted one of these valiant soldiers.

The cheers were given with a will by twelve hundred not very melodious voices, followed by the inevitable "tiger,"—a general growl.

"What does this mean?" asked the astonished and frightened preacher.

"Oh! the boys are all right," said the blandly smiling Colonel Billy. "The fact is, they are not very well posted in their Scripture, and think h—ll is a nice place down towards New Orleans, and they are all d—d anxious to get there."

In the large towns and cities in America the volunteer regiments, brigades, and even divisions of uniformed militia have been of a highly respectable and even brilliant character. The cities of the North and South have had much pride and a degree of rivalry in the elegance and discipline of their crack regiments. New York regiments visited Richmond, Charleston, and Augusta, Southern cities, where they were received with true Southern hospitality, and Southern regiments or companies sometimes made a summer excursion to New York or Boston, where they were treated like brother soldiers.

There was a great charm in these organisations. The privates in the ranks were gentlemen; men, at least, of a certain social position and with sufficient means to bear the expense of

such military excursions, which sometimes cost one or two hundred pounds to every man. When they visited a distant city, they were all received as guests, and found every house thrown open to entertain them. They were invited to every place of amusement, whole populations turned out to welcome them, and they spent their time in balls and festivities. The *esprit de corps* operates on such occasions to make every man take to himself the honours paid to the body to which he belongs; which is, in fact, one of the principal sources of happiness in all organisations. When the War of Secession began, these voluntary military organisations formed the nucleus of the Southern army, which comprised the very *élite* of her youthful population. They marched at once from every Southern town, and fought upon the battle-fields of Virginia. Charleston, South Carolina, alone sent ten such companies, two of which were German, and two Irish.

At the same period—the spring of 1861—the *Mobile Advertiser* said:—“Troops are arriving and departing constantly. For the most part the men are fine, soldierly-looking fellows, with a very strong sprinkling of the *élite* of the South, who have doffed broadcloth and left luxurious mansions to wear homespun and take soldiers’ fare. We saw yesterday a company in one of the Mississippi regiments, of whom nearly all were regular college graduates. These are the men who are abandoning everything but ‘sacred honour’ at the call of their country. Can these men be conquered?”

One of the strangest scenes of the war occurred at this early period, before the State of Tennessee had passed the Act of Secession. Memphis, Tennessee, is situated on the Mississippi, in the south-western corner of the State, near the boundary of the State of Mississippi. Four hundred North Mississippi Confederate troops, on their way to join the Southern army, found it convenient to pass through Memphis.

They were received at the railway station by a Memphis artillery company, which fired a salute. The other military companies of Memphis, and the citizens generally, turned out to honour them, and greeted them with lively demonstrations of respect. They were escorted through the streets, with the two flags, the “stars and stripes” of the United States, and the “stars and *bars*” of the Confederate States, flying over them, side by

side. It was surely a strange circumstance, that, going to the wars, troops should not only pass quietly through a portion of the enemy's territory, but that they should meet with shouts of welcome, and that the enemy's flag should be thrown over them as an emblem of hospitable protection.

Over the whole South the war was a point of honour, and no man who had the least regard for his character could keep out of the army, if of suitable age, unless engaged in even more important duties. In the North it was entirely different. Great numbers, in some districts a large majority of the people, were opposed to the war. They did not believe in its necessity, its justice, its policy. They stood by the principles of American politics, which poor Horace Greeley so strenuously asserted for a time, and then as pitifully abandoned; stood by the principles which had been publicly professed by President Lincoln, and every member of his Cabinet, and by the whole American people.

After the first fury of excitement, consequent upon the surrender of Fort Sumter, was over, and especially after the inglorious fiasco of Bull Run, the war was never popular at the North. It was necessary to offer large bounties to get men to volunteer. Then it came to conscriptions; and, as a rule, every conscript who was able to do so hired a substitute, paying five hundred, a thousand, fifteen hundred dollars to some poor Irishman, German, or Canadian to take his place, so that he could stay at home, speculate in army contracts, or in some way make money out of the war. Hundreds of Northern men made a business, and made fortunes, by hiring substitutes for conscripts who feared a Southern climate would not agree with them. Many towns raised the money, by a general rate or contribution, to hire the quota of men the Government demanded.

The war made business as war always does—the business of enormous waste. Money was very plentiful. The Government issued paper money, which was soon at a discount, until it took more than two dollars of paper to buy one in gold or silver. Specie payments were suspended, and to this day (1874) have never been resumed.

In the South there were, of course, greater financial difficulties. With her whole coast blockaded by the Northern fleets, she could sell no cotton, tobacco, or rice, save the few cargoes carried off by the blockade runners. The Government at Rich-

mond issued paper for all its needs; and as the war went on and the contest became hopeless, and the men and means of the South were visibly wasting day by day, this paper fell in its nominal or conventional valuation, until the pretence of its being any longer money was ridiculous. It was hardly worth the paper on which it was printed; and at the close of the war, when there was no longer powder to burn or men to burn it, this whole mass of Southern currency became mere waste paper in the hands of those who held it.

The whole South was moneyless, bankrupt, disorganised and desolate. Large portions of the country had been over run and ravaged by the Federal armies. Four years of war had exhausted the people. The slaves, set free by Act of Congress, would no longer work, and gathered in the towns to be fed by the Freedman's Bureau—a government charity. The country, North and South, was full of mourning; but the North also rejoiced in her victory, all the more that it had been so long in coming. The South was in despair as well as desolation. The country was ruined—the cause was lost—her richest blood had been shed in vain.

The odds against the South were too strong. Four millions of her population were negroes, of whom she made no use as soldiers. The Federal Government called out more than two millions and a half of men. The South had in 1864, 549,000. The Federal losses during the war were estimated at 275,000. The State of New York furnished 223,836 men; at the end of the war there remained of these 125,000. There was a waste of one third every year, half of which was by wounds in battle.

In the last campaign of the war, whose operations were directed by Gen. Grant, the Federal forces in the field outnumbered the Confederates three to one at least; and the Federal losses in Virginia far exceeded the number of General Lee's army which finally surrendered. A large part of this loss was occasioned by a want of generalship in the Federal leaders. Seldom in modern warfare have men been so recklessly expended. But politicians ruled at Washington; the country was impatient; and General Grant's only idea of strategy was to keep fighting, sure that, whatever his own losses, he could bear them better than the beleaguered, fast wasting, doomed Confederates.

How the North conquered the South; how General Grant

defeated General Lee; how the war was brought to its end in four years and three months from its commencement in 1861, may be seen by the statistics of the last year of war in Virginia. General Grant assumed the command of the Northern Army in May, 1864, and crossed the Rapidan with 125,000 men. General Lee had at that time an effective force of 52,000. Grant's reinforcements up to the battle of Cold Harbour, June 3, were 97,000; Lee's to the same date were 18,000, so that Grant had 222,000 men, and Lee 70,000—more than three to one. Then came the battles of the Wilderness, and when both armies had reached the James River, June 10, Grant's army had lost 117,000, and Lee's army had lost 19,000. Grant had more than three men to Lee's one, he lost more than six to Lee's one, and lost more than the whole number that Lee had under his command. And this work went on all the autumn, and winter, and spring, and six Northerners were killed or wounded for every Southerner placed *hors de combat*, until the South was exhausted, and Lee surrendered. It was his generalship which ended the war and made Grant President.

The general sympathy with the South in England and several other countries in Europe was owing to several causes. Generous men naturally take the side of the weaker party. There was some jealousy of the growing power of the Western Republic. English manufacturers hoped for a better market with a free-trade agricultural country. Monarchists were not sorry to see a Republic made by one revolution divided by another. And Liberals and Republicans naturally held to the right of every people to choose their own form of government. Whatever the reasons may have been, the sympathy with the South in England was all but universal. But for the question of slavery, which inevitably became mingled with the war as it went on, there would have been but one feeling in England; and there is little doubt that there would have been an early recognition of the independence of the Confederate States. As it was, nearly the whole press of England was Confederate in its sympathies, and the people, not only the upper and middle classes, but the lower were full of admiration for the South. It was shown in many ways. Popular theatres produced Confederate dramas; Confederate songs were sung in all the Music Halls of London, and I presume also in the provinces. We saw everywhere the portraits of

Lee, Beauregard, and Stonewall Jackson. But it is only necessary to remember the leading articles and correspondence of the *Times*, *Daily Telegraph*, *Standard*, *Saturday Review*, &c., to remember the sensation produced by the affair of the *Trent*, to recall the general feeling of England, and Western Europe respecting the civil war in America.

Of course, the Federal Government, and the loyal people of the North felt all this very bitterly, and rejoiced all the more in their victory, not only over their rebels at home, but their enemies abroad.

The history of the war has yet to be written.

## CHAPTER FORTY

### *AFTER THE WAR*

The war, which was to have been fairly ended in ninety days, lasted four years. It was carried on in a spirit of rage and hatred. It ended in the utter defeat and ruin of the South. The whole Southern country had been overrun by Northern armies which ate up and destroyed everything in their way. Spreading their wings of cavalry, these armies covered a track fifty miles broad, which was swept clean of horses, cattle, and provisions of all kinds. In large regions the houses of the inhabitants were plundered and burnt. Whole libraries of Southern gentlemen were packed up and sent to the north. Plate, furniture, pianofortes, everything worth carrying off had the same destination. What the soldiers could not carry they destroyed. They demolished pianofortes with axes, they took the finest mahogany furniture to feed their fires. The whole negro population was swept off by the invading armies, and a few thousands—186,000 in all—were made into soldiers—an expensive and not very successful experiment. It was war, in short; and the Northern Americans, who were to a large extent mercenaries, bribed by heavy bounties, or well-paid as substitutes, did not behave any better in the South than the Germans did in France in 1870.

It was not a war of nation against nation; but a civil war—proverbially the most bitter and ferocious. With the North it was a war against rebels and traitors, who were attempting to destroy the greatest nation, the most powerful empire, on the face of the earth—“wicked rebels against “the best Government ever devised by the wisdom of man!” One and all, they deserved

to be hanged. Whoever will look up a file of English newspapers of a century ago, will find just such diatribes against Washington and Jefferson as were published in a thousand Northern journals against General Lee and Jefferson Davis.

When the war had ended by the utter exhaustion of the South, and the surrender of her armies, the fury of the North had spent itself. The military commanders had learned to respect their enemy, and the Southern troops were generously treated. Mr. Davis was accused of being accessory to the assassination of President Lincoln, and kept for some time in prison, but was finally liberated, on bail, but has never been brought to trial nor in any way molested. A man and woman, suspected of being accomplices of Booth, were hanged at Washington. A German, accused of cruel treatment to Northern prisoners in the South, was also hanged. These, I believe, were all who suffered the punishment of death after the war was over.

The war itself, and the results of the war, were a sufficient punishment, even in the eyes of the North, for the awful crime of rebellion against the larger half of a nation of rebels. The whole South was a conquered territory, with a ruined people. Its wealth was exhausted, its industry destroyed. Four millions of negroes had been made freedmen. Only the land was left—the whole system of labour was disorganised. The paper money, which had sunk in value during the war until a thousand dollars would scarcely pay a dollar, had no longer any value. Without money, without labour, and the country almost eaten up by the war—seldom has any people been left in a more pitiable condition.

But a worse fate was to befall them. The negroes had not only been freed by the war from any obligation to work for their former masters, but they had been made free citizens, independent voters, and eligible to all the offices of the country. A swarm of political adventurers from the North went among the negroes and instructed them in the mysteries of Northern politics. In the reconstruction of the Southern States, these "Carpet-baggers," as they were called, because they brought their whole fortunes in their hands, organised the negroes, selected from among them members of the State legislatures, and even some members of Congress, got themselves elected to the most lucrative offices, and, supported by the Government at

Washington as the party of loyalty, they taxed and plundered the Southern people. Wherever there was a negro majority they ruled, and robbed, and ruined. In South Carolina and Mississippi there are negro majorities, and nearly all the members of the legislatures are negroes. Negroes fill all the inferior offices of the State; only the more important ones being reserved for their carpet-bagger leaders. Many of these legislators cannot read. They are vain, pompous, imitative, luxurious. A negro, who a few years ago was a house servant or plantation slave, gets elected to the legislature, drives his fast horses, lives in a fine house, covers himself with jewellery. The State is overwhelmed with debt; the Northern cormorants pile up fortunes; the taxes are increased until the land cannot bear its burthen, and is sold for a song, and bought up, perhaps, by the men who have created the taxes it is sold to pay. This is a picture of South Carolina at the moment when these words are written.

The Rev. James Freeman Clarke, a Boston clergyman, after a visit to South Carolina in 1874, gave his congregation an account of what he saw and heard. "Just consider," he said to his Northern hearers, "the condition of South Carolina. It reminds one now of the operation in agriculture which we call trenching, when the soil which is uppermost is put underneath, and that which is underneath is put on the top. Everything is upside down in South Carolina at the present time. The negroes who were slaves ten years ago are now the masters, and the whites are now utterly subject to them. The whole power of the State is in the hands of the coloured people. There are now about twenty white men in the South Carolina Legislature. The remainder are coloured men, most of whom cannot read or write. I saw one coloured man, who is now a candidate for the next Legislature, who not only cannot read and write, but maintains it as a proposition that no one who can write ought to be allowed in the Legislature. This man is also Trustee and Superintendent of Schools in a certain district of the State. The coloured men who go to the Legislature poor as they can be, often come back driving horses worth 1,000 dollars a pair, and after being in the Legislature a session or two, purchase houses which cost 10,000 dollars. All the rascalities, all the rings in New York, the lobbies at Albany, the thefts at Harrisburg — all these are openly imitated at Columbia by the coloured people and their allies."

Where there was not a negro majority, one was easily manufactured by the managers at Washington and their agents. All those who had participated in the Rebellion in any way were disfranchised. As almost every white man of any worth in the South had engaged in the war, there were few voters left but the negroes and their white allies from the North. And if, as in Louisiana, the Southern men could get a clear majority in spite of the frauds unscrupulously used against them, the Government at Washington still recognised the loyal, or republican State Government, and supported it by military force. Ten years have passed since the war, and a large portion of the South is under the rule of ignorant negroes and Northern plunderers.

In some of the Northern States no man is allowed to vote unless he can read the Constitution of the State. Intelligence is everywhere considered the only safe basis of Republican institutions; but when the South was to be punished for her exercise of "the right of revolution," the whole mass of her negro population, without education, without preparation, was suddenly made into citizens, voters, and legislators, and then organised so as to become the governors, the despots, and the plunderers of their former masters. And this was the wisdom and generosity of the North—this the way to make a loyal, union loving South, and a united and prosperous country! It is not to be wondered at that the patience of the Southern people should be exhausted, that there should be outbreaks of a war of races, that negroes should arm against the whites, and whites against the negroes, that barricades should be thrown up in the streets of New Orleans. And it would not be strange, should the present policy be continued, if within five years the whole South were to blaze into another rebellion, or a terrible scene of contest and carnage. Those who were children during the war of Secession are becoming men and women. They have been educated in the spirit of the war, and are suffering the punishment of Northern and negro rule that has followed it. Is there any human probability that they will bear this humiliating and degrading state of things much longer?

The poor negroes are not to be blamed. During the war they were loyal to their masters. With only the old men, women, and children left on the plantations, they worked faithfully until driven away by the invaders. They were set free by no act of

their own. The emancipation of the negroes was an act of war, intended to conciliate the abolitionists of New England and Old England.

The raising of the negroes to a political equality with the white population of the South, while the rebels were disfranchised, was intended to punish the rebels, secure the power of the North, and enable the political speculators who flocked to the South to revel on the plunder alike of the white and negro populations. And the negroes, by their former condition, their ignorance, and it must also be said, by their natural character, were adapted to become the ready tools of these Northern adventurers, this swarm of carpet-baggers that all decent Northern men hold in detestation.

I copy a few paragraphs from the *New York Times*, a leading Republican journal and supporter of General Grant's administration, to show at once the truth of the account of negro rule given above, and that Northern journalists are opening their eyes to its enormities. Under the head of "Negro rule in the South," it says:— "At a moment when the sad condition of affairs in Louisiana is attracting the attention of the whole country, and when Mississippi has elected a steam-boat porter to the United States Senate only because his skin is black, the proceedings of the South Carolina Legislature are more scandalous than at any time since the close of the war. With Louisiana we have recently dealt at length, and we need not now refer to it more in detail. Mississippi is not in so bad a condition, and has not been plundered to the same extent, but the recent elections prove that the State can hope for no substantial prosperity under its present control. It is, however, in South Carolina that negro domination in affairs is most pronounced, and there its evils are most apparent. There would be little cause to complain that the manners of the legislators are not better than in former years if their morals had improved. But this, unhappily, does not appear to be the case. The Legislature of South Carolina is apparently a gang of thieves, intent only upon plundering the people whom it is supposed to serve. Long practice has made the Legislature of the State a perfected system of brigandage. Ignorant negroes, transplanted from the cotton fields to the halls of the Capitol, where they have been drilled by unscrupulous white adventurers, have naturally made a mockery of Government, and bankrupted the State. It is not

surprising that such legislators, representing constituencies debased by a long period of vassalage, and under such tutelage, should have displayed an ingenuity in fraud which has no parallel in history.

"It is among the least of the deplorable consequences of negro supremacy in South Carolina that the credit of the State has been utterly destroyed. The State debt has been increased over 10,000,000 dols. since the close of the war, and nothing has been secured in public improvements for this prodigal waste of the public revenues. The bonds of the State are worthless, and matters have now become so desperate that the robbers who rule it are forced to depend for their stealings upon the pittance of taxation which can still be wrung from an impoverished people. Public morals have been so debased that any hope for purification from within the State can hardly be entertained."

It was this "condign punishment" which the North deliberately inflicted upon the South by Act of Congress. The *New York Herald* of June 8, 1874, describes South Carolina as "lying prostrate and helpless under the foot of the spoiler, her citizens impoverished, business ruined, enterprise destroyed, lands sold for taxes, her people at the mercy of an ignorant and dishonest rabble, her legislators and her rulers a gang of unprincipled adventurers and shameless thieves, and the whole State crying to the President, to Congress, and even to the passer-by, for succour and relief."

The *Pall Mall Gazette* of August 20, 1874, gives an intelligent and considerate view of the condition of the South, and the policy of Northern reconstruction of her conquered territories:—

"The American people are now in the very midst of a difficulty of which almost anybody might have foreseen the beginning, but of which no one can predict the end. When, at the close of the civil war, they resolved upon the portentous experiment of enfranchising a vast negro population and transferring to them the bulk of political power, it is difficult to imagine that even the least thoughtful of Americans could have been unimpressed by the seriousness of the step about to be taken. To make slaves not only free but practically masters of their former owners at a single stroke was in itself a political measure without a precedent in the past history of civilized countries; and yet

this represents only one half of the American venture. The enfranchisement of the coloured population of the Southern States assumed for its success not only the general expediency of transposing the position of master and slave, but also the capacity of the negro race for the exercise of any political rights at all. Violent as both assumptions were, the latter was probably the more violent of the two; but taken together they involved a demand upon the hopefulness of the people and on their blind faith in the impeccability of democratic government, which even the Americans, we should have supposed, would have been unable to meet. Still they took the step, and, to all appearance, they took it deliberately. They would at any rate indignantly repudiate the imputation of having been actuated by passion. They are fond of boasting that theirs was the only civil war of history which was not followed by its proscription-list, and, though they say this in apparent unconsciousness of the much more terrible revenge they have taken with the ballot-box, the fact to which they appeal may at any rate be accepted as evidence of the spirit of their policy as conquerors as distinguished from its results. Unfortunately, however, these results have been so disastrous that the sufferers from them can hardly be expected to judge calmly of the motives of the policy to which they owe their misfortunes. The 'Austin riots,' form a new but not perhaps the worst chapter in the miserable history which has been unfolding itself in the Southern States for several years, and show that the area of lawlessness and misrule is daily extending itself over States hitherto exempt from disorder, and that, to all appearance, the way is preparing for a general war between the black and white races in the South. For two years past the peace has been only kept in Louisiana by the presence of Federal troops. The petty civil war in Arkansas was hardly concluded before the news of these last riots comes to show the state of things in Mississippi; in Alabama, a State hitherto undisturbed by such conflicts, affairs are beginning to grow threatening; and, in short, there seems but too little room for doubt that the conflagration is spreading over the whole of the South. One of the worst features of the case is the greater deliberation of tone assumed by the combatants on each side. It is no longer a question of temporary ebullitions of race-jealousy or occasional outbreaks of rowdyism; matters are assuming a far more serious complexion. Both parties

are preparing for a final and decisive struggle—the 'White League' calling upon the 'men of our race' to lay aside their minor differences and unite in an earnest effort to re-establish 'a white man's Government,' while the Coloured League represents the maintenance of negro ascendancy as the only means of preserving the lives, the properties, and the freedom of the coloured people. The Governor of Mississippi reports the existence of 'infantry and cavalry organisations' in Vicksburg, and states that a number of pieces of artillery have been sent to that city. A New Orleans newspaper says that 'scarcely a day passes but we hear of arms being purchased here and of arms having made their appearance in the country.' Everything, in short, betokens the presence of a smouldering civil war which at the merest breath of accident might burst into flame.

"Wretched as is this condition of things, it is, as we have said, difficult to conceive how American politicians could have failed to foresee it. Everything, indeed, has happened in accordance with the most obvious laws of the forces, whether human or mechanical, which have been set in motion. The negro has borne himself under his new dignities as all who knew his character predicted that he would; the white population have resented his sway with the unrestrained indignation which might have been expected; and the American electoral system has exercised over the whole situation the malign influence inherent in its corrupt and corrupting nature. Those sanguine persons who expected that the negro would not care to possess, or would fail in securing, the political supremacy within his reach, had reckoned without the 'Carpet-baggers' of the North; those who imagined that, having secured political supremacy he would use it discreetly, had very much misjudged the negro himself. A race, by nature vain, ignorant, and childish to the last degree, and with a superadded political unfitness inherited from generations of servitude, used their newly acquired power in accordance with their natural and their acquired tendencies. The results, at once absurd and tragical, have been watched by the world for some years past, and it is only lately, now that tragedy has begun to predominate so strongly over absurdity, that spectators have begun to discuss with wonder the political measure which rendered such a state of things possible. Putting aside, as we have done, the hypothesis of intentional reprisals upon the

South as the explanation of this measure, and treating the wholesale enfranchisement of the negro race as having been effected in simple deference to the principle of universal suffrage, the phenomenon is full of instruction for European, and perhaps especially for English, politicians."

Sad and terrible as have been, and may yet be, the consequences of the war to the South, there are Northern men who think that its effects upon the victorious North have been still more disastrous. The worst vices of the North have been fostered by the war. The expansion of a paper currency made a nation of speculators, and all speculators are, essentially, gamblers. Politics became more corrupt. Men like Tweed governed and plundered cities; men like Fiske and Gould got control of railways; the finances of the country are disordered by the combinations of blackleg millionaires, compared with whose operations the expedients of professional gamblers are innocent and honourable. And, what is worse than all the rest, and shows the most deplorable demoralisation, is the fact that public opinion has no power over victorious villainy. The successful criminal is a hero. An action that would damn a politician, a financier, even a speculator, to infamy, and drive him from all decent society in England, and probably in any country in Europe, does not in America prevent a man from aspiring to and reaching the highest social position and political power. James Fiske was cut short in his career by the hand of an assassin; Tweed was dragged to trial and sent to prison chiefly by the efforts of one honest conductor of a leading journal; but the comrades and rivals of Fiske and Tweed flourish as gaily as before their death and downfall. Tweed will come down from Blackwell's Island perhaps to reign again in Tammany; and a splendid monument has been erected over the grave of Fiske, which was inaugurated with an eulogy on his private virtues and public services. It may be doubted if the Beecher-Tilton scandal could have occurred in any other country. It is certain that no man could sit in the English House of Commons with such a reputation as belongs to dozens of American senators and representatives; and no Government in Europe, at this day, would dare to send as its representatives to other civilised nations such men as the American Government during the past ten years has sent to several countries in Europe.

The demoralisation of drunkenness produced by the war is

very great. A million of soldiers were turned loose among the civil population—soldiers habituated to the life of camps and all the excesses of marauding armies living in an enemy's country. The city of New York has 7,181 licensed liquor sellers—one to 140 of the population. The State of New York has 23,846 sellers—one to every 180 of its population. The cost of intoxicating drinks, in spite of the Maine Laws, local option laws, and extensive districts of total abstainers, is estimated, upon official statistics, to be from 800 to 1,000 millions of dollars a year, including the loss of the labour of the army of 300,000 to 400,000 men engaged in the business. When we consider the amount of vice, crime, and misery that accompanies such a consumption of spirituous liquors, we cannot wonder at the revolt of the women of several States against such wholesale demoralisation.

In England it is expected that general education will put an end to drunkenness and crime. In America there has been general education for several generations. There are free schools over the whole country, and it is rare to find a native who cannot read, write, and cypher; but this general power to read, and myriads of books and newspapers, have not made an honest and sober population. Neither the manners nor the morals of the people are as good as they were a hundred years ago. There were a higher character, more decorum, and more political purity in the national and State Legislatures in the days of Washington and Jefferson than there have been in the days of Lincoln and Grant. If what we see is the result of a century of enlightenment and progress, where will the close of another century—the Celebration of the Second Centennial Fourth of July—find the great American Republic?

A hundred years have brought America from General Washington to General Grant; but "It is a long lane that has no turning," and "When things get to the worst they begin to mend." The last proverb is full of consolation.

## CHAPTER FORTY-ONE

### *THE FUTURE OF AMERICA*

The astronomer can tell us at what precise moment there will be an eclipse of the sun, or of one of Jupiter's satellites, a thousand, or a hundred thousand years hence. All the "scientists" of Europe cannot tell us what sort of weather we shall have next Sunday. All the statesmen cannot tell us what war will break out next year—unless they have determined to provoke or declare one. No one can say what may be the future destiny of England, France, or America; but we can look at facts and consider probabilities.

America is a country of vast extent and boundless resources, with an intelligent, enterprising, and rapidly increasing population. Without reckoning the recently acquired Russian territory of the North-west coast, extending from British Columbia to the North Pole, the States and territories of the American Union are spread over  $24\frac{1}{2}$  degrees of latitude, and 58 degrees of longitude. Their greatest length, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, is 2,600 miles; the greatest breadth, from Maine to Florida, 1,600; average length and breadth, 2,400 by 1,300 miles. The northern frontier is 3,300 miles; the Mexican 1,446 miles; the line of sea coast is 12,609 miles; area 3,010,277 square miles, or 1,926,636,800 acres.

This land all lies in the temperate regions of the world, producing wheat, maize, oats, barley, rye, and abundance of fruits in the North; and wheat, rice, cotton, sugar, and all the luxuries of semi-tropical countries in the South. A great portion of the country is very fertile. In Colorado, in 1869, some farmers had ninety

bushels of wheat on one acre; a thousand bushels of potatoes on three acres; a thousand bushels of onions on one acre. These are, of course, exceptional facts; but they show what can be done. There are single states that could furnish food for fifty millions of people. Were the United States but half as densely populated as Belgium, they would have a population of six hundred millions. The actual population is 43,000,000. A hundred years ago it was less than 3,000,000. The population has doubled every twenty-five years. Should it continue to do so—and while there are yet hundreds of millions of acres of fertile land to be occupied, and an abundance of all the necessities of life, there is no apparent reason why there should be any change in the rate of increase—we can easily calculate the progress of population. In 1900 America will have ninety millions of people; in 1925, one hundred and eighty millions; in 1950, three hundred and sixty millions. The area of the United States may well support a larger population than that of the whole earth at the present moment.

The mineral wealth of America is in some proportion to its agricultural capabilities. Coal is found in nearly all the States, and the coal fields, bituminous and anthracite, cover 200,000 square miles. Iron is found everywhere, in some cases in great mountain masses of almost pure metal. There are lead and copper regions of extraordinary richness, tin, zinc, and the gold and silver of New Mexico and California are known to everybody.

The whole central belt of America, with a climate like that of the south of France and Italy, is very rich in fruits. Grapes grow wild, and apples, pears, peaches, and melons are produced in great abundance. I doubt if there is such a country for fruit in the world as California. In Oregon the climate is more equable than it is east of the Rocky Mountains, with less extremes of heat and cold than are found on the Atlantic Coast. The land is very fertile, and the rivers so crowded with fish that the export of salmon amounts to millions. In some of the higher central regions there is little rain, but the mountain streams supply water for irrigation and ensure abundant harvests, and the climate is wonderfully healthful. Consumption is almost unknown, and incipient cases soon recover.

Land, land, land! There is enough wild land in America for all the landless people in the world. Of the nearly two thousand millions of acres, only 410,000,000 acres in 1860 were occupied

as farms, and only 163,000,000 acres were cultivated. There is still room in America for a thousand colonies in the loveliest, most fertile, and most salubrious regions in the world. If wealthy young Englishmen would explore Texas, New Mexico, and the Pacific slope of the Rocky Mountains, locate lands for colonies, and then go out as leaders of their less fortunate countrymen, it seems to me that it would be better than hunting, shooting, and lounging away their lives in Pall Mall and St. James' Street. If they prefer a more northern clime, and British institutions, there is the great fertile valley of the Red River of the North, and beyond it British Columbia. But it is not probable that England will have much to do with the government of any part of America fifty years hence. The control of the mother country is, even now, more nominal than real. It may be doubted if England would attempt to hold by force any of her distant colonies; and the more she is willing to let them go, the more likely are they to cling to her with affectionate loyalty. Tightening the cords is the way to make them snap asunder.

In 1860, the revenue of the United States Government, drawn almost entirely from duties on imports, levied so as to give protection to American mines and manufacturers, was, in round numbers, sixty millions of dollars. The National Debt was at that time less than sixty-five millions. It must be remembered, however, that each State had its own very moderate governmental expenditures, with governors' salaries of \$500 to \$5,000, with other things in proportion, and that some of the States had their own debts, having borrowed money to carry out public works. The National revenue of \$60,000,000 was enough for army, navy, civil service, and the interest and reduction of the National Debt. It was an economical government. The salary of the President was \$25,000 a year, one twentieth part of the insufficient revenue of the Prince of Wales. Then came the civil war; and in 1862 the expenditure rose to 461,000,000 of dollars; in 1863 to 700 millions; in 1864 to 811 millions; in 1865 the National Debt had increased to 2,800,000,000 of dollars. The interest on this debt was nearly five times as great as the total revenue in 1860. Taxation was therefore more than five times increased. Every thing was taxed. Excise, stamps, licenses, income tax,—every means was taken to raise a revenue. All prices increased in proportion. The burthen was so great, and the people so restive under it, that, with the

fear of repudiation, measures were taken to pay off the debt as rapidly as possible; and it has already been much reduced. A few years of prosperity will pay the enormous cost of the war, and then the country may go on again in its normal, almost untaxed condition.

The resources, the energy, the enterprise of the country are shown in its quick recovery from great calamities. When the greater part of the city of Chicago was burnt, the fires had not been extinguished before the people began to rebuild it, and in a few months a far more magnificent city had risen from the ruins. When half of the busiest part of Boston was burnt, the same process was repeated. Whatever may happen, there is the land, and the sunshine to give it fertility. The people feel secure in their intelligence, energy, and power of organisation. They tolerate abuses because they know that whenever they choose to act, they can sweep them away. They are careless of political corruption just because they are too busy about other things to find time, or take trouble to put their politics "to rights." In the late war they showed how little they are hampered by political principles, or written Constitutions. Individually and collectively the people of the North would have been just as well off—perhaps better off—without the South; but they expended a million of men and three thousand millions of dollars, to preserve the idea of a great country—a magnificent empire that should extend over the whole Continent, and dominate the world.

The future will show whether such a destiny is possible. America in the West, and Russia in the East, are trying the same experiment. In a smaller way Germany and Italy are carrying out the principle of aggrandisement and centralisation. England, on the other hand, seems to be loosening her hold upon her Colonial possessions, and caring less and less for the integrity of the vast empire on which the sun never sets.

If all the provinces of a great empire have the same interests, or interests that do not clash with each other, they may well hold together under a common central government, and all the better if each province or state has its own local legislature. But what if their interests are diverse? The North Eastern States of America have extensive manufactures; the South and West are almost entirely agricultural. High duties are levied on foreign goods for the benefit of the manufacturers, and these are a heavy burthen to

the whole agricultural region of consumers. The American Colonies revolted against the Government of Great Britain on account of a tax of threepence a pound on tea, and some small stamps. Can it be expected that the Southern and Western American States will always be content to pay a double price for almost every article of commerce, simply to put money in the pockets of Eastern capitalists?

Oregon has a territory as large and fertile as France, and may become as populous, with her own interests of manufactures and commerce on the Pacific; and then Oregon may not care to be governed at Washington by Congressmen, a large majority of whom will live two thousand miles away, and whose interests are in an opposite direction. California, the El Dorado of the West, will be in a few years a populous empire, trading with Japan, China, India, the West Coast of Mexico, and South America, and the Archipelagos of the Pacific. Is it probable that this golden land, as rich in agriculture as in mines, with its delicious climate and luxurious vegetation, will have its interests thwarted and its commerce fettered by tariffs made to enrich Massachusetts and Pennsylvania? The States of the South were close at hand, with an open frontier impossible to defend, and after a sanguinary and desperate struggle of four years, they were overwhelmed by the superior numbers and resources of the North; but the States of the Pacific have a barrier of eternal mountains, and a distance too great for armies to traverse. Their conquest would be impossible. Union by military force was never contemplated by the founders of the American Government, and such Union could not be maintained between such distant regions separated by diverse interests and feelings.

The differences between the North and South were more those of feeling than of interest. No doubt the Southern people were in favour of free trade. It would have doubled the value of their chief staple. Could they have imported their goods from Europe duty free they would have got twice as much as they did, and do, get for every pound of cotton exported. And this difference goes into the pockets of the Northern manufacturers. While they were only robbed in this manner by the North they bore it patiently, but when the Northern people added insult to injury, and assailed them with every kind of reproach for the institution of slavery, forced upon them first by the British Government, and

then fostered by Northern slave dealers and manufacturers, they became utterly alienated in feeling from the North, and determined to have a separate government of their own. They were not, however, the first to talk of secession. The Abolitionists of the North had threatened for years to withdraw from the Union, if the Union continued to maintain slavery. The more the North became abolitionized, the stronger grew the mutual repulsion between the two sections of the country.

What is the remedy? It would be madness for the South to again attempt to secede from the Union. She found sympathy in France and England, but no material aid. Napoleon III. would have gladly united with England to secure Southern independence; but the English Government did not choose to risk the immediate loss of all its North American possessions by such interference; so, as usual in such cases, it did enough to enrage the North, and not enough to secure the friendship of the South.

There is no hope in armed resistance to the North; but there is much hope in a change of sentiment, already apparent in the North, toward the Southern people. The whole Democratic party of the North sympathises with the South, and many of the Republican newspapers are protesting against the outrages and robberies of negro and carpet-bagging legislation. The great West is with the South on the question of free trade. One reads now in the leading magazine of New England Southern views of secession and the war, and generous records of Southern heroism, with pictures of Southern character and life. Nine years after the three days' battle of Gettysburg, in Pennsylvania, where the flower of the Southern chivalry fell in a vain assault upon the Federal positions, the State of Virginia was permitted to gather, and carry home to Richmond, the bones of nine hundred of her soldiers, and bury them in a beautiful cemetery, where already lay the remains of twenty thousand Southerners who had died in defending the Confederate capital. The people of the North have more sympathy and more respect for the people of the South now than they had before the war. They know them far better. There are a million of men who fought against the South during the war, and so learned to respect their courage and devotion. One can see that the North has come to have a sentiment of pride in Southern valour. Ten years have passed since the war, and now, on every 30th of May, flowers are cast upon the graves alike of Northern and Southern soldiers.

The redemption, the vindication, the enfranchisement of the South must come from the awakened sympathy, and still more, the awakened justice of the North. Only in that spirit of sympathy and justice can there be reconstruction and peace. Mr. Seward, some months before the war, compared the differences between the North and South to a quarrel between husband and wife; and he thought the best way of healing such differences was not for the husband to brutally beat her into submission. Nevertheless, Mr. Seward, when he became President Lincoln's secretary, engaged zealously in this process of wife-beating, which, if long and difficult, was very thorough in the end. And now, with the wife very brutally beaten, helpless, bound and delivered over to her servants to be ruled and robbed at their sweet will, what is the husband to do next? How is the wife to be reconciled? In spite of what I have written, and much more that I have copied from Northern journals, of the debasement and corruption of American politics, I believe in the bright intelligence, the high motives, the generous feelings, and the deep sense of justice, however obscured by prejudice or passion for a time, of the great body of the American people. I am sure that I am not alone in my feelings and my opinions, sure that there are millions who see and feel as I do; and that there will soon be a majority who will see the policy, the wisdom, the justice of righting every wrong inflicted upon the Southern people.

In justice alone can any people be governed. It is the one rule of politics and statesmanship. With just and equal laws, intelligently and honourably administered, the whole world can be easily and peacefully governed. Justice to Ireland would perfectly satisfy Ireland, and every soldier could be withdrawn. Justice to the South would have prevented secession and the war, with all its cost, of waste, and blood, and crime, and the terrible demoralisation which followed it. One grain of honest statesmanship would have prevented the war between France and Germany—a war planned in the spirit of greed and ambition, deliberately provoked, and then carried out with masterly skill and remorseless ferocity; a war, moreover, which, like many others, has cost the victor far more than the vanquished. France has been chastened, purified, and strengthened by that war; Germany has been demoralised by pride, and avarice, and luxury, and the end is not yet. No success in war, no preponderance of mili-

tary power, can justify the annexation of any country against the wishes of its inhabitants.

The people of America are too intelligent, too shrewd, too wide-awake to their own interests, not to see that the only solid basis of a permanent union of the States is in a just regard for the rights of every section and every State. With justice, there may be union; with injustice, no amount of force can make a contented, prosperous, and happy people. No Government is safe that is *not* founded upon the consent of the governed. Americans will surely learn—as the whole world must, by experience, if in no other way—that “**RIGHTEOUSNESS EXALTETH A NATION.**”

## CHAPTER FORTY-TWO

### *ADDITIONA*

I have read over my "Forty Years"—corrected, condensed, cut out many impertinences, added paragraphs and chapters, and yet I am not content. All that I have written is true; but it cannot, of course, be the whole truth, and it may leave a wrong impression on the mind of the reader. I wish to do simple justice to my country—no more, and no less. Therefore, as I have still some pages at my disposal, I write this additional miscellaneous, and, to some extent, explanatory chapter.

Americans are Englishmen, modified by their circumstances, conditions, and intermixtures. Climate has done something for them, no doubt. The children and grandchildren of Englishmen born in Australia are remarkable modifications of the parent type. The native Australian ladies grow slender, with small hands and feet, and delicate complexions. One very rarely, almost never, sees the English style of feminine beauty in America. The summers are intensely hot. There are weeks at the North, and even in Canada, and months at the South, when the thermometer ranges above 90 degrees of Fahrenheit. Englishmen at home begin to mop themselves at 70°, and fasten absurd-looking towels on their hats, and up with their umbrellas, when an American finds the weather delightfully cool and refreshing. And yet thousands of Englishmen spend their lives in the East Indies.

On the other hand, Americans in the Northern States endure degrees of cold unheard of in England. In Maine, New Hampshire, and Northern New York, the mercury sinks at times and in some places to 40° below zero—72° of frost. Even in Southern

Ohio I have taken my morning bath when every drop of water froze the instant it touched the floor. Throw a stream of hot water into the air and it comes down a shower of ice. Fires have raged in New York which could not be extinguished because the water froze in the engines. Now, this cold is not unhealthful, nor even disagreeable. The weather is dry, bright, crisp, and delightful. Even the long, cold, Canadian winter is much finer and more enjoyable than much of the damp, chilly, penetrating weather of the more equable English climate.

But the artificial heating of American houses at the present day is not very salubrious. In the old times, when fuel was plentiful, there were great wood fires, and necessarily plenty of air to make them burn. As the forests were consumed, people resorted to cast-iron stoves and grates of anthracite, and then to furnaces in the cellars, which filled the whole house with hot air; so that people live in the atmosphere of a Turkish bath or tropic conservatory. Men are out of doors at their business, and bear it, but it is no wonder that the women are pale, delicate, and nervous, and very different from the American women of the past generations.

The Americans are more sensitive than the English—thinner skinned, more excitable, impressionable, and sensational. The English seem heavy, stolid, insensible, to them. Not easily hurt in their thick shells, they are not careful about hurting others. The direct, downright way in which Englishmen blurt out their opinions of each other in conversation is something astounding to an American, who, because of his own sensitiveness, is careful not to wound the feelings of others. A Frenchman will go round the truth many times rather than say anything disagreeable; the Englishman seems to take real delight in his attacks upon the vanity of those about him; the American is deferent, conciliatory, and perhaps too careful of giving offence. The Englishman has more self-esteem, the American more love of approbation. The American's egotism is that of vanity rather than pride. His first question to the stranger is, "How do you like our country, sir?" The Englishman is so sure that his own country is the only one in the world worth living in, or where one can be really comfortable, that he never thinks of asking a question which suggests the possibility of doubt. He may grumble at times, because it suits him to do so, at the weather or the Government, but he would be likely to turn fiercely upon a foreigner who should

presume to agree with him. With all his glorifications and spread-eagleism, the American has much less of calm conceit and solid self-satisfaction than his insular progenitor.

The necessities of a new country have trained Americans into more of what Englishmen call shiftiness, a word never used in America. They speak of a "shiftless fellow," but never of a shifty one. They have no habitual and constitutional conservatism. If anything strikes them as being an improvement, they adopt it at once. It is all the better for its novelty. The English change very slowly, if at all. They are just now adopting conveniences in railway travelling which were common in America twenty years ago. They have lately adopted the system of telegraphing which the Americans used from the start. American modes of building and steering steamboats, in use there thirty years, or since the first steamboats were built, are just being adopted in England. Americans have no old ways and fashions that they care to cling to. Even in politics they can throw overboard the principles they have professed for a century, in a moment, if these principles stand in the way of what they wish to accomplish. To save the Union, they abandoned the principles on which it was founded, and went back upon themselves with surprising dexterity. If, the day after they celebrate the centennial anniversary of the birth of the Great Republic, Americans should become convinced that an Empire would be better, they would hold a convention on the fifth of July and nominate an Emperor.

Surely there are great advantages in this easy versatility. There is no freedom, if one must be chained to the past. The American is equally free to change his Government, or to fight against such a change if it does not suit him. Habits do not fetter him, consistency does not enslave him. He is free to change his politics, his religion, his profession, his whole mode of life, whenever it suits him to do so, and therefore he is ready to try experiments and adopt improvements in education, in society, in government, in morals, in religion.

With all their excitability, the Americans are yet, as a rule, self-possessed, self-controlled, and orderly, even in disorder. Lynch law is deliberate and systematic. A man is not beaten to death by a mob—he is tried, convicted, and whipped or hanged by a self-constituted, but not the less solemn tribunal. A hundred thousand Americans, without too much intermixture of the for-

eign element, need no police to keep them in order. They seem to me far more reasonable and law-abiding than Englishmen. I never saw, and cannot remember reading of, an election riot in America, excepting in some of the Irish wards of New York. Such riots as one sees in English towns, and reads of in English newspapers —such as have occurred even since the introduction of the ballot in Dudley, Wolverhampton, Nottingham, and a score of towns besides—are quite unheard of in America, even in the most excited Presidential elections. Over a large portion of America the people of both political parties gather at the same meetings, quietly listen to the candidates on both sides, give their votes on the election day, and peacefully accept the result. In England the public nominations have been abolished, because the candidates could seldom get a hearing, and were often subjected to violence and outrage.

And crimes of violence are far less common in America than in England. Over the greater part of the country such outrages as the beating, kicking, and murder of people, and especially of women, are impossible. The possibility that any man could ever "lay his hand"—much less his foot—"upon a woman, save in the way of kindness," could never occur to an American. Respect for women, deference, and even an excessive indulgence, is the habit of American life. In the South, and in some portions of the West, a man may shoot another who insults or has injured him; but a blow is very rare, and a kick unheard of. There are traditions of rough and tumble fights, with biting and gouging, in wild frontier settlements, but the rule of American life is order and security. Over many large states and vast and populous regions, violence and crime are almost unknown. A few seaport towns, with their large admixture of foreign and floating population, are not fair samples of America; and even in these towns, from Boston to New Orleans, I have never felt, by day or night, any lack of perfect safety.

And what, some readers may wish to ask, of emigration to America? A large part of this volume should be an answer to that question. America is near at hand. Australia, New Zealand, and the Fiji Archipelago are far away. New York is but eight or ten days from Queenstown or Liverpool. The United States and their territories cover the great central region, the finest and most temperate portion of North America. Canada West is a rich and

fertile country, similar to New York and Michigan; the great valley of the Red River of the North will, a few years hence, offer a home to a vast number of emigrants, but it is now difficult of access. The greater part of Canada is too cold, too rough, too slow and unenterprising to suit the emigrants who go there from Europe; and this is proved by the fact that three-fourths of those who go to Canada find their way across the frontier, and settle in the States.

And who should emigrate? First of all, those who can work. Every agricultural labourer in England would find ready employment at good wages in America. Domestic servants are much wanted there, and are well paid and well treated—but they are wanted everywhere, and the supply, even in England, is in no proportion to the demand; but the future prospects of female servants are much better in America and the colonies than at home. Mechanics of all kinds can do well in all parts of America. In a new country, carpenters, masons, wheelwrights, blacksmiths, shoemakers, and labourers are indispensable. They are useful, and respected accordingly. Artisans skilled in manufactures of various kinds find work where these are established; but the others can go anywhere and be sure of a welcome.

Engineers, architects, men who can aid and direct the industry of others, may find openings—but America is full of educated and clever men—it offers less inducements to such than the British colonies. Genteel employments, clerkships, and the like, are as crowded in America, perhaps, as in England. A man who can do nothing but write may as well stay at home. A young man whose sense of dignity will not allow him to carry a parcel should not leave England. His country cannot spare him, and no other wants him. A few thousand governesses could find homes in the New States, but it would be as wives, and the young ladies they would educate would be their own daughters. Is there not some philanthropic English nobleman who will take the head of a Limited Liability Company which will explore the newly-settled regions of the world, and distribute among them the million of England's surplus female population? School teachers—female teachers, especially, who are better liked than male teachers—do well in America, and enjoy a far higher social consideration than in England. Teachers even of the common free schools in America rank as ladies and gentlemen. The most eminent men and women

in America have at some time been school-teachers. I wonder sometimes that more English capitalists—people who live on the interest of their money—do not go to America. In England they get 3 to 6 per cent. for the use of their money. There they can just as readily get from 6 to 12 per cent. on mortgage real estate security.

Shopkeepers and small traders there is no lack of. The Americans, and especially the Yankees, can do their own “dickering” in that way. They want producers of wealth, and not its distributors. Whoever can cultivate the land, raise cattle, make gardens and vineyards, build, construct, and add to the world’s wealth in any way, will find a hearty welcome, plenty of work, good pay, and all the rights and privileges of citizenship in America. Every employment, every place but that of President, is open to the emigrant. The sober, industrious man finds everybody ready to help him. There is nothing to hinder his prosperity.

And then the land. A thousand millions of acres are lying ready for ownership and cultivation. What one must pay for a year’s rent for a hundred acres in England will buy better land out and out, once and for ever, in America. Five thousand dollars will purchase a principality. Even in the old States, beautiful farms, with all their improvements, can be bought for twenty-five dollars an acre. Virginia and North Carolina, for example, are old States, on the Atlantic coast, with the finest climate and most beautiful scenery in America. Much of the land, no doubt, has been impoverished by growing tobacco, but good agriculture would soon restore it to fertility. Those two States might well support in great comfort as large a population as that of the United Kingdom. If a few thousand English farmers would take their labourers with them to these States, where so many sturdy Englishmen went two hundred years ago, they would better their own fortunes and benefit the country, which would gladly welcome them, not as tenant farmers, but as landed proprietors.

But Englishmen who go to America with the idea of living there must not expect to carry England with them. The manners will seem rude at first, in a country where social distinctions are so little marked. They will find no touching of hats, no looking for sixpences, no shopkeeperly servility. The mechanic or labourer who works for them will do it as a favour, and expects to be treated as an equal, and be well paid in the bargain. The shoe-

maker considers himself a gentleman, and expects gentlemanly treatment. You cannot scold or bully independent citizens. Try it once, and you will see them put their hands in their pockets, turn their backs to you, and walk off, whistling "Yankee Doodle."

I asked a friend of mine, who had just returned from England, how he liked it. "It is a beautiful country," said he; "the trees, and hedges, and green fields are fresh and delightful, but I couldn't endure their manners. No money would hire me to live there. The rough and brutal way in which Englishmen, dressed and looking like gentlemen, spoke to the young ladies in the refreshment saloons at the railroad *depôts* made my blood boil. It was the same everywhere. The lower classes are mean and servile; the upper are haughty and overbearing; but their treatment of women hurt me the worst of anything."

This was some time ago, and manners have changed a little. I often smile at the remembrance of my friend's indignation and disgust at the want of equality and gallantry over here; and I have found the young ladies in the refreshmenting department at Rugby Junction and elsewhere quite able to take care of themselves, and often a fair match for any amount of insolence. It is quite true, however, that women of every class in America are treated with a consideration that is never shown in England to any but those who have high position or extraordinary attractions.

An American writer, whose name I would give if I knew it, but who has evidently lived much in Europe, and been a careful observer of manners, says—"It would be invidious to attempt to decide which of the three peoples—English, Germans, or Americans—has, as a whole, the worst manners. The Latins are all agreed as to the bad manners of all of them; and, as regards this matter, very impartially distribute their dislike among all alike. Each one of these Northern races is emphatic in its judgment as to the impoliteness and offensive bearing of the other two. Englishmen abhor German habits and ways of expressing their ideas as heartily as they do Americans. We are not backward in finding beams in both of their eyes—a compliment which is returned to us with ample score of big wood floating in our own blinking eyesight. One hears little of this sort of international fault-finding among the various Latin tribes, however hostile or diverging in other respects. Hence, we must admit there is real cause somewhere and somehow for our general condemnation.

There may be as between the Northerns no very distinguished traits of polite manners; but there are certainly some of the fundamental bad ones. The German type is perhaps the most coarse and callous—the most indifferent to the comforts of others, because it is the least sensitive itself to the finer physical elements of nature. It annoys without compunction, or scarcely consciousness, those who are, and is resentfully rough or obtruse to those who cannot enjoy its peculiar standard of physical appetites. The Englishman is more offensively arrogant and self-contemplating. He sins against others on account of thinking too much of himself and his little island, just as the German does in a different and really less irritating way. It is the contented animal, rather than the discontented intellectual phase of his nature, that causes him to think too little of his neighbour's needs. We Americans are at times the most chillingly reticent, abrupt, and wilfully blind of all; at others, vivaciously boastful, careless of speech and habits, and irrepressibly overflowing, according to individual traits, but really kindly dispositioned to every one, and willing to enjoy ourselves and let others enjoy after their own way. Our Teutonic friend's harder strung nerves, blunter sensations, and grim temperament cannot take into account the nicer sensibilities and consequent greater capacity of suffering of finer grained humanity; whilst our English uncles believe in no feelings or habits but their own. Americans being a composite race, forming under new political and climatic conditions, yet as untutored and untrained as not fully grown, have a half-provoking, half-amusing spontaneity of action altogether their own. They do things, not coarsely or contemptuously towards others, as often do their associates in bad manners, but from superficial thought, or the gushing emotions of an over-stimulated, impetuous youth, impatient of any restraint on its actions or bridle on its will. An Englishman cares but little what is thought of him; a German nothing; but an American is sensitive to the wood-will of all. One can foretell the manners of Germans or Englishmen under certain conditions, but no sure rule can be formed as to an American's deportment. It may be the most courteous, chivalric, fascinating, or lovable; or the most exasperating, stingy, indecorous, or ferocious. Eccentric or original it surely must be, because individuality rather than nationality is its chief stimulus. Hence its silly brag, surprising conceit, and voluminous nasal verbiage; its outspokenness, as frank as a child's, and also its

not unfrequent shrewdness, liberality, and common sense; its keenness and brightness, though with small concession to the susceptibilities of a mixed audience, so be it that the truth as it sees it is hit squarely on the head. An American makes no rainbow disguises for any one; but whether by jest, story, argument, or specious volubility, sparing not himself more than others, he seeks to impress himself, for better or worse, with good-humoured force on the social elements around him. He has a diffusive, discursive, disorganising, reconstructing force of character, never at rest, ever longing for America, and never contented anywhere, so long as there is anything he has not heard or seen, or any one he has not been introduced to. It is as much his mission to know everything about everybody, and to swell on his pickings, as it is an Englishman's to ignore everyone and everything that does not fit exactly into his local pot measure. As for the German, he is too much absorbed by his beer, tobacco, and mental problems, to consider any of the ways of the living world about him, save those which administer directly to his own strongly-seasoned animal comfort and compact consciousness. The orbit of a Yankee's sight extends outwardly from himself; a German's is lost in the inner mazes of his brain. One sees objects, the other subjects; one vainly laughs, speaks, and acts, while the other ponders in his smoky paradise, with all the mathematical imperturbability and regularity of movement of a tireless steam digger."

It is impossible to have better, warmer hearted, more trusty and faithful, helpful friends than one may find in England—but one may live a long time in England, unless favoured by peculiar circumstances, without even making an acquaintance, much less finding a friend. As one may travel from London to Edinburgh in the same compartment with an average Englishman, and not have five minutes conversation with him, so one may reside five years in a small English town without being on calling terms with a single family. In America, everybody visits the new comer from curiosity, if not from civility or kindness. As to travelling, a story told by Dr. Franklin illustrates the national character. He got into a stage-coach one day, when he was preoccupied with politics or philosophy, and knew that he should have no rest until he had satisfied the eager curiosity of his fellow passengers to know who he was, what he was, where he was going, and on what business; so he began, as soon as he entered the coach, and

told them everything about himself he thought they would like to know; "and now, said he, "if there is any question any one would like to ask, let us have it at once, for I am tired and want to settle myself for a nap."

When I was a small boy in New Hampshire, one very cold winter's day I went into the bar-room of a country tavern to warm myself by the stove, around which a dozen or more men were sitting. The jingle of sleigh-bells came up to the door and stopped. A rough looking up country farmer came in, thawed himself a moment by the fire, looked about him with a grave friendliness, and said: "My name is so and so. I live on a little farm up on Onion river in Vermont. I have got a son in Boston learning the carpenter's trade. Well, it is winter, you see; I had got up my wood, and done all the little chores about, and so I thought I would tackle up my team and take a jag of dried apples, dried pumpkins, and apple sauce, and some socks and mittens that the old woman and gals has been knitting and go down to Boston, see how my boy is getting on, sell my truck, buy a few notions, and get home again. Think there's goin' to be a thaw?"

All this was as quiet, easy and natural as possible. The good man was at home among his equals; and if the squire, or the governor of the State, had been there, it would have been all the same. A Vermont farmer was holding the plough in his own field one day when a neighbour came across the furrows to tell him that he had been nominated for governor—but, then, the duties of governor of Vermont were not very onerous, and, in those days the salary was five hundred dollars a year.

I have mentioned, more than once, probably, the versatility of American habits and character. A curious example has just fallen under my eye in an American journal. The Reverend Mr. Dandy of Chicago, a minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church—for the American Wesleyans have their bishops—seems to have got into a slight difficulty with his congregation, some of whom brought charges against him in the Conference of "lying, dishonesty, patronising dancing schools, using tobacco, vindictiveness, mal-administration, and inefficiency." One of the specifications to the last charge asserts:—"That the said W. C. Dandy is, and has been during his pastorate in said ~~Ad~~ street church, so absorbed in different kinds of business and traffic, such as

carrying on a carriage factory, dealing in patent rights, speculating in stocks, and engaging in real estate business, so as to be unable to look after the interests of the church and the welfare of his congregation, and so far does he engage in secular pursuits that he has been known to try and make real-estate bargains on the Sabbath day."

A Universalist preacher, whom I knew in New York, became ticket seller and cashier at a museum, and afterwards opened a fashionable drapery establishment. I knew a very worthy and much respected Baptist minister who had been a carpenter and joiner, a stone-cutter, a small farmer, a singing-master, a Sunday school superintendent, a colonel in the Militia, and who might, if ambitious, have risen to political distinction. But for that matter, there is not a bright-eyed, bare-footed boy in America, learning his lessons at the district free school, who is not sure that he can go to Congress if he cares to do so, and that he has as good a chance as any other boy to be President. As Walt Whitman, whom I knew, a journeyman printer, says or sings in his own fashion:

"See, mechanics, busy at their benches, with tools—  
See from among them, superior judges, phi-  
losophs, Presidents, emerge."

I knew a member of Congress from Pennsylvania, one of the recognised chiefs of the Republican party, when he was apprenticed to a book-binder in Boston. Mechanics for Presidents? Yes. Abraham Lincoln's father, says the biographer I have already quoted, "an unskilled carpenter, a careless farmer, a wanderer over the earth, taking with him, wherever he went, his proverbial bad luck." Abraham Lincoln was born in a wretched cabin in Kentucky, and when a boy in Indiana the family lived in a cabin fourteen feet square, built of poles; they had a few pewter dishes, but no knives or forks, and Abraham climbed to his sleeping place in the loft by some pins driven into some holes in the wall. All his school days did not make one year. General Grant was bred a tanner, and a lady who bought a load of wood of him in the street in St. Louis, before the war, afterwards visited him at the White House at Washington. Andrew Johnson was an illiterate tailor, and these three—rail-splitter, tailor, and tanner, were successively Presidents of the Great Republic.

On the 9th of October, 1874, Mr. James Parton, American

biographer and journalist, gave a lecture before the Liberal Club of New York on "Our Scandalous Politics," in which he said, as reported in the *New York Times* :— "The institutions of America have not borne the test of even a century's wear and tear. The bankers of Europe would to-day lend their money to Spain, Portugal, Sweden, or any other minor Power in the Old World on much better terms than to the United States of America. The late Earl of Derby, who was undoubtedly a great statesman, had a hankering after the Republican idea. His father wisely sent him to make a tour of the United States. The young man did make the tour, and saw everything we could show him. His cure was rapid and complete, and he lived ever after a monarchist, and died the leader of the Tory Party in England. Here the ruling class differs from the criminal only in being more skilful and more audacious. The politicians are divided into two parties—the 'ins' and the 'outs'— those in prison, and those out of prison.

"The late Horace Greeley wrote a few days before his death that he had been in doubt whether he was running for the Presidency or the penitentiary. Jay Gould, late President of the Erie Railway Company, in an account of his political management, said :— 'I don't remember how much I paid toward helping friendly men. We had four States to look after, and we had to suit our politics to circumstances. In a Democratic district I was Democratic; in a Republican district I was Republican; in a doubtful district I was doubtful; but in every district and at all times I have always been an Erie man.' We must not flatter ourselves that such scandals are impossible anywhere except within a few great cities. All over the country the scoundrels have either come to the top or else they have their puppets there, whichever is the most convenient, and this they do through ignorant voters. After Tweed had been shown to the world to be a plunderer he was elected a senator of this State by a majority of several thousand. Genet was elected a Senator after he was known to be a thief, and it is doubtful if the badness of his character lost him a hundred votes. The recent tendency of politics is to put inferior men in office. 'Come out West, father,' writes a hopeful young emigrant a few days ago; 'come out West, father. The meanest kind of man gets into office out here. Send me five pounds of chewing tobacco, for I am running for

Sheriff, and that is worth ever so many votes.' Men who bribe and are bribed nowadays talk about the matter without a blush. Universal suffrage is government by a class. It has been tried and found wanting."

Here is the testimony of a very competent witness, given before an American audience, and published without contradiction or comment in a leading American journal. What is Mr. Parton's remedy? It is to change universal suffrage to intelligent suffrage. He would allow every man and every woman to vote who could read and sign the ticket. But he does not show that women are less bribeable than men, or that those who bribe and are bribed—the corrupt and corrupting members of Congress and State Legislatures—are, as a rule, unable to read or write, or less intelligent than the majority of their fellow-citizens. On the contrary, it is notorious that the most dangerous politicians in America are the clever thieves and accomplished scoundrels.

It is not intelligence that is wanting in America: it is honesty.

As I am writing these final paragraphs, I find in the *New York Times* letters from special correspondents sent to ascertain the actual condition of the planters, the negroes, and the politics of the South, from personal observation. And the story they tell is a very curious one. In some places the negroes are working industriously, in others they are utterly lazy and ungovernable. It depends upon the influences about them—especially preachers and politicians. For a preacher they prefer the most ignorant negro, who can bawl and shout, and excite their feelings, to any other. The politicians who govern them are the Republican "carpet-baggers," who tell them that they are the majority, and should govern. Both preachers and politicians have instructed them in communistic doctrines. They have created all the property around them; and it should be fairly divided amongst them. General Beauregard found his own negro servants fully indoctrinated and ready for a division of property; each one having selected his favourite mule, and picked out the forty acres of land he liked best for his homestead.

"It's queer," said the agent of a large Louisiana estate; "but anything in the world save religion and politics these niggers will come to us for. If one nigger shoots another, if there is trouble about a woman, if there is anything wrong anywhere, they come to us. 'Massa, I'se sick; massa, I'se short of food; massa, this man

wants to impose on me ; massa, I done want to git married ; massa, dis man shot my brudder ; massa, I'se want you to whip my wife, she won't work and I daresn't beat her my own self.' But when it comes to religion, the biggest bull-headed nigger that ever hoed corn is more in their eyes than the Apostle Paul ; and when it comes to politics, the meanest, — Northerner can make 'em believe whatever he wishes, and vote whatever he says. Talk to 'em till you're tired, you can't make 'em believe that the men that own the soil have the same interest as they have in a good government."

The correspondent talked with the negroes as well as with the agent and planters. The heads of the squads of labourers working on shares came to him. "They were all perfectly black, all perfectly contented, and all perfectly willing to tell me all they knew. But I found, just as my friend had predicted, that as regards accounts, their heads were in a perfect muddle, and that it was the easiest thing in the world so to mix up their ideas that they could not be disentangled for a year. Not one of the heads could tell me how much greater his share was than any one of the hands in his squad."

Working on the share system the negro has the best of it. In a good season he gets a large profit; in a bad one his master feeds him all the same. "This much is certain, that the planters are, with wonderfully few exceptions, most kind and generous to their labourers."

The correspondent visited a parish where an election was going on. He says: — "There was not, and had not been, any intimidation. Not one negro in a hundred could write his name. None of them could tell to what State they belonged, and they generally spoke of themselves as one of Mr. So-and-so's hands. There were no angry looks on either side, although every white man there knew that the black men would vote *en masse* against them on questions which were utterly above their comprehension, and which affect, vitally, the welfare of the community." Under the influence of their carpet-bagging friends they elected "Boards of School Directors, none of whom can write, Ward Justices who can only sign their names, Police Justices who are just as far educated and no more, a Sheriff who cannot even sign his name, three coal-black Representatives for the district, not one of whom can read or write; a mulatto Senator who was a barber, a Re-

corder of the same profession, whose office is to record all mortgages, deeds, &c., and whose spelling is a positive curiosity."

It is by such a policy as this, sustained by the general Government and the party in power, that the South has been, for ten years partly punished and plundered, ruled and ruined. It is not strange that such a state should exhaust the patience of the Southern people. The wonder is that they have borne it so long.

If an intelligent people, it is said, can fall into such demoralisation as we have seen in American politics and finance, what is the use of intelligence? The State of New York spends \$10,000,000 yearly on her public schools, and yet we see the scandals of her politics and her railway companies; the robberies of her municipal governments and her speculators; the drunkenness and vice of New York; the notorious corruptions of Albany, in spite of her educational palaces, with the best text books and apparatus and the most skilful teachers.

But it must be remembered that New York is the port of entry for nine-tenths of the foreigners who come to America. It is an Irish and a German as well as an American city. The enterprise, ambition, audacity, greed, hope, desperation of a vast country gravitate to New York. And in spite of all the educational advantages, a certain portion of even the American people remain without education, or are ignorant in spite of it. In the New England States there are only seven per cent. of the people over ten years old who cannot read and write, but eighty per cent. of the crime is committed by this small minority. Generally, over the United States nine-tenths of the crime is committed by the uneducated. There is in America one pauper to every three hundred of the population. In England there is one to every twenty, about. In America nine out of ten of these paupers are uneducated. These facts are strongly in favour of education as a remedy for pauperism and crime—the crime, that is to say, which is detected and punished—and the disreputable pauperism of the workhouse. Of the proportions of people who manage to live upon the labour of others without rendering them any equivalent, educational statistics give no satisfactory account.

With all the feeling of the need of education in America, and the disgrace of being without it, it is found necessary to make it compulsory, as the only means of limiting the pauper and criminal classes of the population.

In the old days, when water-carriers supplied the people of Paris with water from the river, one of them, who was commiserated for his poverty, said—"No; I am not poor; I am the owner of a million of livres' worth of water in the Seine; only, I have some difficulty in realising my property." In some such way every American is "rich beyond the dreams of avarice" in his share of the national wealth—the vast territory open to settlers. Whatever misfortunes he may fall into, he has only to "go West." The fertile farms of Iowa and Minnesota; the rich plains of Kansas and Nebraska; the gold and silver of Montana, Colorado, California, are all his—if he can only get to them. It is only to "go West."

But a poor man with a family finds it as difficult to get from his one room in a tenement house in New York to a farm beyond the Mississippi, as a Londoner in Bethnal Green would to transplant himself to Australia. In New York there is a "Children's Aid Society," which gathers the young arabs from the streets, and scatters them among the Western farmers, to the advantage of both. One day, not long ago, the office was full of boys preparing for their departure, when a gentleman entered the room and asked leave to speak to them. When the young emigrants had come to order, he said:—

"Thirteen years ago I was sitting where you are now—a poor, ragged, friendless orphan, waiting to be placed in a home in the West. I got a good home in Indiana, and now I possess a splendid home of my own, consisting of a well-stocked farm of 280 acres. I have come to thank the Children's Aid Society for what it has done for me. I am married, but have no children, and so I want to take a boy West, whom I will educate and treat as my son; and if he turns out to be a good and true man, he shall have my farm when I am dead and gone."

But one need not go to the Far West to find land and a home in America—need not cross the Alleghanies, nor go beyond the boundaries of the oldest States. There is room for a hundred colonies in Pennsylvania, Virginia, the Carolinas, Georgia, and in the perpetual summer-land of blooming Florida. There is a model colony called Vineland in Pennsylvania. It was founded by the Hon. C. K. Landis. He was the proprietor of fifty square miles of wild land, covered with the primeval forest. In 1862 he determined to form a settlement upon this land. One

of the first regulations of the colony was, that there should be no intoxicating liquors sold on that fifty square miles, save for medicine, until it was demanded by a majority of the inhabitants. The population increased rapidly, and engaged chiefly in agriculture, and especially in raising grapes, peaches, &c. The whole region is now a beautiful garden, with pretty cottages, schools, churches, and about twelve thousand inhabitants. The poor-rates for the whole place, chiefly for the maintenance of vagrants from other districts, are \$400. There is no policeman, and only one constable, elected yearly, who receives no salary. His income from fees is from \$25 to \$50 a year. Vineland has 170 miles of roads and streets, and you may ride through all this domain among orchards, gardens, vineyards, fertile fields, and smiling villages, and see everywhere happy homes and an industrious and prosperous population. They have societies for mental improvement, music, recreation; schools as good as it is possible to make them; a healthy, moral, intelligent, prosperous, and happy community.

What is there to prevent the formation of a thousand just such colonies? Why may not a whole continent be covered over with Vinelands—with beautiful colonies or settlements, filled with industrious, intelligent, temperate, happy people?

Why may it not be everywhere “ON EARTH AS IT IS IN HEAVEN?”

*Why not?*

## *POSTSCRIPTUM*

At last! Since the preceding pages were in type we have had news of a political revolution in America. The Republican party of Lincoln and Grant and the carpet-baggers has been defeated. Tilden, a States Rights Democrat, who was accused during the canvass of defending the right of Secession and opposing the policy of the war, has been elected Governor of the great State of New York by a triumphant majority; Massachusetts has elected a Democratic governor, and Ben Butler is beaten on his own stamping ground. There will be a Democratic majority in the next Congress, and General Grant will be succeeded by a Democratic President.

This is the verdict of the people on the policy of coercion, conquest, subjugation, spoliation, and the rule of ignorant negroes over the conquered States. It is a rebuke to the cynicism of General Grant, who in August, 1864, wrote to Mr. Washburne, since United States Minister at Paris:—"The rebels have now in their ranks their last man. The little boys and old men are guarding prisoners, guarding railroad bridges, and forming a good part of their garrisons for entrenched positions. A man lost by them cannot be replaced. They have robbed the cradle and the grave equally to get their present force."

The American people have now, at last, passed their sentence upon those by whom the Southern people were driven to such extremities, and by whom they have been for ten years ruled, and robbed, and ruined.

This defeat of the Republican party is a victory of Conservatism and the principles on which the Federal Union was based. It brings the promise of freedom to the South, and prosperity

to the whole country; and if the party now restored to power will earnestly begin the work of reforming the abuses and removing the scandals of American politics, it may for many years to come guide the destinies of the nation. If it fail in this it will be disgraced and defeated, and the country will either be divided or governed by a military despotism. For a great nation there must be either the control of brute force or the rule of righteousness.

The corruptions and oppressions of American politics have strengthened the hands of Despotism, and chilled the hopes of the friends of Liberty. Only a thorough reformation—a hearty and complete return to pure and honest principles and action can take away this reproach, and restore the Great Republic of the West to the position she has so proudly claimed in the vanguard of Progress, Civilization, and Freedom.

*God is above majorities. No song  
Of victory can sanctify a wrong;  
In justice only is the right of might;  
True freedom is the right to do the right.*



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